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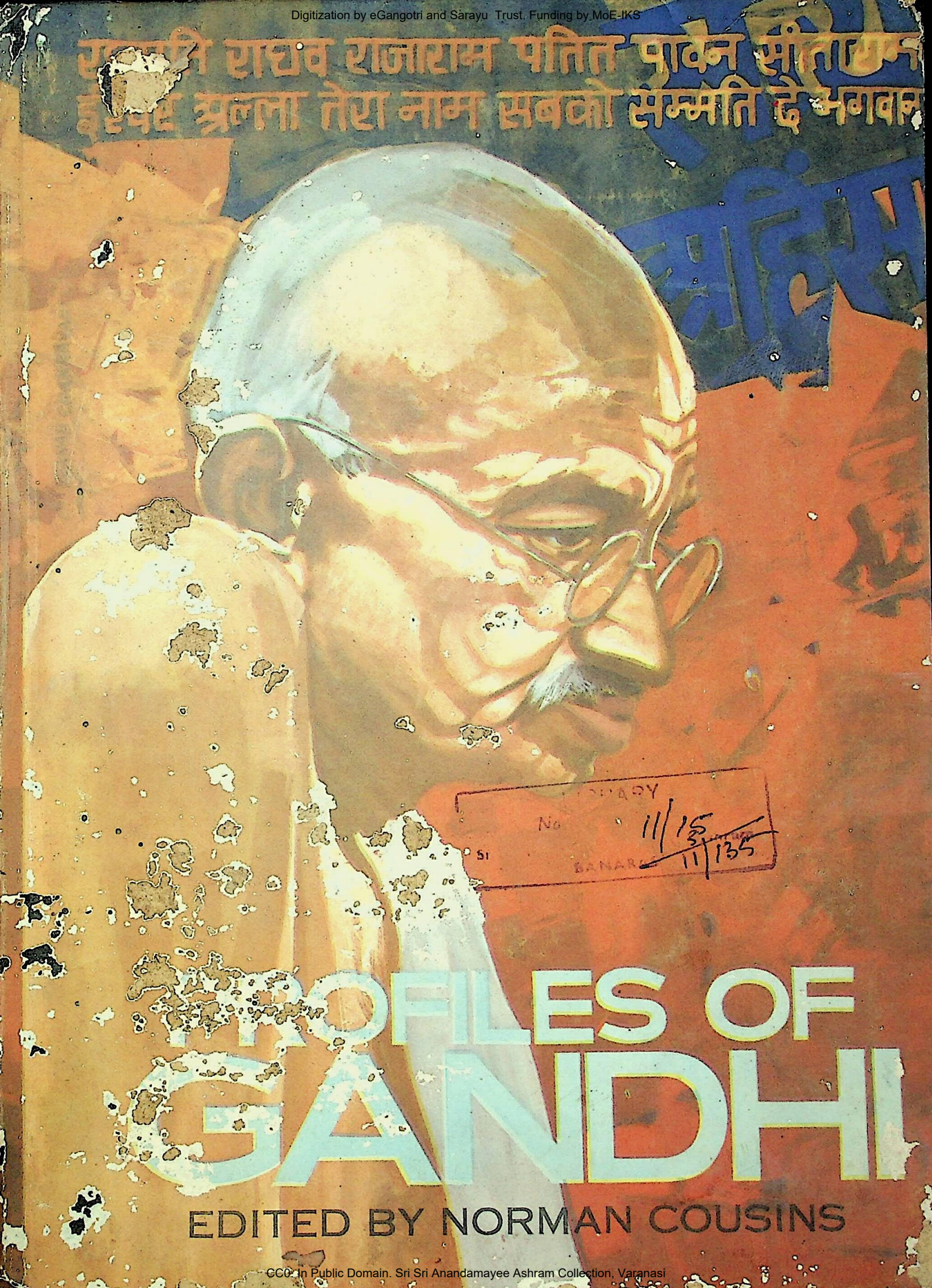

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OF GANDHI

REMEMBERS A WORLD LEADER

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PROFILES OF GANDHI

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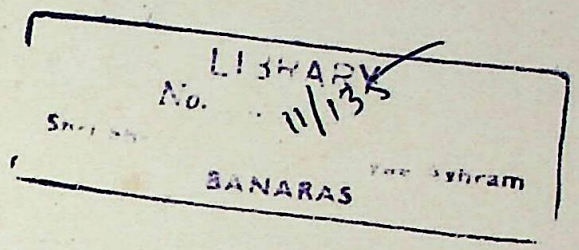

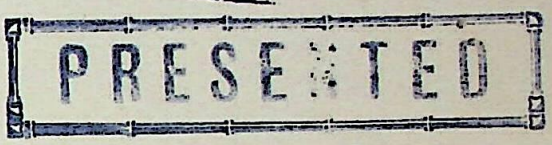

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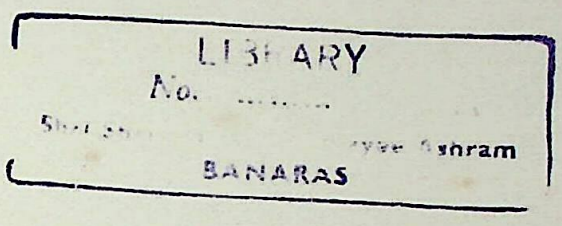

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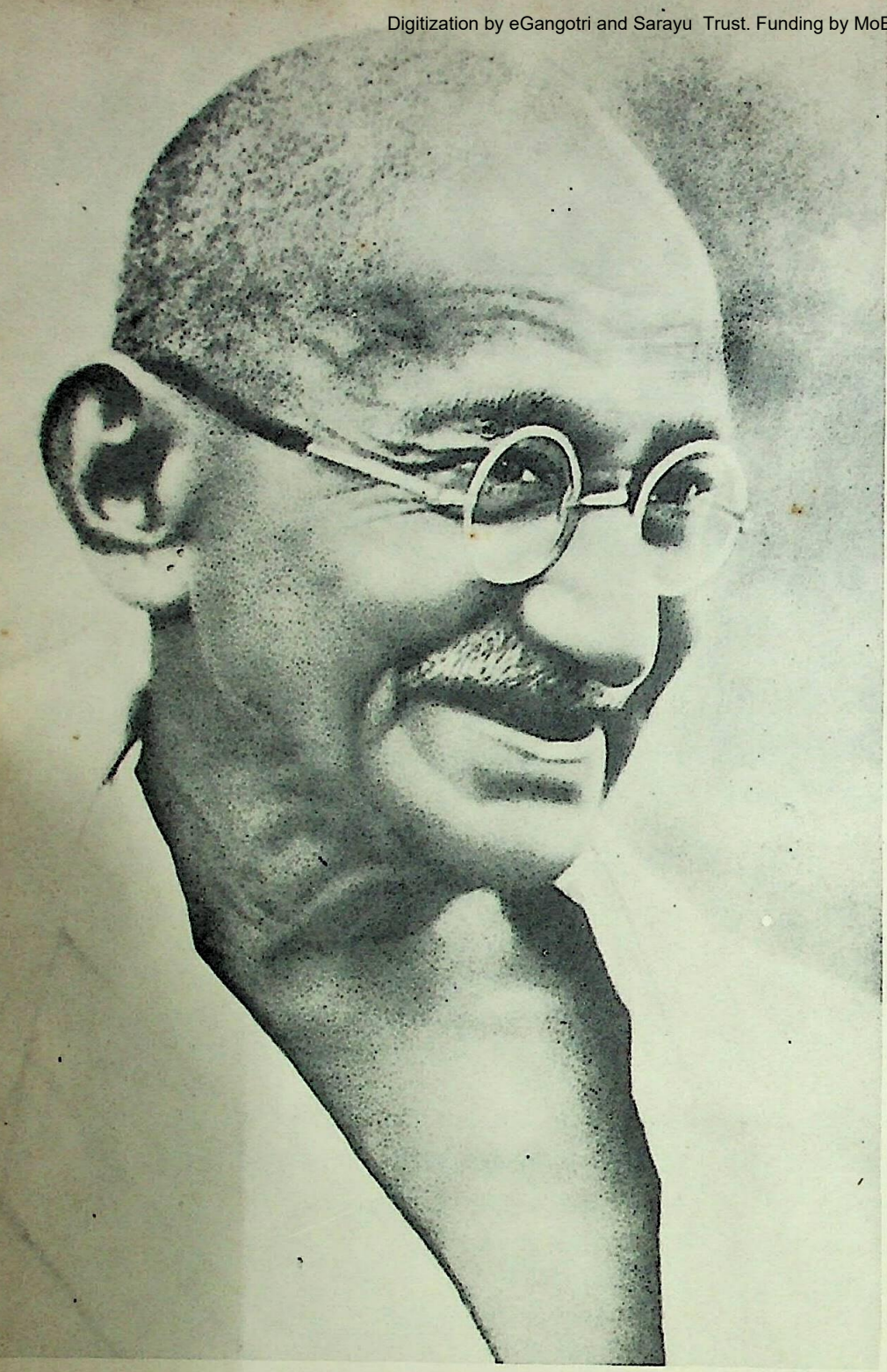

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INTRODUCTION

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Ultimately, the greatness of a man must be measured not by the amount of adulation accorded him but by the impact of his life on others. When this yardstick is applied to the people of India, Mahatma Gandhi's major place in history is instantly apparent. But what about his influence outside India? More particularly, how has his greatness affected the lives and ideas of Americans?

During the Thirties, when Gandhi's world influence was strongest, he was an implausible figure to many Americans. He seemed to be the quintessential opposite of the traditional American hero. The qualities most characteristic of the men who built the United States were dynamism, robustness, venturesomeness. Many of the names that stand high on the list of America's national heroes—men like George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Franklin D. Roosevelt—were men who in personality and style were in stark personal contrast to Mahatma Gandhi. The fact that Gandhi held no office accentuated the contrast.

Yet, Gandhi had a profound impact on Americans, as the life story of Martin Luther King has dramatized.

For there is an aspect of the American character that runs just as deep as the traditional respect for boldness, daring, and physical strength. I refer to the respect accorded the truly committed man. Men like Washington stand high in American history, but there are also high places for philosophers, writers and teachers, like Benjamin Franklin, Henry David Thoreau, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William James, Horace Mann, John Dewey. These men regarded themselves as world citizens caught up in a great adventure of ideas. Gandhi felt himself drawn to men of this stamp and dimension. The presiding idea of the men who framed the United States Constitution was that they were building a human community rather than a purely national one. They wanted to create the conditions under which human beings would come into full possession of their intelligence and energies.

It is significant that Gandhi acknowledged his philosophical debt to Thoreau's ideas on civil disobedience. It should also be noted that the revolutionary part of the American people and their success in wresting themselves free of outside rule were natural bonds between Indians and Americans.

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Public opinion in the United States was heavily behind Mahatma Gandhi in his quest for national freedom. President Franklin D. Roosevelt used the full persuasive power of the United States to accelerate British policy in the direction of Indian independence. Writers, journalists, clergymen, and public figures, like John Gunther, Herbert Matthews, Louis Fischer, Howard Thurman, Vincent Sheean. Will Durant, John Haynes Holmes, and Margaret Bourke-White, were all caught up in the moral issues of the Indian struggle. They enlisted the compassionate understanding of Americans for the aspirations of the Indian people. And they tried to interpret the otherwise improbable figure of the Mahatma in terms that would be both accessible and compelling.

This volume, published in connection with the centennial anniversary of Gandhi's birth, consists of American tributes to, or recollections of, the Mahatma. It becomes clear, therefore, that the high regard in which he was held was more than the product of the sympathetic outpouring that usually follows a great man's death. The writings in this book represent a genuine reflection of Gandhi's hold on the moral imagination of the American people.

Some acknowledgments. Dana Little is primarily responsible for this book, even though my name is attached to it as editor. Miss Little did all the basic research and brought all the essential materials together. I am also grateful to Arthur S. Lall, former Indian Ambassador to the United Nations and now adjunct Professor of International Affairs at Columbia University, who provided much valuable criticism about certain portions of the manuscript.

My thanks, too, go to the United States Information Agency which asked me to put together this book in the belief that the Mahatma's countrymen might be interested in an American estimate of Mohandas K. Gandhi, both during his lifetime and after.

New York, N.Y.
September, 1968.

Norman Cousins

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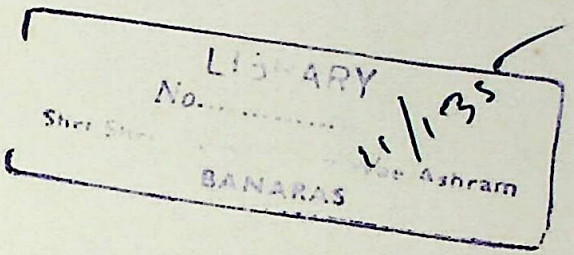

some american reflections on the living Gandhi 1930-48

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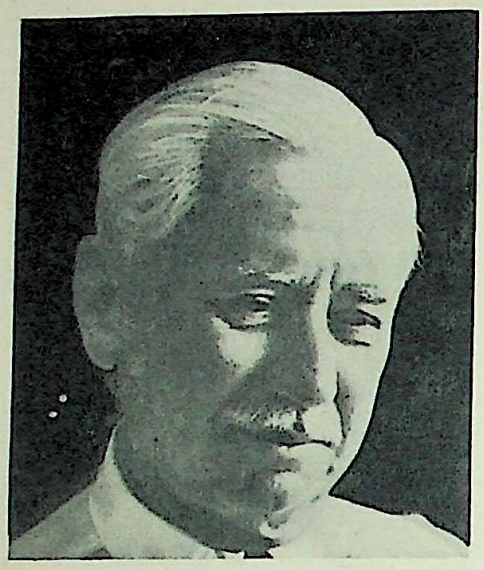

For more than three decades, Will Durant, in collaboration with his wife Ariel, has devoted most of his waking hours to the writing of a "biography of mankind" in its various aspects. Between 1935 and 1968, eight volumes of his monumental "Story of Civilization" series have been published. In 1968, the final volume, Rousseau and Revolution, *won the Pulitzer Prize. Mr. Durant's lifelong project began unofficially in a church in 1914, lecturing on the history of philosophy (for $3). His audiences, he says, "were mostly workingmen and women who demanded complete clarity." At the suggestion of one of his students, he tried to interest a publisher in printing his lectures in inexpensive pamphlet form. A Kansas publisher readily agreed. The pamphlets were hugely successful and were later put together in a bound volume in 1926 under the title,* The Story of Philosophy. *More than 25,000,000 copies of the book were sold over a period of 37 years, in addition to being translated into 12 languages.*

In the course of writing his "Story of Civilization" series, Mr. Durant made three world-wide tours. His travels to Asia inspired The Case for India, *published in 1930, in which he tried to enlist American sympathy for the cause of Indian nationalism. As a man who once described himself as a "lover of the lovers of wisdom," he had little difficulty in responding to the personality of Mohandas K. Gandhi.*

Once, when Mr. Durant was to sum up civilizatian briefly, he replied, "Civilization is a stream with banks. The stream is sometimes filled with blood from people killing, stealing, shooting, and doing the things historians usually record, while on the banks, unnoticed, people build homes, make love, raise children, sing songs, write poetry, and even whittle statues. The story of civilization is the story of what happened on the banks. Historians are pessimistic because they ignore the banks for the river."

In 1963, Will and Ariel Durant celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. At present, Mr. Durant, 83, is working on The Lessons of History *or the philosophy of what we learn from history.*

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WILL DURANT

Picture the slightest, frailest man in Asia, with face and flesh of bronze, closecropped gray head, high cheek bones, kindly little brown eyes, a large and almost toothless mouth, larger ears, an enormous nose, thin arms and legs, clad in a loin-cloth, standing before an English judge in India, on trial because he has preached liberty to his countrymen. Picture him again similarly dressed, at the Viceroy's palace in Delhi, in conference on equal terms with the highest representative of England. Or picture him seated on a small carpet in a bare room at his Satyagrah Ashram, or School of Truth-Seekers, at Ahmedabad; his bony legs crossed under him in Yogi fashion, soles upward, his hands busy at a spinning wheel, his face lined with the sufferings of his people, his mind active with ready answers to every questioner of freedom. This naked weaver is both the spiritual and the political leader of 320,000,000 Indians; when he appears in public, crowds gather round him to touch his clothing, or to kiss his feet; not since Buddha has India so reverenced any man. He is in all probability the most important, and beyond all doubt the most interesting, figure in the world today. Centuries hence he will be remembered when of his contemporaries hardly a name will survive....

He does not mouth the name of the Founder of Christianity, but he acts as if the Sermon on the Mount were his perpetual guide. Not since St. Francis of Assisi has any life known to history been so marked by gentleness, disinterestedness, simplicity of soul, and forgiveness of enemies. It is to the credit of his opponents, but still more to his own, that his courtesy to them has been so consistent that it has won from them a fine courtesy in return; the Government sends him to jail with the most profuse apologies. He has never shown rancour or resentment. Three times he has been attacked by mobs, and been beaten almost to death; not once has he retaliated; and when a leading assailant was arrested he refused to make any charge against him. Shortly after the worst of all riots between Moslems and Hindus, when the Moplahs killed hundreds of unarmed Hindus, these same Moplahs were stricken with famine; whereupon Gandhi collected funds for them from all India, and (with no regard for the best precedents in matters of charity) forwarded every anna, without deduction for "overhead," to the starving Moslems. Like Buddha and Miranda, he has suffered with those he has seen suffer; he has taken all the tribulation of his people upon himself, fighting for their freedom and fasting for their sins. And so a nation that would never have been thrilled by a purely secular call, has put itself trustfully into his hands, has accepted his hard doctrine of peaceful resistance, and has appointed him as its leader and prophet, its Mahatma, or Great Soul. We have the astonishing phenomenon of a revolution led by a saint. He is above all an idealist, not a realist. He makes very little application of history to the understanding of the present; he is unaware of the careless regularity with which fate has trampled Right under Might, and Beauty under Power; his citation of the Christian conquest of Rome as an instance of successful nonviolent noncooperation ignores the political and economic factors in that "conversion" of Constantine which determined the

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victory of the Church. The biological view of life is unknown to him; he does not realize that morals and cooperation have been developed only to give a group coherence and strength against competing groups. His theory of the spinning wheel indicates an oversimplification of this complex and interdependent economic world; no nation can now remain medieval and be free.

Having made this obeisance to reality, we are free to accept and honour Gandhi for his astonishing record of achievements. First, though leaping far ahead of the moral consciousness of mankind, which is yet tribal and national, he has helped the international organization of industries and states to prepare us for the larger morality in which the code of conduct between gentlemen will be—because world order will necessitate it—applied to the conduct of nations. Second, he has lifted religion up to a plane where the most unscrupulous statesman must reckon with it as a great force; he has ennobled it beyond modern precedent by unconsciously attaching to its banner onefifth of the human race. Third, he has for a generation kept a great revolutionary movement from all but sporadic violence; he has refused to unleash the mob; in this way he has been a boon to all humanity, which is so sensitive now to disorder anywhere. He has approached one of the fundamental principles of statesmanship: to persuade radicals that change must be gradual in order to be permanent, and to persuade conservatives that change must be. Fourth, he has educated his people: he has aroused them, as no man before in their history, to the evils of untouchability, temple prostitution, child marriage, unmarriageable widows, and the traffic in opium. Fifth, and despite his partial defence of that caste system which perpetually divides and weakens India, he has, by the power of imagination and the word, given to India a psychological unity never possessed by it before, making all these races, languages and creeds feel and think alike, as the prelude to united action. Sixth, he has given to his countrymen what they needed above everything else—pride. They are no longer hopeless or supine; they are prepared for danger and responsibility, and therefore for freedom.

If his way of thought seems alien to our sceptical and realistic West, let us remember that our way of thought would be maladapted and useless to the Hindus. The unifier of India could not be a politician, he had to be a saint. Because Gandhi thought with his heart all India has followed him. Three hundred million people do him reverence, and no man in the world wields so great a spiritual influence. It is as Tagore said of him:

> He stopped at the thresholds of the huts of the thousands of dispossessed, dressed like one of their own. He spoke to them in their own language. Here was living truth at last, and not only quotations from books. For this reason the "Mahatma," the name given to him by the people of India, is his real name. Who else has felt like him that all Indians are his own flesh and blood? ... When love came to the door of India that door was opened wide ... At Gandhi's call India blossomed forth to new greatness, just as once before, in earlier times, when Buddha proclaimed the truth of fellow-feeling and compassion among all living creatures.

Perhaps Gandhi will fail, as saints are likely to fail in this very Darwinian world. But how could we accept life if it did not, now and then, fling into the face of our successes some failure like this?

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APPEAL TO AMERICA

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M.K. GANDHI

On September 13, 1931, two days after Gandhi arrived in England, the Columbia Broadcasting System arranged for him to deliver a radio address to the American people. Gandhi did not write out his speech in advance; his remarks were completely extemporaneous. He approached the microphone with curiosity and trepidation and asked, "Do I have to speak into that thing?" He was already on the air and these were the first words his listeners on the other side of the Atlantic heard. Three minutes before his time was to be up, a note was passed to him saying that his voice would be cut off in New York in three minutes. Unruffled, he began to bring his impromptu speech to a conclusion. After the engineer signalled for him to stop, he commented, "Well, that's over." These words, too, somehow were carried across the Atlantic. The American press reproduced great portions of this speech on the following day, although the British press largely ignored it.

In my opinion, the Indian struggle (for freedom) bears in its consequences not only upon India (and England) but upon the whole world. It contains onefifth of the human race. It represents one of the most ancient civilizations. It has traditions handed down from tens of thousands of years, some of which, to the astonishment of the world, remain intact. No doubt the ravages of time have affected the purity of that civilization as they have that of many other cultures and many institutions.

If India is to revive the glory of her ancient past, she can only do so when she attains her freedom. The reason for the struggle having drawn the attention of the world I know does not lie in the fact that we Indians are fighting for our liberty, but in the fact that the means adopted by us for attaining that liberty are unique and, as far as history shows us, have not been adopted by any other people of whom we have any record.

The means adopted are not violence, not bloodshed, not diplomacy as one understands it nowadays, but they are purely and simply truth and nonviolence. No wonder that the attention of the world is directed toward this attempt to lead a successful bloodless revolution. Hitherto, nations have fought in the manner of the brute. They have wrecked vengeance upon those whom they have considered to be their enemies.

We find in searching national anthems adopted by great nations that they contain imprecations upon the so-called enemy. They have vowed destruction and have not hesitated to take the name of God and seek divine assistance for the destruction of the enemy. We in India have endeavoured to reverse the process. We feel that the law that governs brute creation is not the law that should guide the human race. That law is inconsistent with human dignity.

I, personally, would wait, if need be, for ages rather than seek to attain the freedom of my country through bloody means. I feel in the innermost recesses of my heart, after a political experience extending over an unbroken period of close upon thirtyfive years, that the world is sick unto death of blood-spilling. The world is seeking a way out, and I flatter myself with the belief that perhaps it will be the privilege of the

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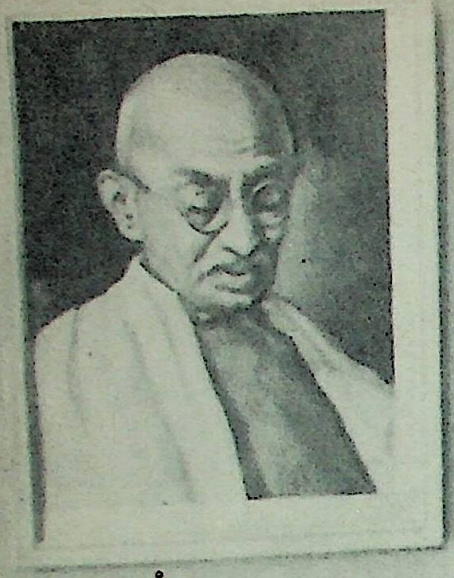

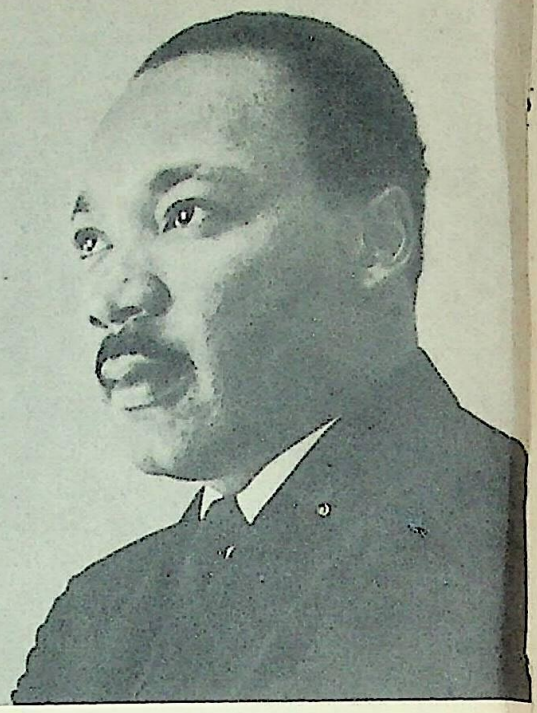

From my background, I gained my regulating Christian ideals. From Gandhi, I learned my operational technique.

— Martin Luther King

ancient land of India to show the way to the hungering world.

I have, therefore, no hesitation whatsoever in inviting all the great nations of the earth to give their hearty cooperation to India in her mighty struggle. It must be a sight worth contemplating and treasuring, that of millions of people giving themselves to suffering without retaliation in order that they might vindicate the dignity and honor of the nation.

I have called that suffering a process of self-purification. It is my certain conviction that no man loses his freedom except through his own weakness. I am painfully conscious of our own weaknesses. We represent in India all the principal religions of the earth, and it is a matter of deep humiliation to confess that we are a house divided against itself, that we Hindus and Mussalmans are flying at one another. It is a matter of still deeper humiliation to me that we Hindus regard several million of our own kith and kin as too degraded even for our touch. I refer to the so-called "untouchables."

These are no small weaknesses in a nation struggling to be free. And hence you will find that in this struggle through self-purification we have assigned a foremost place to the removal of this curse of untouchability and the attainment of unity amongst all the different classes and communities of India representing the different creeds.

It is along the same lines that we seek to rid our land of the curse of drink. Happily for us, intoxicating drinks and drugs are confined to comparatively a very small number of people, largely factory hands and the like. Fortunately for us, the drink and drug curse is accepted as a curse. It is not considered to be the fashion for a man or a woman to drink or to take intoxicating drugs. All the same, it is an uphill fight that we are fighting in trying to remove this evil from our midst.

For it is a matter of regret, deep regret, for me to have to say that the existing government has made of this evil a source of very large revenue, amounting to nearly twentyfive crores of

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rupees (about $85,000,000). But I am thankful to be able to say that the women of India have risen to the occasion in combating it by peaceful means, that is, by fervent appeal to those who are given to the drink habit to give it up, and by an equally fervent appeal to the liquor dealers. A great impression has been created upon those who are addicted to these two evil habits.

I wish that it were possible for me to say that in this, at least, we are receiving the hearty cooperation of the rulers. If we could only have received that cooperation, (even) without any legislation, I dare say that we would have achieved this reform and banished intoxicating drinks and drugs from our afflicted land.

There is a force which has a constructive effect and which has been put forth by the nation during this struggle. That is the great care for the semi-starved millions scattered throughout the 700,000 villages dotted over a surface 1,900 miles long and 1,500 miles broad. It is a painful phenomenon that these simple villagers, through no fault of their own, have nearly six months in the year idleness upon their hands. The time was not very long ago when every village was self-sufficient in regard to the two primary human wants, food and clothing.

Unfortunately for us, the East India Company, by means which I would prefer not to describe, destroyed that supplementary village industry as well as the livelihood of millions of spinners who had become famous through the cunning of their deft fingers for drawing the finest thread, such as has never yet been drawn by any modern machinery. These village spinners found themselves one fine morning with their noble occupation gone. And from that day forward India has become progressively poor.

No matter what may be said to the contrary, it is a historical fact that before the advent of the East India Company, these villagers were not idle, and he who wants may see today that these villagers are idle. It, therefore, requires no great effort or learning to know that these villagers must starve if they cannot work for six months in the year.

May I not, then, on behalf of these semi-starved millions, appeal to the conscience of the world to come to the rescue of a people dying to regain its liberty?

11/135

. . . when I think of Gandhi, I think of Jesus Christ. He lives his life; he speaks his word; he suffers, strives and will some day nobly die for his kingdom upon earth.

—John Haynes Holmes

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BETWEEN SITTINGS WITH GANDHI

JO DAVIDSON

"For decades, Jo Davidson was in the popular mind the best known American artist. He had two trademarks—a flamboyant personality (symbolized by a beard) and identification with a series of famous people whose portrait busts he made... His real skill lay in capturing in clay the image of his sitter, on whom he also practised the art of conversation... He chose them as often as they chose him. He was deeply interested in people. He was also the last of the court portraitists, whose instinct to identify with greatness led him to leaders in every sphere—business, society, government, the arts, the military. Each portrait was in its way a portrait of himself and of the age he was striving to record."

Thus wrote John W. Freeman, associate editor of the Opera News, *about Jo Davidson, the late American sculptor. Jo Davidson began his work in sculpture in the early 1900's. At the age of 19, however, he was bent on a different but not entirely unrelated career—the study of medicine. Until this time he had not touched clay but while in New Haven, Connecticut, at the Yale School of Medicine, he experimented with modelling at Yale Art School. He knew immediately what he wanted to do, abandoned the idea of medical training, and left Yale. (It is not frivolous to speculate that this man who called himself a "plastic historian" would on all counts have become a brilliant plastic surgeon.)*

Mr. Davidson lived most of the time in France and travelled extensively to find suitable subjects. He went wherever there was an "interesting head" and he probably modelled more noted people than any other sculptor of his time. As one fellow artist predicted many years before Jo Davidson was called the "dean of U.S. sculptors," the time would come when "not to have been done by Davidson was not to have been a great man of the period." Among the great men and women of the period (all of whom Davidson sculptured) were Rabindranath Tagore, Joseph Conrad, Lloyd George, Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Charles Chaplin, Anatole France, John D. Roosevelt and Helen Keller. In 1930, Davidson was in London making busts of the "immortals of that day and age"—like John Galsworthy, Bernard Shaw, and Mahatma Gandhi. While Davidson modelled Gandhi (during his stay in London for the Round Table Conference), the Mahatma dictated to his secretary, a luxury the sculptor allowed to few of his subjects. (He refused to let Ambassador Dawes smoke his pipe during the sittings.)

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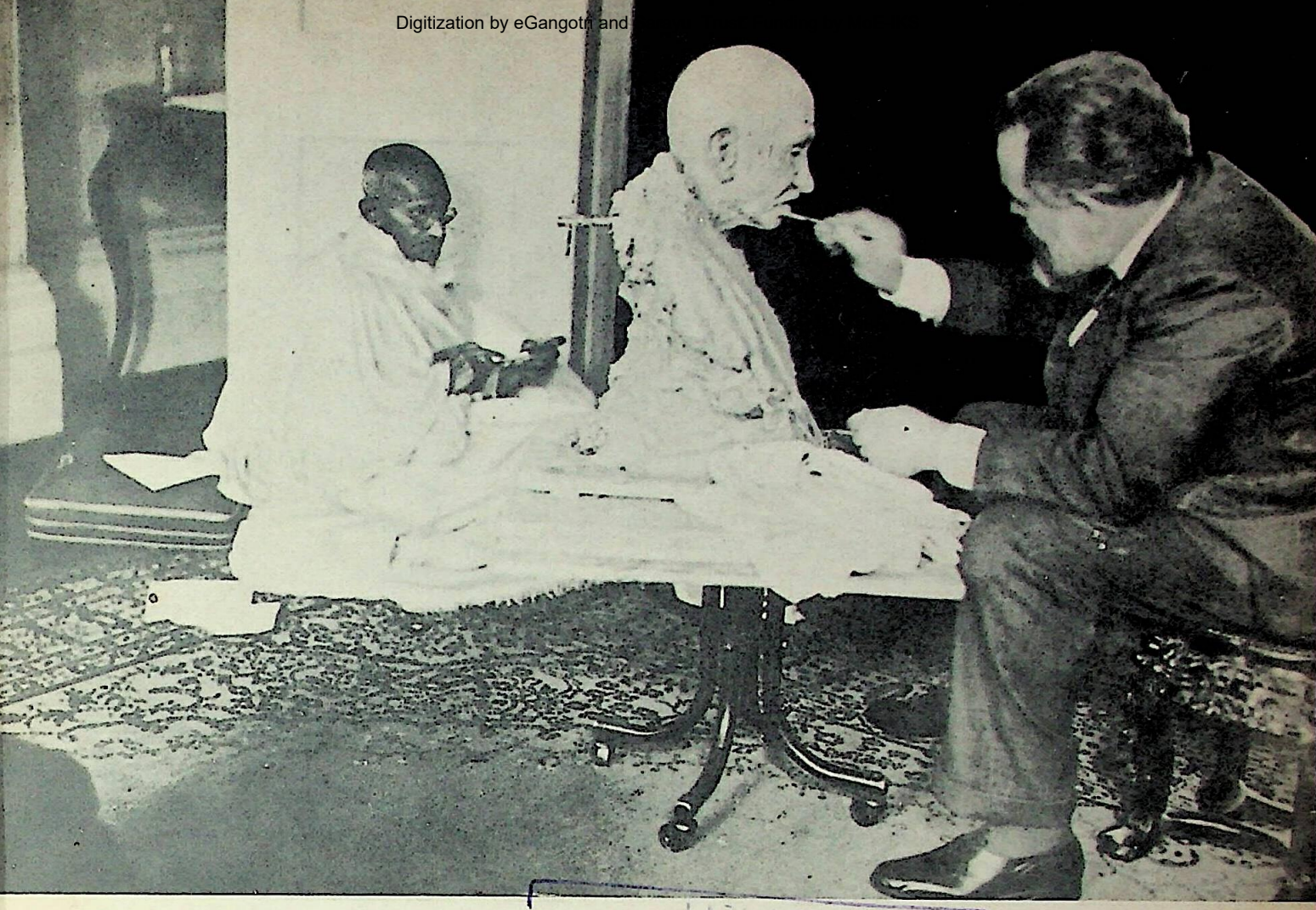

Jo Davidson with Gandhi.

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Mahatma Gandhi was coming to London for the Round Table Conference. My friend Jim Mills of the Associated Press told me that Gandhi had promised him that if the opportunity ever presented itself, he would sit for me. It was decided that I should come over to London and meet Gandhi there.

On their arrival in London, Gandhi and his party were given a house in Knightsbridge, which they used also as offices. Mills took me there.

As we entered, we saw Gandhi squatting on the floor, wrapped in a blanket, with his back to the wall and spinning wheel in front of him. My first impression was: "What a homely man this is." His ears stuck out and a front tooth was missing, showing a black space when he grinned. This impression only lasted a split second. Suddenly Gandhi appeared beautiful to me.

I had brought some photos of my sculpture. Gandhi looked at them intently and said:

"I see you make heroes out of mud."

And I retorted: "And sometimes vice versa."

Gandhi laughed and agreed to sit for me the following morning. I had originally intended to make just a head of him. But when I saw him in his white robe, squatting before his spinning wheel, it occurred to me that a life-size figure was a better idea. He looked eternal—a holy man.

In my hotel that evening, I proceeded to build an armature which would hold a life-size figure.

I came back the next morning and went to work. At first, the Mahatma seemed rather upset by my presence. In fact, whenever I caught his eye, he looked pained. However, having promised that he would sit for me, he said nothing. Why he had consented, I do not know but apparently his philosophy was never to refuse anything that was asked of him.

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I worked as people came and went, and Gandhi acted as if I were not in the room, as if in fact, I did not exist. He simply continued to ignore me. It generally takes two to make a portrait—the sitter and the artist. In this particular case, however, I had to do it all myself, as I received absolutely no help from my sitter. In addition, I had all the physical difficulty of crawling around the floor, squatting beside him, trying to glance up into the face that was constantly avoiding me, and bending forward. This made the task practically impossible.

By the end of the day, however, I had succeeded in putting up the figure. It was fairly well along before he left me. I pushed my figure into a corner of the room. It was very fragile. The clay was too wet and the armature was not strong. I had built it too hurriedly and feverishly. However, I covered it lightly so the air could get at it and dry it, hoping it would be in better condition the next day. I put a sign on it, "Please do not touch or move," and begged the Indians not to touch it.

It was eight o'clock in the evening when I left, and I went back to my hotel exhausted. The next morning when I arrived I was met at the door by Gandhi's son, Devadas.

"I have some bad news for you," he said.

My heart missed a beat. I thought he would tell me that his father had changed his mind about posing. I followed him upstairs. My figure had been moved into the middle of the room, and the head had fallen off and was on the floor. I stood there distressed. Gandhi came in.

As Gandhi stood there I realized for the first time how small and thin he was.

"You see," he said, "you should not do it."

I replied, "You are quite right, sir. I'll just do a bust."

I set to work to pull down the figure and put up the bust. Gandhi squatted in his habitual corner of the room. I can never forget the aura around him—his skin actually seemed to glow. I was constantly aware of Gandhi's disapproval, and felt very badly about it, but giving it up was out of the question. I tried to make it as easy as possible for him by keeping away from him and working at rather a long distance. However, it was impossible to work under such trying conditions and I pleaded with him to allow me to work closer so that I could observe him better.

He said, "You occupy so much room. I am only a pigmy and you will crush me. However, do with me as you like."

Gandhi's face was very mobile; every feature quivered and a constant change played over his face when he talked. He practised his passive resistance on me all the time while I worked; he submitted to my modelling him, but never willingly lent himself to it. Never once did he look at the clay I was working on. But when I stopped for a breather and just sat with him, he was extremely amiable.

There was a constant flow of visitors, or rather pilgrims to seek light who came to worship at his shrine. Some of the visitors asked him rather rude questions. One asked what 'Mahatma' meant. He replied, "An insignificant man."

His conversation was not conversation in our sense of the word. He would listen very carefully to the questions they put to him, repeat them to be sure that he knew what was asked, and then reply. His language was very simple, almost biblical. He was very patient. Nothing and nobody seemed to irritate him. He liked to play with words, and was brilliant in his repartee.

Someone asked him about Russia. He said he would be more sympathetic toward Soviet Russia if they had not used force. He was against all violence.

He was anti-Ford. Ford was to him a symbol of a mechanized world. He was against machinery (yet he used the Rolls-Royce that was put at his disposal).

In talking about education, he said that a child should be taught restraint from the moment of his birth. "You don't allow children to do anything they like when they are babies, because they will develop habits of self-indulgence which, later on, are very difficult to overcome."

He did not believe in art for art's sake. He had a great respect for art, but thought it led to nothing unless it had as its motive a religious impulse. Only then did it rise to its highest level.

I wrote to Lincoln Steffens:*

"I am back here once more after my tussle with Gandhi. It was some job. I have met and 'busted' all kinds of people in my life, but this is the first time that I have ever met such a one as this. He merely allowed himself to be 'done.' And in the end it is I

*American editor, writer, reformer (1866—1936)

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who was 'done'... While I was in his presence there was a constant flow of visitors, worshippers, pilgrims, interviewers, cranks and just folks, and they were all received with the same respect and understanding. Yes, he's a politician all right, and he's wise, and courageous. It's rather a childlike courage; perhaps I should not call it courage at all—I think it's merely a total absence of fear which permits him to say anything that enters his mind."

The Associated Press, who were after all responsible for my making this bust of Gandhi, were very anxious to get pictures. They knew that Gandhi would not stand for flashlights and cameramen. One day when I was working, I happened to look towards the window. There I saw a chap with a camera whose lens looked bigger than the camera itself. He did not make a sound. He took the cap off the lens and put it back again. I am sure that Gandhi was not even conscious of the photographer's presence.

I did not dare to ask Gandhi for his signature. I gave a bit of wax to Jim Mills and asked him to get Gandhi to sign his name. Mills returned the wax to me, signed "Mohandas K. Gandhi."

I spent four or five days with Gandhi and then took the bust back with me to Bécheron, where I completed it. For all the heartaches that I had with the Mahatma, I look back at these sittings with the realization that I had the privilege of recording in clay one of the greatest figures of our time.

There are innumerable definitions of God, because his manifestations are innumerable.... But I worship God as Truth only. I have not yet found Him, but I am seeking after Him. I am prepared to sacrifice the things dearest to me in pursuit of this quest. Even if the sacrifice demanded my very life, I hope I may be prepared to give it. But as long as I have not realized this Absolute Truth, so long must I hold by the relative truth as I have conceived it.... Often in my progress I have had faint glimpses of the Absolute Truth, God, and daily the conviction is growing upon me that He alone is real and all else is unreal. Let those, who wish, realize how the conviction has grown upon me; let them share my experiments and share also my conviction if they can.

—Gandhi

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In 1919, Dr. Frederick Fisher, at the age of 38, was elected to the Episcopacy of the Methodist Church by the highest vote on record. He was also the youngest bishop in a century. When asked by his church where he preferred to be sent as bishop he replied immediately, "to India." Some 18 months later, the new Bishop of Calcutta and his wife arrived in India. In 1924, after his first wife died of typhoid, Bishop Fisher married Welthy Honsinger, of whom we shall hear more shortly.

During the next ten years, Bishop Fisher was to enjoy the companionship of Gandhi, Tagore and Nehru. As he wrote later, "I sat one memorable day of silence in Gandhiji's room. He was reading, meditating, praying, making private lead pencil notes; and occassionally passing some of these slips of rough paper over to me. Not a word was spoken. My New Testament and my Christian communion with God seemed just as moral there as in any church or cathedral. Never has worship been more real."

As the result of his many years' previous experience in India, Bishop Fisher firmly believed in the need for the more complete Indianization not only of the government but of the Church. He was convinced that only by handing over responsibility to the Indians and leaving them free to make their own decisions—and mistakes—could their leaders learn how to guide the Church and make it their own. As he announced with such characteristic outspokenness and charm shortly after arriving in India, "When you agree on the Indian whom you would like to have as bishop, I shall not only do all I can to elect him, but I promise to resign and turn over my office to him." To that end, Bishop Fisher appointed Indians as superintendents, as clergy, as lay officials, and had conferred upon them maximum responsibility and authority. The Church, however, did not always share his zeal for progressivism and for striking nationalist sparks. Rather than drag an unwilling Church behind him, Bishop Fisher, ten years after his appointment, resigned. He felt, his wife explains, that he could do far more for India in the United States. Before leaving India, he was offered the Methodist ministry in the university town of Ann Arbor, Michigan, an invitation which appealed to him greatly.

In 1932, Dr. Fisher completed his book on his friend Gandhi, That Strange Little Brown Man *("a title dreamed up in the publisher's office," adds Mrs. Fisher). She also writes that the book was banned by the British in India and smuggled through to Gandhi while he was in jail. In 1938, eight years after Dr. and Mrs. Fisher's return to the States, Dr. Fisher died, the partial result of injuries suffered in an automobile accident.*

In her autobiography, Mrs. Fisher, writing about her husband's death, recalls what Gandhi was to say to her of Bishop Fisher later on: "He seemed to me to be one of the few Christians who walked in fear of the Lord, and feared no man.

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A STATESMAN OF PEACE

FREDERICK BOHN FISHER

I first met Gandhi in 1917. The Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms were then making ferment all over India; and Gandhi was just emerging into dominating national leadership. I conceived an immediate admiration for this amazing statesman of the new East, and that admiration has ripened through the years into friendship.

I last heard his voice over the trans-Atlantic telephone while he was in London this year at the Indian Round Table Conference. It was the same clear, vibrant voice. I could feel his warm personality across the three thousand miles of ocean and air. We talked for ten minutes about his health, his cause, the invitation to America, and his soul-call back to India. When he hung up the receiver he said, "I have been participating in a miracle," and then rushed off to a dinner with Lady Astor. He has been participating in a miracle, for forty years—ever since his mature call to human service. His very life is a miracle to those of us who know him best.

India has been my home. Twentyeight years ago I settled in Agra, the city of the Taj Mahal. Ever since then, I have gone back and forth between the East and West, and resided for a decade from 1920 to 1930 in Calcutta. I have had opportunity, therefore, to view each civilization not only by familiar acquaintance, but through the necessary perspective of distance and comparison. In politics I am pro-Indian but not anti-British; in religion a Christian, but not anti-Hindu nor anti-Moslem.

In presenting Indian problems as related to the Mahatma's life and work, I seek deliberately to view them through his eyes. Literature abounds giving the Anglo-Saxon bias, tone and argument. I try to turn Anglo-Saxon around and reveal us to ourselves as the new-awakened, aggressive Indian patriots see us....

I use Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi as a telescope through which to view this balancing of force because he is, without controversy, the outstanding personality of the new East. Without him India, in fact the whole modern Orient, is like France without Napoleon, like America without Lincoln. I shall have failed in my purpose if I do not make you see behind the statesman, or politician, or ascetic, if you wish, Gandhi the man, the living, breathing, loving, serving, repenting, triumphant Gandhi, who is my friend.

"Gandhiji! Gandhi the Beloved! Mahatma! The Great Soul of India!"

Like the sigh of a great wind this name swept over the white-capped thousands as I rode on the train one day with Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi towards Calcutta. No word of his coming had been allowed over the Government owned wires for fear of an uprising. Yet the curious grapevine telegraphy of India, ancient and mysterious, knows no censor. At every station I saw the human seas overflow our train. Ladders of breathing and sobbing bodies were made so that the lucky ones might climb to touch... or merely to see the Mahatma. Rose-petals covered our engine. Peasants stopped their bullocks in the fields and bowed in prayer as the holy train swept by. Every pole, fence, and hillock had its burden of worshippers. Why? Not for a little brown man spinning out his day of silence. The soul of India worship-

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ping not Gandhi, the man, nor merely Gandhi, the patriot, but Gandhi the Indian ideal... the hero who had turned moral force into a weapon, a weapon at once spiritual and political.

What a strange contradiction Gandhi is, then! In India a god, in England and America a cartoon. Newspaper pictures reveal him ugly, emaciated, toothless. The Western world is bewildered at his power. We see in him a thin little brown man, walking on foot to the hundred million dollar palace of the Viceroy of India. We of the West look at this human god of the East, clutching his black umbrella, and say contemptuously, "Why, he is only a naked little man!"

Yet not so long ago this naked statesman came out of the Viceroy's palace with the fate of the British Empire balanced in his bony fingers.

"What is his secret?" hundreds have asked me since I came home from twentyeight years of contact with India. "He was your friend when he was plain Mr. Gandhi. Is he a saint or a fool? Is he a fanatic or a statesman? Does he for one moment dream that he can buck a machine-made civilization? That he can upset the world?"

That is exactly what Gandhi is doing... upsetting a world, a materialistic world, enthroned upon a preconceived right to rule by force of arms. He is succeeding not because he is a god, but because he is the man for the moment. There are many great leaders who never come to full authority or power because the time for their particular contribution to society is not yet come. The man may be right or the moment may be right; but it is only when the two cojoin that an hour of history is struck. Henry Ford would never have made his millions (which are valuable only as so much canned power) if he had been born fifty years sooner or later than he was. Gandhi epitomizes the post-war idealism. Yet he is pre-eminently practical, as our age is practical. This naked little Indian is even what the Scotch call canny... wise in the psychology of people. For he understands both the brown man and the white.

I remember one afternoon in Calcutta, during the session of the National Congress, how my hand reached out instinctively to grasp his in responsive emotion as he sat calmly addressing the great assembly in words of truth too big to be limited to one race.

I knew the genesis of this speech, for I had spent a weekend with him when we were both the guests of that regal host Rabindranath Tagore. Circumstances could scarcely have been more perfect for analyzing the contrasting personalities of these two giants. It is not easy to analyze the character of our friends. Gandhi has become a worldwide name; and Tagore is a fixed literary star of the first magnitude; I can only respond to an inner urge to reveal what I put in my notebook during those days.

The time was September; the heavy monsoons were over; and the earth was bursting into fresh green life. It was easy in this tropical beauty to get up with the sun. I knew Gandhi's habits; so I ate my *chhoti hazri* (breakfast) at sun-up. Knowing also the leisurely habits of Tagore, we did not venture into his drawing-room for conversation until mid-morning. The shade of his porch was welcome; it was more of a Roman porch than a room, open on all four sides; the bedrooms, kitchen, and the poet's study having a loose masonry connection with the four corners. Steps led down from each side into the fragrant garden. Beyond were mango groves, sal trees, and the old marble prayer bench that his father had used before him.

Gandhi was ready for conversation. He sleeps only a few hours, and his early morning meditations made him eager for active life. He and I walked up the terracotta steps, removed our shoes, and sat down cross-legged just as our host entered in his ample flowing robes. His ideas were just as ample and just as flowing. We talked of gods and men, empires and democracies, poetry and history, East and West. Tagore led the way, steering clear of details and launching out into the wider paths.

Gandhi was silent for a long time. Charlie Andrews and I spoke very little. After a while Gandhi's passionate eyes began to gleam. We had come over into the realm of social injustices, politics, poverty, struggle. Tagore had seemed like a mountain. Gandhi leaped forth like a gushing cataract, pouring out his very life's blood as though upon an altar of his people. Every word was carefully chosen. Every gesture was deliberate. His body was well poised, but his eyes seemed like flashes of fire, and his lips were burning coals. Never did I see more clearly in any personality such absorbing love for men, and I have seldom heard more refreshingly scientific and practical suggestions for social improve-

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ment and growth. He had been planning his opening speech for the National Congress, and I knew it would be a great one. He crouched there against the wall, a picture of passionate patriotism, consumed by his spirit till his very body dwindled and left only—a soul—the soul of India....

It may at first glance seem startling that out of the supposedly backward nation of India should have come this championship of a new way of conquest: the heroic wielding of idealism as a sword... or more properly, as a machine gun. For there is nothing antiquated about Gandhi. He is as modern as each new morning and yet as old as time. And in this apparent anachronism lies his power.

Gandhi has taken the highest ideals of the Christian West, which we have not cared or dared to practise, and turned them against us in a new statesmanship of moral force, which is more powerful against us, doubtless, because it forged from our own yearnings. His power is that in the one nation most fitted for his kind of religious and political experiment, at the exact instant when a war-torn chaotic world was thirsty for a new way of life... at this psychological place and moment, he has made our visionary ideal practical and has hitched it to his cart. For he believes that love, indeed, shall rule the world. What is more, he has proved that, at least for a time, moral force can defeat machine guns.

That love can conquer the world is no new idea... it is as old as Buddha. But up to now it has been a moral conquest through the force of the spirit, a victory that had little to do with organised earthly power. When Jesus promised that the meek should inherit the earth, he did not mean that they should all become millionaires and kings.

Yet Gandhi is using the force of moral resistance as a political and an economic weapon, proving the power of directed spiritual force as practically potent to win battles against navies and armies. He is not a peace fanatic fed only upon goat's milk and impossible ideals. In the negative sense of the word he is not a pacifist at all... he is a fighter; but a fighter who will not shed blood. He knew war before he knew peace. For forty years he backed the mailed arm of the British Empire. He was a stretcher bearer in the Boer War in Africa. He was at the front during the "Zulu rebellion" (the quotation marks are his, for now he asks, can a country rebel when the land is theirs by right of birth?) He recruited Indian troops for England during the World War which he, like many a Westerner, was deluded into believing to be a war to end war. He is no brown-faced, white-livered ascetic. He has turned from a war of steel because he thinks it is no longer practical, and because he has seen enough of the scattering of men's bowels in the trenches of modern murder. Here is a man who is not afraid to face down his mistake.

"Confession of errors," says Gandhi, "is like a broom which sweeps away the dirt and leaves the surface brighter and cleaner. I feel stronger for confession."

Is it any wonder that the old school of international diplomacy finds itself dumb before a man as simple as that?

Whether Gandhi wins or loses immediate political freedom for his people, whether he rises to great power or is crushed in the maw of materialism is not the only vitally important issue in his bold campaign. India will achieve political autonomy eventually, whether it be by sword or passive resistance. Gandhi is more than a national Indian patriot; he is the personification of a new era.

"Civilization," says Gandhi, "is the conquest of one's mind and passions. We can conquer our enemy without hating him. Moral force is not idealistically but actually greater than navies."

This is a new idea in international statesmanship.

In each new epoch there is always a man who personifies the peculiar spirit of the age. Usually he is the fruit of seeds planted generations previously in the national life, waiting for the proper crisis to provide the climate for full fruition. Sometimes a whole continent is set aside to work out new ideals of civilization as North America, hemmed in by her sunrise and sunset seas, awaited the sowing of the seeds of political and religious freedom and the flowering of the lusty plant of representative democracy. So the Indian nation has patiently waited its day of blossoming.

Ancient India planted *ahimsa* (nonviolence) and reaped Gandhi. He was born in spirit six

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thousand years ago when the history of the Aryan race began. Many people do not know that the majority of the present Indians, though burned brown by ten thousand suns, are Aryans of the same stock as the Anglo-Saxons. The traditional outcastes in India, the former Dravidians, were Negroid in origin. The fact that intermarrriage has been largely prevented by the caste system has kept these brown Aryans singularly pure in stock.

Gandhi got his practical understanding of *ahimsa* from his mother. His parents were Banias, the puritans of Hinduism, who held strongly to this particular doctrine of harmlessness.

I can still feel the silent awe with which I listened to his boyhood story of a deadly scorpion that ran across the floor of the living-room where his mother was teaching the children their Hindu Sunday school lesson, so to speak. His mother's feet were bare, with red-painted soles. She followed the interesting Hindu custom of rouging them each morning after early devotions, in order to carry with her at her daily tasks, the pleasant odour and beauty of her prayers. As young Mohandas saw the deadly scorpion running straight towards those beautiful painted feet, he cried out in alarm,

"Mother! A scorpion! It will bite you! Kill it!"

His mother said quietly, "Be still, my son. If you do not frighten it, I shall not be hurt."

She watched the insect crawl up upon her heel, and then slowly disengaging the silk scarf from about her shoulders, she reached down, picked up the scorpion, and dropped it out of the window.

"Now it will neither harm me, nor I it," she remarked gently.

Lessons like this, coming from no printed page, but from the book of life, influenced the future life of a discerning boy. This gentle puritan mother was one of the biggest factors in making Gandhi what he is today, a prophet of self-mastery, of national control through control of self. Over and over again he has said to his people that a nation whose citizens have not learned self-control, cannot rule itself as a national entity. This is a startling political theory. Upon that basis which of the white nations in either Europe or America is fitted for full self-government?

Gandhi's attitude towards the West partakes of the same attitude his mother had towards the scorpion. He knows the white world would bite, if he struck at it. Therein lies his astute, practical statesmanship. He does not try to use violence. That, we could understand and cope with. He uses a silk scarf against us... gentle ruthlessness against a sword. He drops us, figuratively speaking, out of the window, by refusing to cooperate with white rulers; and says to the English, and through them to the Western world:

"Go your own way. Live your own life... but we Indians don't want you endangering our living-room. I don't want to kill you. Don't you kill me. But if you must kill me, I will be true, even in death, to what I believe."

Or, as his lawyer training fits him to do, Gandhi might in a flash turn this incident around and say in his gentle but pointed sarcasm to a nearby Englishman,

"If you would be happier to have us Indians play the part of the scorpion in the story, imagining yourself the mother nation, then develop poise and wisdom enough not to strike us in fear before we strike you. Just get up deliberately and shake us out of the window! That's all we want, our freedom!"

Then he would give his little chuckling laugh which I always love to hear, and say gently, "But after all, nobody's a scorpion. You're not. We're not."

It is partly this human ability to put himself in the other man's place and see his virtues as well as his vices, to see behind the aggressive Englishman and the erring Indian the true ideal for which each stands, that gives Gandhi his power as a statesman. His mind is not set in one permanent mould; it is fluid, ready to run into new channels as they open up. He has the adaptable power of the opportunist so necessary to successful statesmanship; he has the vision to forge harmlessness into passive resistance, the one anchor by which he could hold India. It was this same quality that gave him the shrewdness to recognize that in the innate idealism of the English race he had one of his greatest weapons for obtaining Indian freedom. He held a two-edged sword, and wielded it effectively.

This was not India's first experiment in the rule of peace. Two hundred years before Christ and two hundred years after Buddha, the Emperor Asoka had built and established an empire

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identical in geographical extent with modern India. He had built up his power by the sword; but the sight of the blood-stained battlefield of Kalinga had turned him to peace. He adopted the pacific policies of Buddha so thoroughly that he scrapped his armies, threw away his swords and spears, and ruled for forty years through the nonviolent power of love. After that Asoka's only army was composed of Buddhist priests who spread Buddhism in Burma, Tibet, Ceylon, China, Korea, Japan and portions of Asia Minor; an army of indefatigable idealists whose influence is felt, even yet, around in the world.

But Gandhi brought back from Africa an aggressive, militant pacifism adapted to this modern day. It was the old Hindu and Buddhist ideal of *ahimsa*, of suffering, yet doing no harm to any living being. It was more. Ancient *ahimsa* was negative. Gandhi's *ahimsa* was a positive, aggressive, political weapon. "Insist upon truth by loving argument, by the testimony of your own life. Once you are assured of the truth, refuse to recant, even to death!" This was Gandhi of India. Harmlessness, plus insistence upon the truth did not make a bullet-proof combination... but it defeated the British that day at Bombay.

Gandhi, contrary to popular Western belief, is no visionary counselling cowardice, and cringing submission to the will of another. "Where there is only a choice between cowardice and violence, I advise violence," he says. "I cultivate the quiet courage of dying without killing, but to him who has not this courage, I advise that of killing and of being killed, rather than that of shamefully fleeing from danger. For he who runs away commits mental violence. He runs away because he has not the courage to be killed while he kills. I would risk violence a thousand times rather than emasculation of the race. I would rather have India resort to arms to defend her honor than that she should in a cowardly manner become or remain a helpless victim to her own dishonor.

"But I believe that nonviolence is infinitely superior to violence—forgiveness more manly than punishment. Abstinence from violence is forgiveness only when there is power to punish. It is meaningless when it pretends to proceed from a helpless creature. A mouse cannot forgive a cat for eating it. I do not believe India to be helpless. Nonviolence does not mean meek submission to the will of the evildoer, but the putting of one's whole soul against the will of the tyrant. Working under this law of our being, it is possible for a single individual to defy the whole might of an unjust Empire and lay the foundation for that Empire's fall or its regeneration."

Gandhi knew war. I have heard from his lips the most graphic descriptions of battlefields, troops, spoils, victories, and defeats. He had proved himself no coward. He refused from principle to carry arms, but he had carried a stretcher through the thick of the fighting during the Boer War when the Englishman was fighting the Boer. Also during the Zulu rebellion, when the white man was fighting the black, Gandhi often walked twenty to thirty miles a day under the blazing sun of Africa, carrying the wounded, patching up the destruction that war had made. He knew the cold singing of bullets, the scream of the dying. He had received the Kaiser-i-Hind medal, and other honors from the British Government for his African services. He had been in England at the outbreak of the war. But somewhere amid the silences of the African night, he had come to the conclusion that war was wrong; it took human life; besides it did not pay; it was futile. The outcome of the European war confirmed this belief.

"War does not even help the victor," Gandhi decided. "It makes him brutal and proud; nothing is added to his culture, or even to his gold. All he has left is debts and empty homes. And war certainly does not aid the loser. He is resentful, filled with the bitter meat of hatred, developing a slave mentality and an incapacity to overcome his environment. He has lost the will to live and win. Of what practical value, then, is war?"

The reason most movements for peace in the past have failed is because they have had no practical plan of procedure. Gandhi realized that unorganized goodwill cannot stand up against "disciplined violence" as he called war, and have a ghost of a chance of winning. So he set about organizing his peaceful army. He must meet organized brute force with organized soul force.

He must have officers for this army, trained in the essential weapons of self-control and

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endurance under all provocation. To train such leaders Gandhi took young men and women... for women were as important passive resisters as men; when it came to endurance they were already past-masters of the art... into his new *ashram* at Ahmedabad. It was in 1916 that he settled in Ahmedabad and established the *ashram*. An *ashram* is a community home—a place to seek the truth. He developed a library of many books. Regular classes were held, somewhat after the manner of the old Greek gymnasium school, with sociology, economics, politics and religion emphasized. There was an eight-fold vow that all students had to take:

First—truthfulness
Second—nonviolence
Third—celibacy
Fourth—control of the palate
Fifth—non-stealing
Sixth—non-possession—that is, giving up all desires of possessing things.
Seventh—*swadeshi*—that is, using home-grown, home manufactured goods, and being loyal to one's own inherited culture, developing it from within, instead of becoming foreign.
Eighth—fearlessness.

These young officers in the army of passive resistance then went out into all parts of the country, travelling third class, living on whatever small amounts the communities chose to give them, and taught the Indian villagers what *satyagraha*, the pursuit of truth by nonviolent measures, really meant. These Indian villages and the groups that gathered at universities and in cities were the training camps of the battalions of passive resistance. It was this training that made possible the battle of Bombay, and the successful boycott of British goods.

In August 1920 the noncooperation movement was really launched on a national scale, with an appeal to every Indian to enter into this programme as if this had been a war of arms instead of wills and of ideals. The will to Indian freedom was to be pushed forward by the force of truth. These new soldiers of passive resistance would not kill anyone to attain their end, but would allow themselves to be killed, if need be.

"We do not want to sacrifice the life of a single person to end British rule in India," said Gandhi. "But the Indians are willing that the holy Ganges should run red with blood (Indian blood) if this is necessary to gain them freedom so long unjustly delayed." This was the new fighting pacifism.

These were the weapons with which this new nonviolent soldier would fight. The Indian Congress manifesto of 1920 advised as means of noncooperation the following definite things:

1. The surrender of all titles and honorary offices and resignation from nominated seats in the local government bodies.
2. Refusal to attend government receptions or levees, durbars, and other official and semi-official functions, held by government officials, or in their honor.
3. Gradual withdrawal of children from schools and colleges owned, aided or controlled by government, and in place of such schools and colleges, the establishment of national schools and colleges in the various provinces.
4. Gradual boycott of British courts by lawyers and litigants, and establishment of private arbitration courts by their aid for the settlement of private disputes.
5. Refusal on the part of the military, clerical, and laboring classes to offer themselves as recruits for service in Mesopotamia or any other place.
6. Withdrawal by candidates of their candidature for election to the reformed councils, and refusal on the part of the voters to vote for any candidate who may, despite the Congress advice, offer himself for election.
7. The boycott of foreign goods, especially everything that is British-made.

The boycott of British goods was the "Big Bertha" of the passive resistance campaign; it all but stunned the Brtitish into defeat. Add to this the refusal of the passive resisters to pay taxes to hold office under the government, to keep British honors or souvenirs of war: in addition, pile up the women's surprisingly successful picketing of the liquor shops and of opium selling, where educated women of the leading families of India endured insults as they blocked the auction of government licenses. Here are weapons not to be despised.

Gandhi's defence of his use of this economic weapon was typically reasonable. He claimed that since the British government refused India the right to an autonomous government, either within or without the Empire, India had the

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right to set up an internal national policy of its own. "The boycott," said Gandhi, "is merely India's tariff to protect her own native industries ... as America for example, protects her manufacturies." The boycott then, was a tariff such as any country—France or America—might raise against another country in self protection. The boycott method was made necessary because the Indians were given no legislative function.

But Gandhi did not stop there. To refuse to buy British cloth was not enough. India must herself develop her own industries so that she would not be dependent upon any foreign nation whatever. He got down the spinning wheel out of the Indian attics, at about the same time that our antique dealers were pulling American revolutionary spinning wheels out of the attics of New England. But the spinning wheel in India was no relic. It was a present need. And soon the very Himalayas began to echo back the whirr of patriotic Indian spinning. Here again Gandhi had vindicated his claim to being a practical idealist.

Anyone who is not prepared to capitulate to Gandhi had better stay away from him. The power of his personality, the fire in his great brown eyes, his innate dignity, draw you, irresistibly. You forget yourself; you forget Gandhi as a man. His deep voice carries to you his message only. It is because he has sunk himself so deeply in his ideal, that he has lost all self-consciousness; and therefore is greater than his puny body. I have known men to say, "I hate him. I despise everything for which he stands!" And then I have greeted them as they came away from Gandhi, murmuring, "I was mistaken!" Love him, or hate him, if you can ... you cannot ignore him. He remains unique.

"I haven't known much about America," Gandhi said to me as I sat down beside him. "I had been taught by my English friends to believe that the United States is not a real democracy. But Woodrow Wilson sounds like a true democrat and great statesman. He fascinates us Indians. While I have been supporting the British Empire in this war to end war, I have admired Wilson for being 'too proud to fight.' My very principles of life call out to him ... for I too do not believe in taking human life, any life. But now that he has brought you into the war, perhaps we are not all wrong."

Gandhi later changed his mind ... as Wilson might have done had he lived to see our modern chaos. Gandhi decided that war as a means of settling international disputes was useless. The only thing that could bring peace was an insistence upon peaceful methods. We must organize for peace as we had for war, every man, woman and child; we must build up a public opinion for passive resistance so strong that machine guns could not shatter it. India had gone a step farther, but the influence of American ideals remained in the Gandhi movement.

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Welthy Honsinger Fisher has never been an idle woman. During her husband's Episcopacy in Calcutta, she travelled widely throughout India informing herself about the Indian way of life, especially that of the villagers, and becoming acquainted with Indians of all castes and religions. Her husband's sudden death in 1938 left her restless, searching for new projects, new languages to learn, and additional work. During that uncertain period, Mrs. Fisher learned to speak and read Hindi.

On December 15, 1947, on her way back from a trip to China and through India, Mrs. Fisher met Gandhi for the last time. She writes in her autobiography, "We spoke tenderly of the beloved wife he had lost and of Fred Fisher, whom he had loved. As we parted he took my hands and said, 'When you come back to live in India, go to the villages and help them. India is the village.'"

In 1953, Mrs. Fisher returned to India. She had no specific plan, but she had two things in mind: her days in China before her marriage to Bishop Fisher as headmistress of a school for young ladies, and Gandhi's parting benediction. Although 72, Mrs. Fisher felt "young and vigorous." "In the two-year-old Republic of India, which neither Fred nor Gandhi had lived to see, perhaps I should find fresh inspiration."

Out of Mrs. Fisher's sense of pragmatism and dedication and Gandhi's strong influence grew Literacy Village, which was to become a pilot institution for adult education not only in India but throughout the world. Since its establishment in 1953, Mrs. Fisher and her staff have trained more than 8,000 Indians who, after receiving their training, have gone to live in villages where they are paid a small stipend to pass on what they have learned. The Indian Government estimates that teachers from Literacy Village have taught more than 2,000,000 new literates in India alone.

In the spring of 1968, Mrs. Fisher wrote to the editor of this volume, "I have only just returned from India, where they are busy preparing for the great year of 1969 with a good deal of devotion. Our School of Writing at Literacy House (which trains professionals to write in a style for new literates) has written eight or nine small pamphlets about (Gandhi)... as we often find that the young people in the villages know very little about him. He is only a vague name to them, and those who can read have difficulty reading what is available. We are also preparing puppet dramas and will take them into many villages to let them know in more dramatic fashion ... about their great emancipator."

Now 88 years old, Mrs. Fisher, recipient of the $10,000 Ramon Magsaysay Award for International Understanding (the Asian equivalent of Europe's Nobel Peace Prize), divides her time between Literacy Village (near Lucknow) and the United States, where she lectures, raises funds, and directs World Education, Inc., the principal sponsor of her project. She claims that her work has barely begun.

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THE BISHOP'S WIFE AND GANDHI

WELTHY HONSINGER FISHER

It was our privilege in India to know three men for whom no other adjective except great will serve.

The first was Charlie Andrews*, our close personal friend, frequent member of our household, man of our faith, of Anglo-Saxon origins and thus tribally kin, born to our language, Indian by adoption and a saint through dedication to saintly ideas.

The second was Rabindranath Tagore, Nobel Prize-winning poet of India, aristocrat, educator, innovator, intellectual and spiritual influence. When he rose from a low chair to greet me the first time I met him, unfolding to a towering six foot four and pressing the palms of his hands together to touch his massive forehead, I felt that I was looking at a portrait of a Bodhisattva. Silver hair framed his elegant features and deep set eyes. His skin was ivory and simple robes fell gracefully the length of his superb body. He was a seer, but not a visionary seer, reaching up for spiritual things from the platform of the real world. Cecil Rhodes was obsessed with the idea of building an Anglo-Saxon empire to dominate the world. Tagore—or, as he was called, Gurudev—wanted, above all, a university where everyone should learn cosmopolitan tolerance of all cultures and religions in preparation for world cooperation.

Sarojini Naidu's nickname for Mahatma Gandhi was "Mickey Mouse." Yet the other two men were the first to do him homage, acknowledging that within this skinny frame dwelt the most glorious soul of all. He was the spiritual giant of the twentieth century, exerting the most profound influence over three hundred ninety million people and affecting the history of the world.

It seemed to me natural that all three of these men should choose my Bohn for friend, knowing that he who was a doer had also a strong streak of poetry and mysticism in his nature and the courage to battle for his beliefs.

One morning a letter arrived from Tagore inviting Fred to spend the weekend with Andrews and Gandhi at his home "Shyamali," near his university at Shantiniketan. I could hardly wait for Fred's return to share the experience with him. The first thing he said was: "I've been sitting crosslegged so many hours these days I'm beginning to like it!"

Then he tossed me a cushion and we lounged Indian fashion with the tea tray on the floor between us while he talked of the two days alone with these three great men.

"You know how Brahmins treat their guests. Royally by treating them casually. And Hindus make no fetish of eating. We ate together less than half the time. If I wanted tea when tea wasn't served I had only to speak to a servant. Our relationship was not pursued at meals. Afterwards we drifted into Gurudev's open room, I in my socks and the three others barefooted, and sat on cushions talking for hours.

"I'm all for Indian clothes in this weather, Han," he remarked in passing. "Charlie wore a thin silk Bengali shirt with trails flying in the breeze. Gurudev was in his flowing gown and Gandhi in his homespun. I went vestless, but somehow I just couldn't take off my coat, only my shoes. How convention-bound we are, we Western men!"

*C. F. Andrews was an Englishman who came to India as an Anglican priest about the same time as Bishop Fisher. Several years' experience among the Indian people influenced his decision to leave his church formally and become a lay servant to the Indians. Frequently described as "the best loved Englishman in India," he and Gandhi were often together. John Haynes Holmes called "Charlie" Andrews Gandhi's favourite "crony."

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Saturday, Fred said, they had discussed India *vis-a-vis* the empire and the problems of the Indians domiciled overseas.

"Then at sunset we took our walking sticks and walked cross-country. Gandhi's staff was almost twice his height and was nothing but a rough branch of a tree. The poet carried a product from his own handicraft shop, the handle carved like the head of a pheasant. Charlie's was a black ebony cane inlaid with ivory that an Indian friend had given him. 'Too good for me,' he said. I had the stick Lord Reading gave me in Simla. We made an odd assortment, legs and sticks, striding off toward the sunset. I believe Gandhi could beat us all if we were in a walking race. That little giant's ninety pounds has every muscle counted and at work. He likes to talk while he walks, in the rhythm of it, but the poet likes to stride on alone, so I walked with Gandhi. He sends his love to you and 'hopes your ankle (which I had recently sprained) will soon be strong enough so you can keep up with me!'"

There was so much to say, Fred paused and digressed. "Do you know, Han, what the Mahatma uses to sleep on? Thoreau's *Civil Disobedience!* 'Makes an excellent pillow,' he says.

"We passed one of Tagore's cows from his new agricultural station for the villages. Somehow she winked at us and Gandhi pulled up some grass and fed her.

"'Isn't she the best friend of man on earth?' he asked. 'Of course I believe in reverence for the cow. To me she symbolizes the basic teaching of our Hinduism—that all life is part of God.'"

Then they went back to talking of *ahimsa.*

"Sunday was the great day of our weekend," Fred said. "In the morning after our solitary meditations we casually wandered over to the poet's doorway."

"And which of you," I broke in, "got up to pray with Gandhi at 4.20 in the morning?"

Fred grinned. Gandhi had prayed alone.

"We all felt like Sunday," he said. "The sky was clear, hot blue. The locusts shrilled to announce more heat. A reverent spirit pervaded us. Gandhi talked of God. Tagore talked of the Formless lifting us always to the Infinite. Charlie talked of the mystical Presence and talked of the Living Christ in this modern world."

The buildings were covered with murals (and one of them had a royal palm growing through the roof). On the gateposts were bas reliefs of Indian villagers. "These dark, silent figures," said Fred, "brought us round without premeditation to discussing the outcaste. We asked Gandhi whether they liked the new name with which he had christened them, Harijan, son of God. Charlie and Gandhi said yes. Tagore made the point that to give them another name was to put them into another caste, a higher one, to be sure, but still a caste."

Fred smiled at me. "You know it was grand to remember, Han, when I was talking with these great liberators of the outcaste, that Christian missionaries were the first to look into his eyes and call him Brother!

" 'The outcastes' little red-painted stone altar under a tree,' Gandhi maintained, 'is important. It's the only tangible symbol of God our half-starved brother ever had. They are doomed and their children are doomed to a hopeless future unless we four men seated here can arouse our worlds to white heat."

"Tagore picked up the Mahatma on that. 'You, Gandhiji,' he said, 'and your Jain ancestors long ago left your chanting and singing and telling of beads! We all know that God is not only in his temple; he is where the tiller works the hard ground, in sun and shower, bound with us forever.' I'm proud," digressed my American husband again, "that in all the world Tagore chose to send his own son, Rathindranath, to the University of Illinois for his English education. He said it was because he 'expected democracy to be the vital environment and the labor of one's hand to be honored.'" Then he went on, quoting Tagore's argument with Gandhi concerning the outcastes. "No, if idols and idolatry, if heads and painted stones are not needed by us in this room, then they are not righteous for any of our people. I'd like to sweep up every idol of every kind and make one great heap, then sweep them into the sea, and so cleanse our stables.'"

The men were then silent for a moment, Fred told me, contemplating the poet cleansing the temple, before Gandhi said gently, "You dare not take the crutch from the lame man's arm until you have taught him to walk. That is the Bishop's task, it is Charlie's, it is yours, Gurudev, and it is mine."

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I asked Fred how Gandhi and Tagore differed basically. "Tagore is like—Everest," he said slowly. "He towers majestic and, I think, alone. He seems to be in touch with the infinite, a seeker for abstract truth. Wherever he finds it he makes it his own and it adds to his stature the way snows add to the glacial heights of Everest. Gandhiji is like the leaping cataract on the mountainside trying to reach the stream so that he may add his life to the parched plains below where the people thirst."

I came to know both the mountain and the cataract during my years in India. No literate alive but has read much about these major prophets among men. I will only add the personal memories that belong to me because they are very much part of my life, of Fred's, part of our growth and part of our religion and love.

"How can you help like a saint who always remembers to ask about your wife and teases you for taking soda mints when you eat too much?" Fred asked.

Gandhi was a great tease among his friends. He declared that Fred was responsible for his silent Mondays. It was on a Monday, he explained, that Fred Fisher came to see him once so full of ideas and talking so much so fast that Gandhi claimed he could not get a word in edgewise. "The rest did me so much good that I have ever since kept Monday as a day of silence."

During a discussion of *ahimsa* one time, Gandhi took Fred's strong, determined chin in his hand. Twinkling, he said, "Just imagine a man with action like yours talking about peace!"

"And what will people think of a pacifist like you with two front teeth missing? You look as if you've just been in a brawl."

Gandhi laughed delightedly at this retort, but when Fred went on to suggest that he come to Calcutta and permit Fred's dentist to replace his teeth in the interests not only of his appearance but his health, Gandhi refused gently. "You know, Fred, some years ago I renounced personal property and money... I began to live on the scale that the poorest of our people must live upon. I have kept my personal expenditure within eleven cents a day. Now, you see, one of our lowly brothers whom I call Sons of God and others call outcastes could never afford your dentist. I cannot accept, but I thank you deeply."

Fred believed that Gandhi practiced what Jesus taught while multitudes of professing Christians called Jesus "Lord, Lord," but did not follow Christ's way. This was one of the things he preached about when he returned to his own country after this visit to India. (In fact, one fellow complained that "Fisher sometimes gave us Gandhi for breakfast, lunch, and dinner!")

Gandhi and I talked together many times in the years that ensued—in Bombay, at Birla House in Delhi, in Calcutta, in Sevagram. I came to feel that I was a part of his circle, and I think this was the secret of his power, that he could draw millions of people into that circle with him.

Once when I visited him it was 128 degrees in the room. I was dressed in the equivalent of what a woman wears for strenuous tennis on a summer's day, while he sat, head shaved, in nothing but a loin cloth. I realized that for all his English schooling, eight trips to Europe, and his African life as a lawyer, one should not think of him except as a man of his own race and his climate. Otherwise one cannot understand him. He reacted against wealth and power and was reborn to his own roots. A man of two natures, one renunciatory, the other driving along practical lines to conquer vast political problems, he was, in both aspects, the very essence of modern India.

On a railroad trip with him, on the narrow-gauge line through the heart of Bengal, I was awed as Fred had been by the thousands of people who waited outside the great brick government-built stations surrounded by iron palings, by the peasants lifting their heads in the fields as he passed, crying "Gandhiji! Victory to Gandhiji!" like a national anthem. India walks in beauty and all the waiting people had bushel baskets full of flowers to throw over engine, engineer, passengers, conductor, and Gandhi.

I said, "This is beautiful!! Do you deserve it?"

"Oh, no," said Gandhi, "I don't. It is not for me. They are offering the flowers to themselves." And he picked up a handful and sucked the honey.

I sat once with Agatha Harrison, a British Quaker, and Charlie Andrews, on the steps at Birla House. After Gandhi had made his Hindu prayer and the Sita Ram, he asked his "three

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Christian friends" to sing his favourite hymn. Charlie raised the cracked voice with which he had sung the same hymn at the end of Gandhi's long fast, Agatha lifted her soft, typically Quaker voice, and I sang in the voice I once thought would be heard in the opera houses of the world: "When I survey the wondrous cross/On which the Prince of Glory died..." All religions belonged to Gandhi. "I consider myself a Hindu, Christian, Moslem, Jew, Buddhist and Confucian," he had said.

Fred talked often about India and about Gandhi in Ann Arbor, interesting many people in the true evaluation of this huge country and her strange latter-day saint. If Gandhi should come to America, he felt that the danger of unfortunate publicity based on general misconceptions must be avoided. An advance programme should acquaint groups in this country with his philosophy and platform.

When we heard that Gandhi was to attend the London Round Table Conference of 1931-32, leaving India for the first time since 1914, we spent hours discussing the matter, consulting with friends, writing letters, sending telegrams. If by any chance he did come to the U.S., we planned to turn over our home to him so that he would have it as a private place.

One day the representative of a newspaper syndicate asked Fred if he would talk to Gandhi in London.

"Hello, Bapu (Little Father)," said Fred, and they talked fast. Neither was a man to waste words on trans-Atlantic calls. Fred asked if he would come.

Clear as crystal, Gandhi's voice came back, "It is more important to return to Bombay and a new struggle for liberty... God has not cleared my way to go to America. I will go in God's appointed time. My inner voice tells me it has not arrived."

"A miracle," Gandhi exclaimed in London as he hung up the receiver. When he was told the conversation had cost a hundred twenty dollars, he said, "Well, the Bishop should not have dropped so much money in the middle of the Atlantic ocean!"

Several years later Gandhi referred to the conversation in a message published in the monthly bulletin of the Indian League of America. "In America," he wrote, "I suffer from the well-known malady called hero worship. Good Dr. Holmes, until recently of the Community Church of New York, without knowing me personally became my advertising agent. Some of the nice things he said about me I never knew myself.... Dr. Holmes was followed by Bishop Fisher, who knew me personally in India. He very nearly dragged me to America but fate ordained otherwise and I could not visit your vast and great country with the wonderful people."

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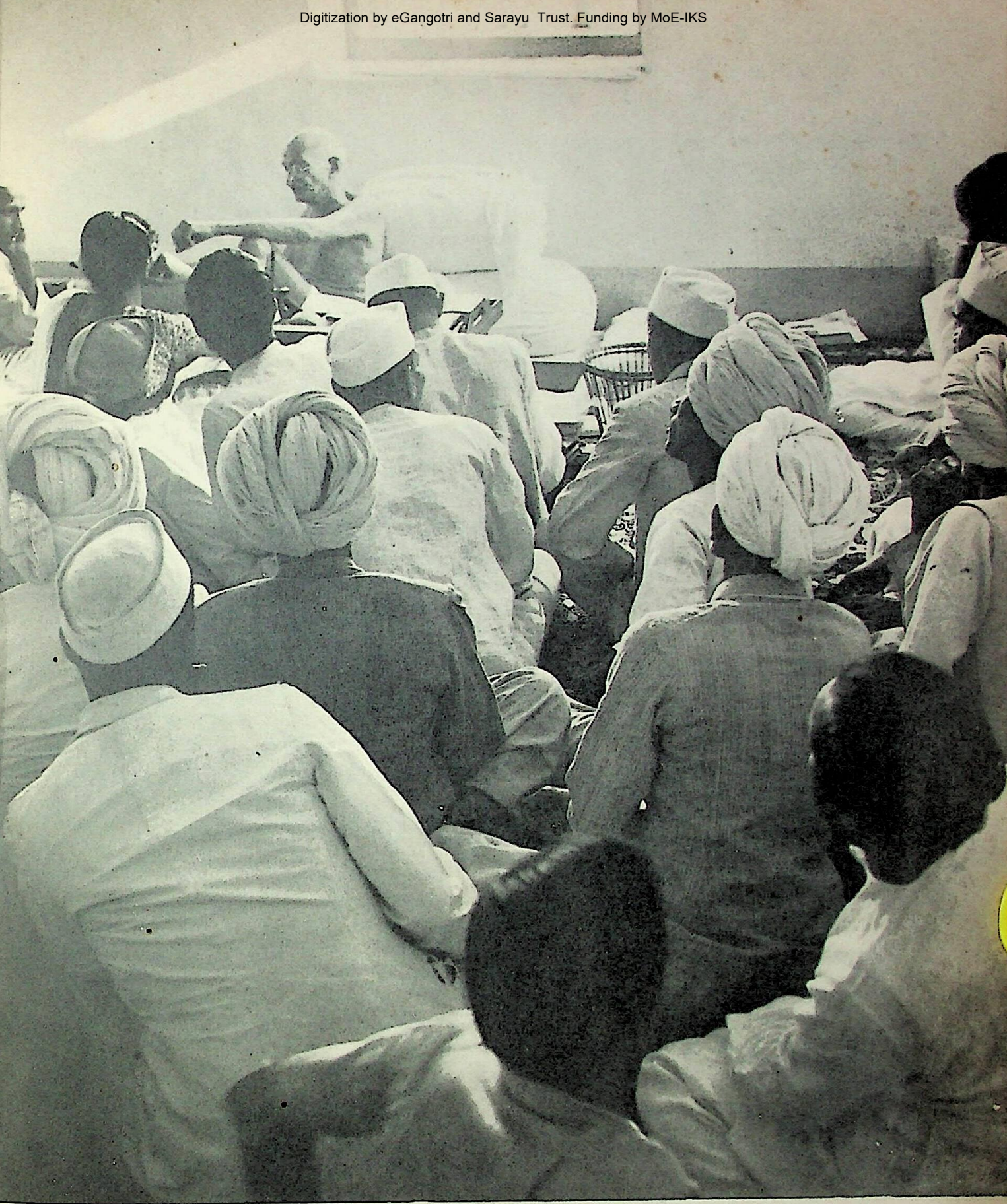

Visitors from a village 30 miles from Poona, where Gandhi planned to start another nature clinic. They are seated in his room as he spins.

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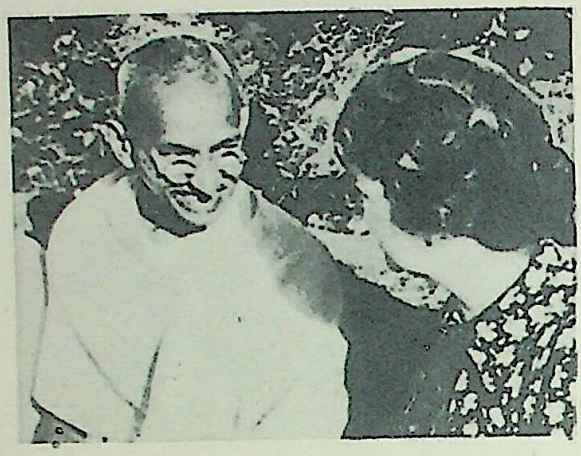

In 1915, Margaret Sanger, a public health nurse in the slums of New York, organized the first American birth control clinic. Within 10 days the clinic was raided and Mrs. Sanger served her full thirty-day jail sentence rather than obey the present day laws under which information on birth control, sex and venereal disease were all labeled obscene. It was not until 1936, however, that the Comstock laws, as they were then known, were reinterpreted and that Mrs. Sanger's crusade was no longer regarded as the subject of ridicule and abuse. Many people were to honour her as one of the greatest women in America, but it was the late H.G. Wells who said, "She is the greatest woman in the world; the movement she started will grow to be, a hundred years from now, the most influential of all times in controlling man's destiny on earth."

In 1922, Mrs. Sanger made the first of many world tours giving impetus to birth control movements in Europe and the Orient. In 1927, she called together the first World Population Conference in Geneva. From these early beginnings, the International Planned Parenthood Federation has grown until today it spans the globe.

In the fall of 1935, Mrs. Sanger sailed for India to discuss with India's leaders their increasingly alarming overpopulation problem. She spent ten weeks there in all, speaking on birth control to large audiences throughout the country. During her visit she held more than forty public meetings, established about fifty centres of birth control information, secured the endorsements of the All-India Women's Conference, the All-India Medical Conference and Bombay Municipality and spent two days with Gandhi. She wrote to her husband in late November, Gandhi "has invited me to stay with him in his simple place and I think this is the greatest honour *that India can pay me or anyone."*

While witnesses record that Mrs. Sanger and the Mahatma parted friends ("I left figs and prunes for Gandhi," Mrs. Sanger wrote in her diary on the train to Nagpur), Gandhi's position on birth control remained firm, and Mrs. Sanger made little impression.

Fortunately, Mrs. Sanger was accompanied by her secretary, who took down a verbatim account of the historic meeting. The following dialogue represents the interview exactly as it took place, in addition to a few introductory passages from Mrs. Sanger's diary.

Mrs. Sanger died in 1966. The fact that she and Mr. Gandhi were unable to come together on the subject of birth control, however, in no way diminished the affinity they enjoyed for each other in spirit. When the Margaret Sanger Award in Human Rights was established in 1966, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. was its first recipient. As the citation read, Dr. King received the award because he "never hesitated to challenge unjust laws, cruel social customs, and the blind prejudices that hold people in ignorance and degradation."

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A SUMMIT MEETING ON BIRTH CONTROL

MARGARET SANGER

We went directly to his place and met, although this is his day of silence. He rose to greet me, smiling from ear to ear. I put down my bag and gloves and flowers and magazines in order to take both his hands. He has an unusual light that shines in his face; that shines through the flesh; that circles around his head and neck like a mist with white sails of a ship coming through. It lasted only a few seconds, but it is there. When I looked again it was only the shiny appearance of his flesh that I saw but always the smile and a hospitable welcome."

In the evening there was "supper on the veranda at Gandhiji's residence. They are building another storey to the old house for his study. Now he has no privacy and needs it. We all sat on the floor. Shoes removed first, food is placed on trays by attendants. No one may eat until prayers are said, which are said only when the tray has considerable food. It was a chant by all in a 'lullaby' tune. Gandhiji gave me a spoonful of very bitter green puree. They were all amused at its reception and my face in getting it down. Then there were raw onions cut up in cream. One hot vegetable soup, one hot milk, dry flap-jacks, a fresh orange and other vegetables and rice. Really a lot of food. Gandhi is experimenting with foods, trying to find out the most economical for the village people and the most nourishing. The great majority are living a life of starvation. When you ask a villager how things are going, he points to his stomach and says, 'Sahib, stomach too long empty.'

"We went on the roof to see the sun set, then in the tonga to the temple and now to evening prayers. At seven p.m. all twenty persons were seated with legs crossed under them on the roof. They were all dressed in white, with the moon shining down and the stars overhead. Gandhiji and both women guests were seated at the head of the circle. Since we came in a little late we sat in the circle near the poor 'depressed' woman workers who were not in white. Mr. Gandhi's son, his youngest, is here. His grandson led the prayers in the moonlight. Mrs. Gandhi served our food and spices. She is a short, stoutish, unimpressive woman, but very kind and tender. After prayers, which were chanted, I went down to Gandhiji's office; he wrote a few notes to me inviting me to walk in the morning, also saying that at seven thirty a.m. he will have a talk with me and it can be absolutely exclusive.

"The next morning I rose at six and went to meet Gandhi and the two other woman guests. We all went with him to the village, San, which is his regular morning walk. He is trying to clean up the village by erecting 'privies,' portable on stilts to be moved from pit to pit to save the fertilizer and use it quickly. Gandhiji walks quickly and has his customary white robes, sandals and staff. We talked of food and diet. He has studied this question for forty years and disapproves of uncooked starches. After the walk I had a bath and dashed over to keep the seven thirty appointment on the roof in the morning sun. There were four of his people present and Anna Jane

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(Anna Jane Philips, Mrs. Sanger's secretary) and myself. I am to return at three o'clock.

"At three o'clock promptly, we went to the Mahatma's house and had our talk on the roof. He sat in the burning sunshine with a white cloth over his head. We sat in the shade. The arguments were along the same line as in the morning, but I am convinced his personal experience at the time of his father's death was so shocking and self-blamed that he can never accept sex as anything good, clean or wholesome."

MORNING

Mrs. Sanger: Mr. Gandhi, you and I have the interest of humanity at heart, but while both of us have that in common, you have greater influence with the masses of humanity. I believe no nation can be free until its women have control over the power that is peculiarly theirs, I mean the power of procreation.... Women's lack of control over fecundity results in overpopulation, in poverty, misery and war. Should women control this force which has made so much trouble in their lives? Have they a right to control the power of procreation? Do you see any practical solution for this problem, which in my humble opinion is the direct cause of much of the chaos in the world today?

Mr. Gandhi: I suppose you know that all my life I have been dinning into the ears of women the fact that they are their own mistresses, not only in this but in all matters. I began my work with my own wife. While I have abused my wife in many respects, I have tried to be her teacher also. If today she is somewhat literate it is because I became her teacher. I was not the ideal teacher because I was a brute. The animal passion in me was too strong and I could not become the ideal teacher. My wife made the orbit of all women. In her I studied all women. I came in contact with many European women in South Africa, but I knew practically every Indian woman there. I worked with them. I tried to show them they were not slaves either of their husbands or parents, that they had as much right to resist their husbands as their parents, not only in the political field but in the domestic as well. But the trouble was that some could not resist their husbands. I feel that I speak with some confidence and knowledge because I have worked with and talked with and studied many women. But the remedy is in the hands of the women themselves. The struggle is difficult for them but I do not blame them. I blame the men. Men have legislated against them. Man has regarded woman as his tool. She has learned to be his tool and in the end found it easy and pleasurable to be such, because when one drags another in his fall the descent is easy.

I have come in contact with some women of the West but not many, so that my deductions about them may be faulty, but I have known tens of thousands of women in India, their experiences and their aspirations. I have discussed it with some of my educated sisters but I have questioned their authority to speak on behalf of their unsophisticated sisters, because they have never mixed with them. The educated ones have never felt one with them. But I have. They have regarded me as half a woman because I have completely identified myself with them.

I have identified myself with my wife to the same extent, but she observes certain decencies with me, which I have not done with her. I intimately know her. I have made use of her. But I do not suppose there are many women who can claim to have followed their husbands so slavishly as she has. She has followed, sometimes reluctantly, but her reluctance has had a tinge of obedience in it, for she is a good Hindu wife. I have often challenged her and asked her to lead her own independent life but she will not do so. She is too much a Hindu wife for that.

I have felt that during the years still left to me if I can drive home to women's minds the truth that they are free, we will have no birth control problem in India. If they will only learn to say 'no' to their husbands when they approach them carnally!... The real problem is that they do not want to resist them.

I have been reading about this cause which you advocate so eloquently. I know some of the greatest people in the world agree with you. In India I would mention only two great representative names, Tagore and Mrs. Naidu. I know I have them all arrayed against me. I have tried to think with them.... My fundamental position is that so far as the women of India are concerned, even if the method you advocate were a solution, it is a long way

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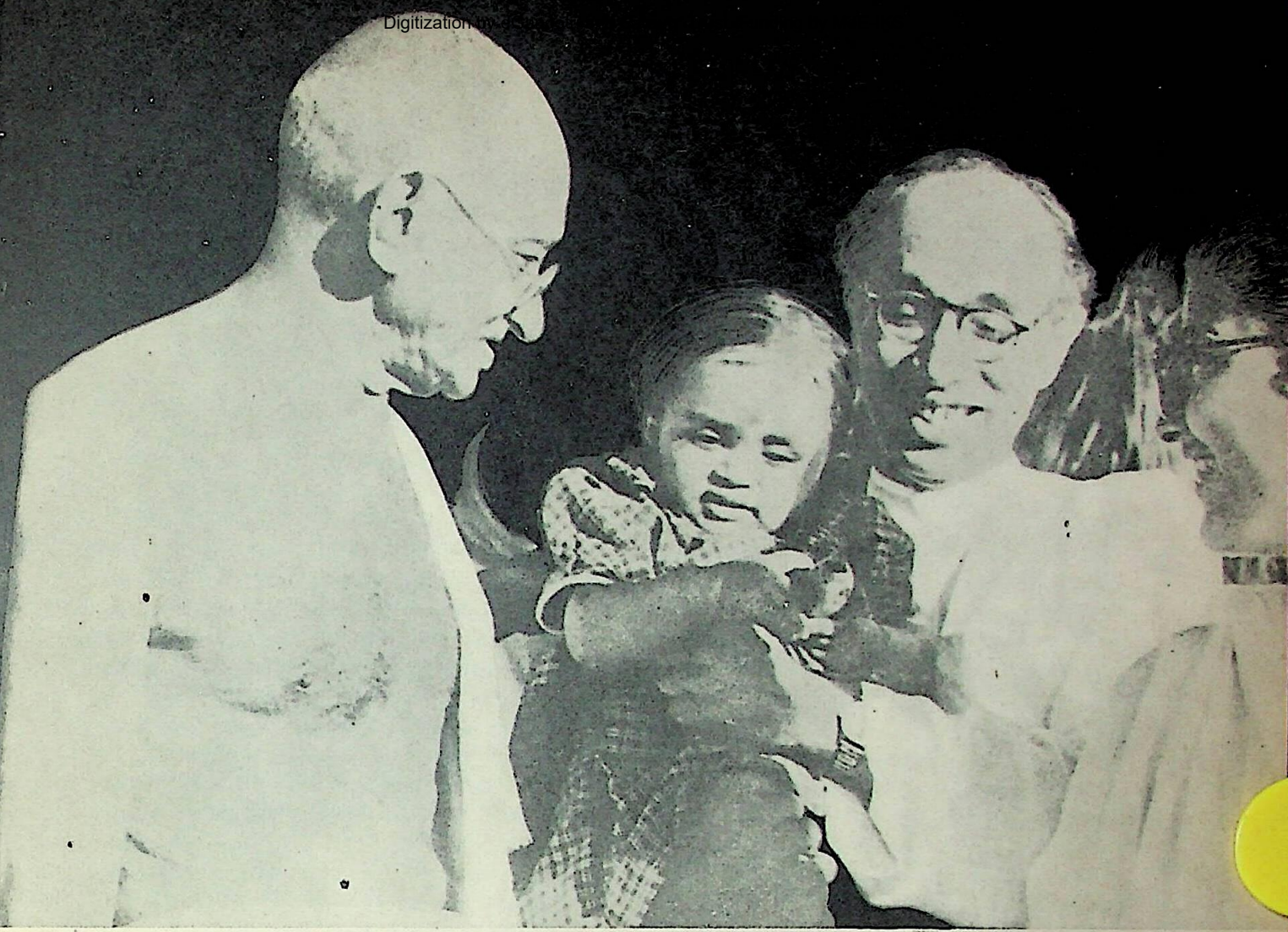

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BANARAS

off, for the women of India have so many things to think of now. Don't tell me of the educated girl of India. She will be your slave, much to her damage, I'm afraid.

Mrs. Sanger: You mean for instance that the women of the chawls will be against me, the women in the tenements of Bombay?

Mr. Gandhi: Yes.

Mrs. Sanger: I disagree with you. When I was in Bombay one of the first places I went was to these women of the tenements. I saw them sitting around, each with three, four or more children. We asked them how many children they had had, how many were dead. There were always some dead. Then we asked how many more they were going to have, and every woman but one held out her hands in supplication as though saying: "No more! Pray God, no more!" It showed that they were already awakened to this idea. Again and again they ask what to do to prevent more children from coming into the world. I want to go to villages and see whether this desire to have fewer children is not there. Let us not worry about the methods. Let us first discover whether they want more children or not. That will be the beginning.

Mr. Gandhi: I don't want to say that women want children but that they will not do the thing that will keep them from having more children. They will not resist their husbands. Then I suppose you will say, if neither party resists, why should they not adopt artificial methods?

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Mrs. Sanger: You have been a great advocate of civil disobedience, Mr. Gandhi. Do you also recommend that the women of India adopt legal and marital disobedience?

Mr. Gandhi: Yes, I do. But no resistance bordering upon bitterness will be necessary in ninetynine out of a hundred cases. It a wife says to her husband, "No, I don't want it," he will make no trouble. But she hasn't been taught....

Mrs. Sanger: But that advice is not practical. It means a revolution in the home. It leads to divorce. The average marriage contract assumes that the married relationship will be harmonious.

Mr. Gandhi: There should be mutual consent. Without it the thing will be wholly wrong.

Mrs. Sanger: That is right, but the problem is not often discussed by young people before marriage, although our young of today are beginning to discuss it more and more, which is a very good thing. But consider the turmoil, the unhappiness it means for the woman if she resists her husband! What if he puts her out of her home? In some states in the United States a wife has no rights if she resists her husband. What can she do? I do not know the law in India, but custom compels her to submit to the sexual needs of her husband.

Mr. Gandhi: There are no such laws here.

Mrs. Sanger: Yes, but the custom is here. Customs are harder to change than laws.

Mr. Gandhi: Yes.

Mrs. Sanger: You are giving them advice which they cannot accept. Would it not make their condition worse?

Mr. Gandhi: Not if they learn the art of resistance. It boils down to education. I want woman to learn the primary right of resistance. She thinks now that she has not got it. Among the women of India it is most difficult to drive home this truth. If I were to devote myself to birth control I would miss this primary education.

Mrs. Sanger: But cannot education go with birth control? In England many social workers claim that if they can instruct the poorer women in birth control before their fifth child is born, before the women have fallen into poverty and drink and degradation, these women can be helped. In America in the clinics it has been found in a number of cases where women have been given birth control information and freed from undesired pregnancies for a period of eighteen months or two years that the woman and her husband have become self-reliant and self-supporting and the case has been closed on the welfare books. The woman has more hope. She is not haunted by the fear of more and more and still more pregnancies. Every case shows a better condition of the woman's mind, more patience, love, education in the woman's life and home after she has been freed of the worry of having too many children. Mr. Gandhi, do you not see a great difference between sex love and sex lust? Isn't it sex lust and not sex love which you oppose?

Mr. Gandhi: Yes, it is. But when both want to satisfy animal passion without having to suffer the consequences of their act, it is not love. It is lust. But if love is pure it will transcend animal passion and will regulate itself. We have not had enough education of the passions. When a husband says, "Let us not have children but have relations," what is that but animal passion? If they do not want to have any more children they should simply refuse to unite.

Mrs. Sanger: Then you hold that all sex union is lust except that for the specific purpose of having children?

Mr. Gandhi: Yes.

Mrs. Sanger: I think that is a weak position, Mr. Gandhi. The act is the same. The force that brings two people together is sex attraction, a biological urge, which finds expression in sex union. There are two kinds of passion. One is a force around which centers respect, consideration and reverence known as love. The latter kind may be the stepladder to God. I do not call that kind of love lust, even when it finds expression in sex union, with or without children.

Mr. Gandhi: I think there is a flaw in that position and the world will not have to wait long before it discovers it. I have found the same thing in old Sanskrit volumes, found lust clothed in the dress of love. But I know from my own experience that, as long as I looked upon my wife carnally, we had no real understanding. Our love did not reach a high plane. There was affection, of course, between us. Affection there has been between us always but we came closer and closer the more we,

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or rather I, became restrained. There never was want of restraint on the part of my wife. Very often she would show restraint, but she rarely resisted me although she showed disinclination very often. All the time I wanted carnal pleasure I could not serve her. She would be a fairly learned woman today if I had not let this lust interfere with her education. She is not dull-witted, but it takes all one's resources to drive home a lesson. I had plenty of time at my disposal to teach her before I became involved in public affairs but I didn't take advantage of it. When I had outlived animal passion and found a better mission in life, I had no time.

Mrs. Sanger: I think lust is a very different thing from love. I believe in sex love. Perhaps love in sex is a new thing in our evolution, and develops in the human race as we evolve toward a higher consciousness. But it is usually acknowledged to be a very real thing, a force that cannot be denied....

Mr. Gandhi: May one man have pure sex love as distinguished from sex lust with more than one woman or woman with more than one man? Your literature is full of that.

Mrs. Sanger: Love, no. Lust, yes. But I think pure love comes of itself.

Mr. Gandhi: No, it does not come of itself. If you have a love for more than one woman, how do you know which is which?

Mrs. Sanger: If we can have a choice in our mates there is a natural sex attraction between two people. You then have a different experience and in the experience an expression of love which makes you a finer human being. Sex lust is spent in prostitution, the sort of relationship which makes a man run away after the act, disgusted, ashamed of himself, but a sex love is a relationship which makes for oneness, for completeness between the husband and wife and contributes to a finer understanding and a greater spiritual harmony.

Mr. Gandhi: You are talking in this strain because social custom has restricted marriage to one at a time in the West, but in the East it is not so. Many believe it lawful to have more than one wife. Or you may have a wife and concubines. I have thought this question through. In the East this practice has been going on for a long time. Now I don't ask this question to put you in a corner. This is the argument I had with a woman with whom I almost fell. It is so personal that I did not put it in my autobiography. We have considered if there can be this spiritual companionship. The marriage relationship is a matter of contract. Your parents arrange it in your childhood and you have nothing to do with it. I come in contact with an illiterate woman. Then I meet a woman with a broad, cultural education. Could we not develop a close contact, I said to myself? This was a plausible argument, and I nearly slipped. But I was saved, I awoke from my trance. I don't know how. For a time it seemed I had lost my anchor. I was saved by youngsters who warned me. I saw that if I was doomed, they also were doomed. I decided I was not right in my argument.

Mrs. Sanger: I wonder if this is a rationalization or a personal feeling. Even with those men who have concubines, don't you think there is one person among the concubines to whom they are most devoted? When a man finds the one woman for him, their personalities tune in. There is harmony and growth in their union.

Mr. Gandhi: Have you read of the Mahabharata legend where Draupadi, the heroine, has five husbands? In its place this union has been glorified as the ideal union. Each husband has his own complete right in the wife. Now in Islam, in contrast, they let a man marry up to five wives on condition that all be treated as upon the same level. The Prophet does not call it lust and several philosophers in Islam defend the thing. I have talked to many of these men. They think what is happening in the West is debasing and that if all recognized polygamy the world would be better. The followers of Islam can advance good arguments for it.

Mrs. Sanger: We cannot speak for all nations. The human race is evolving like a class in school.... But I agree with you that we have to start with the individual. You feel that the beginning is with the individual's control or sex. There is no argument there. But do you realize that from the time of marriage until the end of woman's childbearing period, if she has sex relations with her husband only once each year, she will have ten or twelve children? So that, even with the most continent life, she will be the victim of a large family

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which she cannot take care of. Must husbands and wives sacrifice their lives for this? Must this relationship, based on a finer quality of love, take place only three or four times in their lifetime?

Mr. Gandhi: Why should people not be taught that it is immoral to have more than three or four children and that after they have had that number they should live separately? If they are taught this it would harden into custom. And if social reformers cannot impress this idea upon the people, why not a law?...

Mrs. Sanger: The education that goes with birth control gives men and women a higher physical, mental and moral control. Isn't there something you can approve that they can put into practice? Can't you advise something practical, something that can be applied to solve the problem of too frequent childbearing for the mothers of India?

Afternoon

Mrs. Sanger: Let us go back to your first point, continence. Do you accept the decision of most modern neurologists and physicians of the world that continence cannot be generally advised and except for particular cases its practise makes for great nervous and mental disturbances?

Mr. Gandhi: I have read much on the subject. The evidence is all based on the examination of imbeciles. The conclusions are not drawn from the practice of healthy-minded people. The people they take for examples have not lived a life of even tolerable continence. These neurologists assume that people will be able to exercise self-restraint while they continue to lead the same ill-regulated life. The consequence is that they do not exercise self-restraint but become lunatics. I carry on a correspondence with many of these people and they describe their own ailments to me. I simply say that if I were to present them with this method of birth control, they would lead far worse lives.

Mrs. Sanger: I just wondered because as you know there are many men who encounter this problem, who are not abnormal men but good fathers, hard workers, men who want to do right. I just want to give you two cases in particular.... These men are not vicious men. They are not brutes. They love their wives. They are trying to control a powerful force planted in their beings at birth. If that force is wrong and evil, why was it placed in their bodies by the Creator of all good?

Mr. Gandhi: If both are not ready it becomes degradation for one to ask. If you eliminate birth control there will be other methods. The case for birth control is not hopelessly weak, otherwise these brilliant men would not be aligned with it. As in law, hard cases make bad law and because you can cite hard cases it does not prove your method right. We must devise other means. As soon as you agree to eliminate certain methods as harmful, you are bound to find others. In the cases you tell of, as soon as I made the discovery I would have seen to it that the men and women were separated.

Mrs. Sanger: But what about the woman's economic condition? She has no preparation to support herself, especially in India. She has depended upon marriage and her husband for maintenance and her bread and butter. Who is to take care of the children? You must think of these things when you suggest separation.

Mr. Gandhi: You must devise means. I might suggest that the state take care of them. Or the law might be called in to give a divorce. At present divorce is granted on grounds of infidelity. In the future it may be granted on grounds of health. Even then some hard cases will occur....

Mrs. Sanger: But, Mr. Gandhi, the advanced women of the Western world have for the past decade or two refused to submit their bodies as receptacles for a man's passion. Women have feelings as deep and as amorous as men. There are times when wives desire physical union as much as their husbands. Doesn't that change the character of the relationship? Doesn't that make a difference? In such cases where there is a fifty-fifty proposition regarding sex or marital expression, both feel this is a necessary part of the happiness of their lives. What have you to say in regard to this?

Mr. Gandhi: I would advise other methods. I would not say all methods have universal application. There would be ways of regulating or curbing that passion. If artificial methods are to be avoided, other natural methods will have to be devised. Supposing that you and

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I as social reformers said, "If this remedy is not open, we'll have to fall back on others." But the difficulty of mutual approach stares us in the face, because I belong to a generation that believes that life is made for self-restraint in every way of life. Your generation believes in a multiplication of wants, freedom of all human passions.... When you make up your mind to follow a code of ethics you must determine to sacrifice health and ease. There are things more important than health, things more precious than life and well-being.

Mrs. Sanger: Yes, I agree that such things should not be imposed upon people. I am not attempting to force birth control upon any one. I am just offering the knowledge to help solve some difficult problems.

Mr. Gandhi: Ah yes, Mrs. Sanger, I know you are not trying to impose birth control but there are some birth controllers who would compel men and women to follow them....

Mrs. Sanger: In the United States our birth rate is lowering. We have many older people now because people live longer. Then we have raised the age of marriage, which shortens a woman's childbearing period. You think that your poorer people are not fertile? Where does your population increase come from then? Who has the large families?

Mr. Gandhi: The burden of large families falls on the middle class; as far as mere fertility is concerned, the fertility is greater among the middle than the lower classes. If that was not true you would not have the low average of five children per family for India. We do not have such a terrible problem as you face in America or Europe. The problem is with the middle class where indulgence is running riot. They use their wives as playthings. I am sorry to have to say this, but it is true. I don't say there is no illicit intercourse among the poor in India but there is not the fertility.... Take the lot of the millions—starvation. I have lived in it for twentyone days, but I had no passion. I do not mean to tell you that at sixtyseven I have no passion, but I can regulate it.

Mrs. Sanger: But, Mr. Gandhi, there are thousands, millions, who regard your word as that of a saint. How can you ask them who are so humble, so weak, to follow, when you who are so much stronger and wiser, have taken years to bring about that self-control in your life?

(Mr. Gandhi just smiled.)

Mrs. Sanger : But to come back to this point. Is the reason you object to artificial means of birth control because of the means or the act?...

Mr. Gandhi: Yes, I object for the latter reason....

Mrs. Sanger: Have you from your experience in life seen that the people who have had no love in their lives, who have practised continence and restraint, are higher evolved persons than those who have lived normally?

Mr. Gandhi: I cannot lay down an absolute rule. I know many fine people who have practised continence and restraint and many who have not...

Mrs. Sanger: Haven't you some message of encouragement that I can take away with me to help in this work which we are doing for humanity?

Mr. Gandhi: I can only say may God guide you right as you would say to me. We are only human beings. I think highly of your purpose; otherwise I would not have given time to this subject. With me God is truth. I would sacrifice everything, even India, for the sake of truth. But if someone wanted to open my mind and tried to prove I was living in a fool's paradise, I would not close my ears to him. Of course, I should have little part with a man arguing a case for untruth, but I would let him argue it and say, "Let untruth be as much God as truth and have as much effect on me if it should."

Mrs. Sanger: The good of humanity is in both our hearts, and I am the last person to say that the end justifies the means. But in birth control as in everything else the proper use of knowledge is very important. Everything good can be misused or used without control, and thus becomes harmful. When we give birth control information it goes hand in hand with education for the betterment of the children, the family and the race.

Mr. Gandhi: Don't go away with the idea that this has been wasted effort. We have certainly come nearer together.

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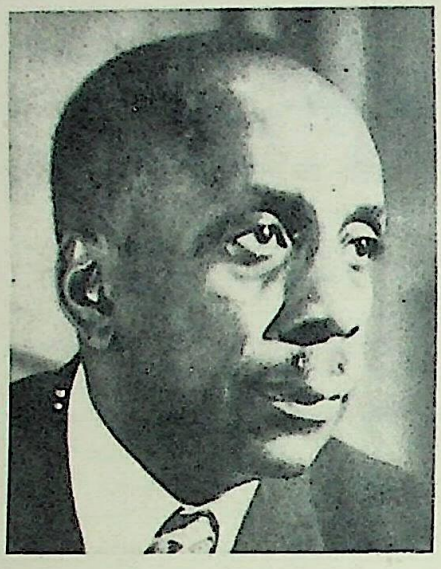

Howard Thurman, clergyman, author, university professor, is Dean Emeritus of the Marsh Chapel and former Professor of Spiritual Resources and Disciplines at the Boston University School of Theology. Life *magazine has described him as one of the "greatest preachers of the present time." The grandson of slaves, Dr. Thurman writes in his book,* Jesus and the Disinherited, *"During much of my boyhood, I was cared for by my grandmother... She could neither read nor write. Two or three times a week I read the Bible aloud to her." Dr. Thurman's formal education included attendence at Morehouse College, the Baptist institution for Negroes in Atlanta, Georgia, which was also the* alma mater *of Martin Luther King, Jr.*

In 1935, Dr. Thurman took a leave of absence from the faculty of Howard University, where he was teaching Christian theology, to serve as chairman of the "Pilgrimage of Fellowship," sponsored by the World Student Christian Federation of India, Burma and Ceylon. During the course of this "evangelical tour," Dr. Thurman spoke in 45 educational centers and met with Mahatma Gandhi and other leaders. It was in India that Dr. Thurman was introduced to a viewpoint which was critical of Christianity for "fostering segregation." These conversations were instrumental in awakening his interests in a study of the teachings of Jesus, with reference to the "disinherited and the underprivileged."

The idea of an "interracial church" came to Dr. Thurman while he was visiting the Khyber Pass. This experience influenced his decision to remain within the Christian tradition and "to make it live for the weak as well as the strong—for all peoples, whatever their color, whatever their caste." Upon Dr. Thurman's return to the States, he was appointed Dean of the Chapel at Howard University and promoted to full professor. Once again, however, the needs of the outside world loomed larger than those of the academic community, and Dr. Thurman took a second leave of absence, this time to go to California. In 1943, his earlier Indian inspiration became a reality with the founding of the Fellowship of All Peoples Church in San Francisco—the first inter-faith, interracial church in the United States.

Dr. Thurman now lives in San Francisco. Mrs. Thurman, a trained musician, has assisted her husband in his study of Negro spirituals and has organized the forums and lectures held in the hall of San Francisco's Fellowship Church.

Dr. Thurman's books include : Deep Is the Hunger; Meditations of the Heart; Deep River—An Interpretation of Negro Spirituals; The Creative Encounter; *and* The Luminous Darkness. *His most recent book is* The Centering Moment.

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FROM BLACK AMERICA

HOWARD THURMAN

In the fall of 1935, Mrs. Thurman and I visited India as members of a delegation of four American Negroes making a Pilgrimage of Friendship from the faculties and students of the United States to the faculties and students of India, Burma and Ceylon. Earlier that year, Miriam Slade, a devotee of the Mahatma, had been our guest at Howard University, Washington, D.C., where I was a professor and chairman of the University Committee on Religious Life. When she learned of our impending visit to India, she said immediately, "I am sure that Gandhiji will want you to visit him."

We arrived at Colombo in October to find a letter awaiting us from Mr. Gandhi, inviting the delegation to be his guest at Wardha during the Christmas season. That visit had to be cancelled because of Gandhi's illness.

While at the University of Bombay during the final days of our tour, I suddenly realized that within two weeks we would be returning to America and that we had not yet seen Mr. Gandhi. I was on my way to the post office to send a wire of inquiry for an appointment when a messenger delivered to me a personal letter from Mr. Gandhi. In this letter he renewed his invitation, urging us to visit him when our lecture tour was completed at Bombay. If this could not be done or a visit to him at the *ashram* was not possible in our schedule, he would make the journey himself to Bombay from Bardoli, where he was staying temporarily. We made arrangements immediately and within twentyfour hours three members of the delegation were on their way from Bombay to Bardoli.

The visit took place in a bungalow tent above which flew the flag of the Indian National Congress. The others present were Gandhi's secretary and several members of his immediate party. As we arrived Mr. Gandhi himself came out to greet us. When we met face to face it was a moment outside of time. His manner was simple, direct and heart-enveloping. He gave us the traditional greeting and welcomed us to India, leading the way into the tent. Thoughtfully he suggested to Mrs. Thurman that if she found it too uncomfortable to sit for long hours on the floor, a chair could be secured for her. There was a whimsical apology, floated by a shy kind of humour, when he produced a watch. "We have only a little time to talk and there is much to say. You will understand if we talk by the watch."

The time passed quickly. There were many things he wanted to know about America as seen through our eyes. He asked searching questions about public and private education, wanting to know to what extent such education was available to us. From what he had experienced in South Africa, he was deeply interested in the patterns of racial segregation in the United States. How did it apply in

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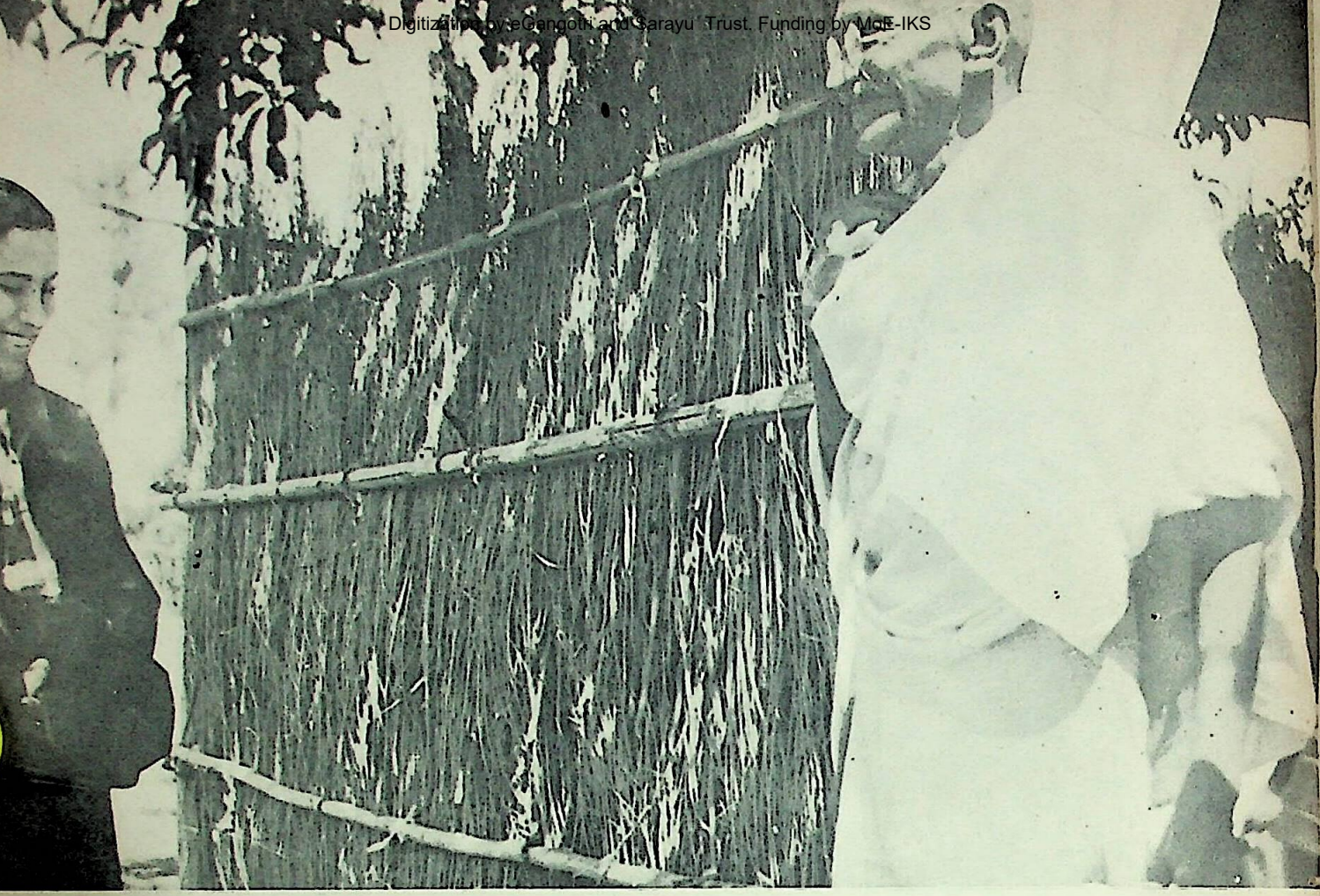

Mrs Howard Thurman and Gandhi, 1936.

restricting the freedom of movement, in the use of the ballot, in public accommodations, in religious worship, and in travel outside of the country. His questions about slavery were pointed, revealing, thoughtful and sustained consideration of the issue. His questions concerning the practice of the Christian religion regarding human slavery, and segregation within the church or community were utterly demanding. There was much discussion about the vestigial remnants of slavery in the contemporary American mind and spirit. He pondered about the mystery of the African slaves becoming Christian and thus embracing the religion of the slave-owner. He commented that it would have been to the advantage of the slave to have embraced the religion of Allah because *within* that faith there was no discrimination because of race or class.

Near the end of the meeting he realized with surprise that the time was almost gone and that no opportunity had been given us to ask questions of him. Our chief concern, we said, had to do with the meaning of nonviolence as an instrument of social change. "Is nonviolence a form of direct action?" I asked.

"It is not one form, it is the only form," he replied. He explained further, "I do not confine the words 'direct action' to their technical meaning.... Without a direct action expression of it, nonviolence... is meaningless. ... One cannot be passively nonviolent. In fact,

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'nonviolence' is a term I had to coin in order to bring out the root meaning of *ahimsa*.... One person who can express *ahimsa* in life exercises a force superior to all the forces of brutality.... It is the only true force in life.... There is no royal road, except through living the creed in your living sermon.... Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and everything else shall be added unto you. The Kingdom of Heaven is *ahimsa*."

"Come to America," Mrs. Thurman and I urged Gandhi before we parted. "Not for White America, but for the Negroes."

"How I wish I could," he answered. And after hearing Mrs. Thurman and the other two members of the delegation sing "Jacob's Ladder," he added, "It may be through the Negroes that the unadulterated message of nonviolence will be delivered to the world."

But Gandhi was not yet ready to come to America. He felt there was much more cultivating to be done on his own continent. "I must make good the message here before I bring it to you."

In his experiments with Truth as they expressed themselves in the social and political struggle of India for freedom, Mr. Gandhi provided a crucial point of reference for the American Negro in his social and political struggle for freedom. Here was an ethical insight of reverence for life which was the essence of the doctrine of nonviolence. To trace its source to the individual's experience of Truth, of God, and to make it operative in the life of the least privileged human being was to proclaim a universal hope of social redemption. Its earliest influence appeared in the life of one of my students at Howard University, James Farmer, the organizer of the Congress of Racial Equality. While studying at the University of Chicago, he subsequently became the spearhead of a group of students as they applied the dynamics of nonviolence to the problem of lessening racism in Chicago and in various parts of the country.

In Martin Luther King, Jr., these words of Gandhiji become epitomized: "Nonviolence has to be practised... Nonviolence, when it becomes active, travels with extraordinary velocity, and then it becomes a miracle. So the mass mind is affected first unconsciously, and then consciously." As Gandhi himself drew upon Thoreau, Tolstoy, and the Sermon on the Mount for inspiration without in any sense dishonoring his own deep roots in Hinduism, so Dr. King drew upon Gandhi for inspiration without dishonoring his own deep roots in the religion of Jesus, whom he regarded as Master and Lord.

In this Centennial of the Mahatma, I salute his life and feel the sharp impact of the spirit which through him was released into the modern world. Without compromising his ideal, without relaxing his concern for the freedom of his people, he sought constantly to win to his cause the sympathetic interest and effective concern of all those whose work was related to the life of the Indian people. He was not a beggar. It is a curious thing that when a man moves into action on the basis of a deep inner commitment to Truth, even though he may be seeking from the hands of others those things which they are in a position to grant, he does so as one who would enlist them in an inclusive enterprise rather than as one who seeks of them a favour. They are invited to participate in a collective destiny.

In a letter sent to Muriel Lester many years ago, Mr. Gandhi wrote: "Speak the truth, without fear and without exaggeration, and see everyone whose work is relative to your purpose. You are in God's work, so you need not fear men's scorn. If they listen to your requests, and grant them, you will be satisfied. If they reject them, then you must make their rejection your strength." From out of a culture and a religion alien to our way he shares with us a vision no darkness can obscure.

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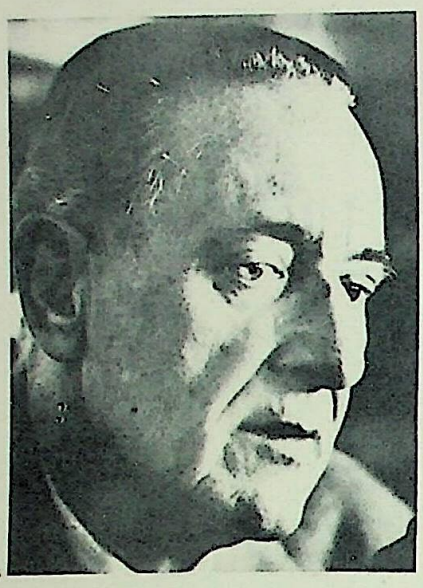

MR. GANDHI

JOHN GUNTHER

A British critic once called John Gunther, political journalist and foreign correspondent, "Surveyor-General of the Universe." From 1922-1936, Mr. Gunther served as European correspondent for the Chicago Daily News. Inside Europe, *published in 1935, (now in its 70th printing) became the first in a series of* Inside *books by John Gunther, dealing with the viscera of the major continents in an immensely readable and lively manner. In 1936, Mr. Gunther resigned from the* Daily News *to become a freelance writer. From 1937 to 1938, he traveled widely in Japan, China, India and other parts of Asia, writing articles and gathering material for his second* Inside *book*—Inside Asia. *The other books which followed:* Inside Europe Today, Inside Latin America, Inside South America, Inside Russia, Inside Russia Today, Inside Africa, *and* Inside the USA. *In 1943, Mr. Gunther served as an official accredited war correspondent on the Mediterranean fronts.*

In each country Mr. Gunther has visited, he has interviewed virtually every important world leader—Trotsky, Schweitzer, MacArthur, Macmillan, de Gaulle, Khrushchev, Churchill, Roosevelt, Chiang Kai-shek, Chou En-lai, Hirohito, Tito, Nkrumah, Nehru—and "Mr. Gandhi."

John Gunther's other books include Roosevelt in Retrospect; Eisenhower; A Fragment of Autobiography; Procession; *and* Death Be not Proud, *the memoir of his young son, John, who died of a brain tumor at 17. This book, the story of his son's courage through the last year of his life, has since attained the dimensions of a classic. In all, Mr. Gunther's work has been translated into 33 different languages.*

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Mr. Gandhi is the greatest Indian since Buddha. Like Buddha, he will be worshiped as a god when he dies. Indeed, he is already literally worshiped by thousands of his people. I have seen peasants kiss the sand his feet have trod.

No more difficult or enigmatic character can easily be conceived. But consider some of the contradictions, some of the puzzling points of contrast in his career and character. This man who is at once a saint and a politician, a prophet and a superb opportunist, defies ordinary categories.

For instance, his great contribution to India was the theory and practice of nonviolence or civil disobedience. But at the very time that nonviolence was the deepest thing he believed in, he was supporting Britain in the First World War. The concept of nonviolence is a perfect example of Gandhi's familiar usage of moral weapons to achieve practical results, of his combination of spiritual and temporal powers. India, an unarmed state, could make a revolution only by nonviolent means. Nonviolence was a spiritual concept, but it made revolution practicable.

His inconsistencies seem remarkable, until you note that his objective seldom varies, but that he is willing to compromise on contributory details. He is interested in substance, not form. For instance, he devoted the major portion of his career to a titanic struggle with Britain, yet later he cooperated more or less freely with Britain under the new constitution. His point in this case was that his objective, Indian independence, could more easily be achieved by *cooperation* than by struggle, once civil disobedience was over.

There are other paradoxes and contradictions. To Gandhi modern science is anathema, but nevertheless he uses a thermometer and wears eyeglasses. He pleads for Hindu-Moslem unity but he wouldn't gladly see a member of his family become a Moslem. For years he was the soul, backbone, eyes, and fingers of the Indian National Congress, but he was not a member of it. His approach to everything is religious, but aside from Hinduism it is difficult to tell what his religion is.

The record of his life is heroic in the best sense of that word: he is a man who fought—and almost won—an elemental struggle against the nature of his environment. This tough and rubbery little man, dressed in a loin cloth and sitting by his spinning wheel, who weighs 112 pounds, took on the greatest empire the world has ever known—an empire with every recourse in manpower, accumulated wealth, tradition, skill and strategy in administration—and almost vanquished it. He fought fate—and what used to be stronger than fate—the British Empire. Nowadays people are apt to assume that Mr. Gandhi, with his score of great years behind him, is played out; they even think that he no longer counts in India. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He is still the most important living Indian. One cannot be in India two hours without finding out that he still somehow manages to rule the Congress.

Many young nationalists are impatient at his mysticism, and even his most devoted admirers occasionally blink at his unpredictable vagaries. They think, for instance, that his willingness to compromise with Britain—now—passes proper limits. But his hold on the great masses of the Indian people is unshaken. He is adored as well as worshiped. He is a unique kind of dictator, one who rules by love. His photograph is enshrined in a million cottages; children, sick, are touched with his likeness to make them well. Peasants may come twenty miles simply to see his train pass, even if it does not stop and he is not visible. To the submerged masses, the "dumb half-starved millions" as he frequently calls them, he is a man of miracles. All over India I noticed how the faces of people lit up when his name was mentioned. And he is the only man in India who by a single word, by lifting his little finger, could instigate a new national revolt, who could start civil disobedience again among more than 350,000,000 people—roughly onefifth of the human race.

Nowadays the Mahatma lives most of the year in a remote village called Segaon (later known as Sewagram), near Wardha, in the very center of the most backward part of India. He chose it because it was peculiarly inaccessible, surrounded by mud and dust, and populated largely by Harijans (children of God), which is the name he has given the untouchables. He wanted to demonstrate that even the most unbelievably backward village in India—and he

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searched hard to find it—could benefit by Gandhism.

He rises every day at 4-30 for his morning prayers, and then takes a brisk walk, rain or shine. He did this even in London, when he exhausted the two detectives assigned to guard him. When I write "brisk," I mean "brisk." He walks as Paavo Nurmi runs. I have enjoyed watching Europeans in good condition try to keep up with him. He sails along, carrying a long staff, like some extraordinary bird.

The prayers are very important, even more important than the ritual of stiff daily exercise. In London he would interrupt any meeting without a trace of self-consciousness to sit down on the floor and pray—even in a committee room of the House of Commons. He prays twice a day, in the morning and at sunset. The sunset prayers are in the nature of a public ceremony, because his household joins him, together with the villagers.

First his attendants lay a rectangle of straw mats on the ground. Quietly the people gather, squatting on the periphery of the open rectangle, and lamps are lit. The evening I saw the prayers on Juhu beach (Mr. Gandhi was having a holiday near Bombay) a Japanese priest joined the ceremony, and Miss Madeline Slade, the daughter of an English admiral who is the faithful manager of his household, sang from the Hindu scriptures. The moon rose at one end of the beach just as the sun was setting; the night was calm, still, and very beautiful. Mr. and Mrs. Gandhi walked quietly up, and the Mahatma took his place at the short end of the rectangle, facing the sea. He sat there cross-legged, head bowed, for precisely thirty minutes. There was no other ceremony. No one spoke; no one moved; but the Hindu chants continued plangently. Suddenly he rose; the enchantment broke, and the prayers were over.

He eats no meat, of course, and in fact only seldom takes any cooked food; but it is not quite correct to say that he eats very little. A mug of goat's milk, dates, nuts, a tablespoon of honey, garlic, a bowl of chopped fresh vegetables, and plenty of fruit—oranges, pineapples, mangoes, peaches—this is the general menu.

He works very hard, seeing people incessantly, receiving visitors, consulting people even when in retirement. Any particularly interesting conversations appear later in his newspaper, the *Harijan*. So no words are wasted. He keeps up a considerable correspondence with people all over the world. His chief relaxation is his bath; he bathes in very hot water for forty minutes before retiring, and usually reads in the tub.

His work nowadays centers mostly on the village. To revive the village, and thus prevent the countrymen from being sucked into the terrible slums of the towns, is his plan. He has a five-point program for village welfare and economy. Encourage home spinning. Make village education vocational. Improve sanitation. Bring the untouchables into the community. Above all, stimulate village industry. He is doing his best, for instance, to create work from by-products of dead cattle, fertilizers and the like. Of course no Hindu would kill a cow, which is sacred in India, but the Mahatma is trying to persuade the villagers to utilize those that die naturally—not an easy thing to persuade them to do.

Gandhi has very little need of money, and the financing of his household doesn't seem to be a problem, because what he needs he gets from charity. Rich friends flock across his path. He has small interest in economics in the abstract, and has driven young Congress socialists to despair by his refusal to think in economic terms. Once he told a socialist friend that he believed in both private property and nationalisation. "I purchase a mill, for example," he explained. "Then I give the people good wages; that is socialism!"

His epistolary style is quite his own. Consider this telegram of condolence to his friend Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, who succeeded him as Congress leader, when Nehru's mother died:

> Mother lived nobly, has died nobly. She was model wife, mother. No sorrow. Let our women copy example. Love. Bapu....

"Bapu" is what his friends and intimates call him; it is the Gujerati word for father. In his early days he was called "Bhai"—brother. Few people in India call him "Mahatma"; he has always been embarrassed by the phrase. Ordinarily—in fact, universally—he is called "Gandhiji," "ji" being an untranslatable suffix which informally means "Mr." but which connotes affection also. Sometimes he is called "Bapuji" or even "Mahatmaji."

His health is quite good, except that he

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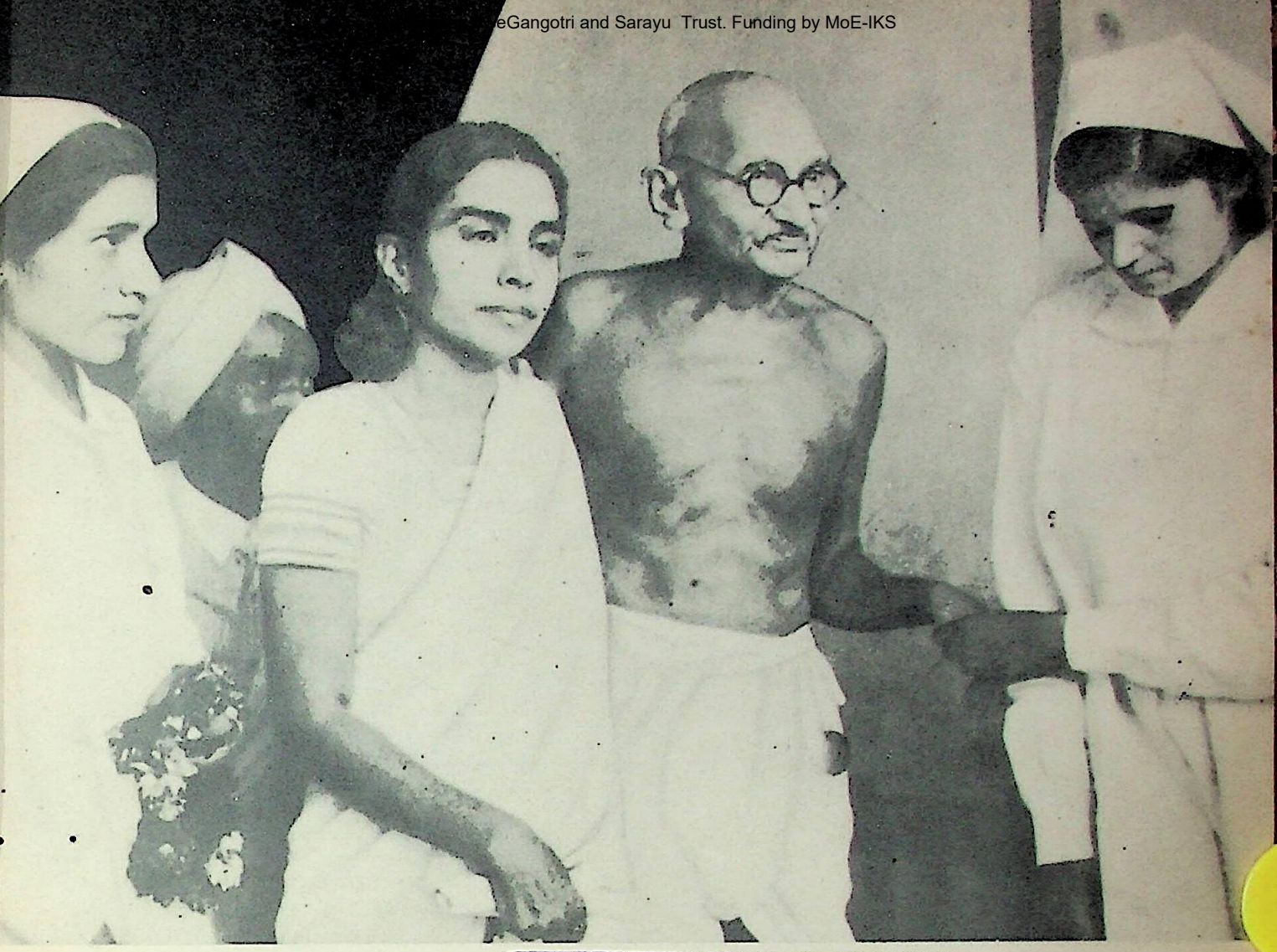

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suffers intermittently from high blood pressure. He looks made of rubber. He is not nearly as frail, as brittle, as his photographs indicate; the torso is well-formed, and the muscles hard and smooth. His personal physician, Dr. Roy, one of the first doctors of India, told me that he was "superbly normal." But then Dr. Roy admitted that Gandhiji could do things that normal men could not do.

His experience of fasting has, for instance, given him peculiar powers over his body. Once—indication that he is not given to self-delusion—he noted that fasting could be "as great a weapon of indulgence as restraint." Once he was down to ninetyseven pounds and eating only 400 calories a day. Dr. Roy said he must get up to 104 pounds, and that he could do this only by doubling his intake of food. Gandhi listened patiently, refused to change his diet, and asserted that he could take on the necessary seven pounds in one week without changing his diet by one calorie. Which he did.

He will say, "I will go to sleep for twentyfive minutes. "Then he can fall asleep instantly, and sleep for twentyfive minutes and no more. On the trains his attendants know that he will be asleep within thirty seconds of getting into the compartment. Once he was asleep in an automobile, returning from Pandit Motilal Nehru's funeral. The car overturned. Mr. Gandhi was thrown out, but when his worried friends

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went to him on the roadside he was asleep again.

Mr. Gandhi is much less oppressive a personality than most people think. He loves laughter. He bubbles and chuckles in talk. Once he told a friend that he might have killed himself long ago but for his sense of humor.

The record of Gandhiji's positive qualities is a long one. The brief narrative I have given of his career indicates some. There are many others, which perhaps help to explain his enormous power and hold on Indians.

For one thing, his unbelievable simplicity. Once on shipboard he persuaded a friend to toss into the sea an expensive pair of binoculars. In prison in South Africa he offered to clean the latrines himself, although the warder asked him to choose someone else for the job. Once a Christian was his guest; Mr. Gandhi himself tended to emptying the chamber pot. In South Africa he learned laundering, starched his own collars, and taught himself to cut his own hair. One possibly apocryphal story describes the Englishman who shouted "Coolie" at him at a railway station. Obediently Mr. Gandhi picked up the Englishman's bags and took them to the train.

His intelligence is quick and shrewd. One could write a thousand words about Miss Mayo's *Mother India* and not describe it better than did Gandhi with his famous remark, "It is a book that no European and every Indian should read." His political sense is acute on other than merely Indian questions. He called the Munich agreement "Peace without honor," and doubted that it would bring peace.

He is uncommonly intuitive, and not only catches the moods of people very quickly, but is capable of quick changes of mood himself. He senses it instantly if his friends are tired; he talks nonsense, laughs, gossips, makes jokes. But he can resume serious discussion instantly.

His consideration for others is very detailed. Nehru records how he found time during a serious crisis to send word to him that his little daughter had taken on weight. (Nehru was in jail at the time.) When, after the Round Table Conference, he wanted to give presents to the two detectives who had risen at 4.30 to jog with him through Kensington Gardens, he didn't know what to select, since Congress was boycotting British goods; so he sent for two Swiss watches. Once leaving Bombay on a long trip, he saw a friend's wife among the concourse of people seeing him off; he remembered to tell her not to buy a new house she was interested in—this was his method of hinting that civil disobedience might begin again, and that none of them would need new houses. Another woman friend told me that Gandhiji had certainly saved her life, merely by seeing her occasionally, talking to her, during a severe nervous breakdown.

He has this tact, charm, consideration, but he can be stubborn for a principle. Consider for instance the story of the illness of his ten-year old child Manilal.

The doctor found Manilal with a high fever, caused by pneumonia after typhoid. He said that eggs and chicken broth might save him, but Mr. Gandhi refused to allow him either. "Manilal was only ten years old. To consult his wishes was out of the question. I had to decide." The doctors implored Gandhi to give the boy nourishing food, since his life was in grave danger, but the father continued to refuse. He told the doctor that he would treat Manilal in his own way, if the doctor would consent to come in from time to time and examine him. He gave Manilal hip baths and orange juice, and Manilal bravely said, "I will not have eggs or chicken broth." But the boy grew worse. His fever reached 104°. Gandhi proceeds:

I began to get anxious. What would people say of me? What right had parents to inflict their fads on their children?... I was haunted by thoughts like these. Then a contrary current would start. God would surely be pleased to see that I was giving the same treatment to my son as I would give myself.... The doctor could not guarantee recovery. At best he could experiment. The thread of life was in the hands of God....

It was night. My mind was torn between these conflicting thoughts. I was in Manilal's bed lying by his side. I decided to give him a wet sheet pack. To the head I applied a wet towel.... The whole body was burning like hot iron, and quite parched. There was absolutely no perspiration....

I was sorely tired. I left Manilal in charge of his mother, and went out for a walk....

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Very few pedestrians were out. Plunged in deep thought, I scarcely looked at them. "My honor is in Thy keeping, oh Lord, in this hour of trial," I repeated to myself.... After a short time I returned, my heart beating in my breast.

No sooner had I returned, than Manilal said, "You have returned, Bapu?"

"Yes, darling."

"Do please pull me out. I am burning."

"Are you perspiring, my boy?"

"I am simply soaked. Do please take me out."

I felt his forehead. It was covered with beads of perspiration. The temperature was going down. I thanked God.... I undid the pack, dried his body, and father and son fell asleep in the same bed.

Another source of power is his tremendous knowledge of India. There are 700,000 villages in India, and Gandhiji has visited an extraordinary number of them. His travels have been epochal. In the third-class trains and especially on foot, he has covered the entire peninsula.

The things Gandhi likes most are children, fresh air, laughter, friends, the truth. What he dislikes most is a lie.

This is another source of power. People cannot lie to him. I heard this all over India: as if the Mahatma had some supernatural quality which overcame temptation to falsehood in other people. His own sincerity, his own love of truth, is so great that he brings out truth in others. Jawaharlal Nehru, who admits that his language is sometimes incomprehensible, talks of his wonderful "knack of reaching the hearts of the people" by this means.

His colossal spiritual integrity on the one hand; his earthly command of politics on the other—this is Gandhi gambit.

He personally advocated *khaddar* and village spinning, which plunged his revolution into the heart of the countryside; he *walked* to Dandi and the sea, and behind him spread the wildfire of revolt. He likes to choose a small concrete objective that the starved, illiterate millions can easily grasp. Recently the Bombay government wondered how to reach the peasants quickly with concrete proof of the Congress program. Gandhi suggested abolition of a grazing fee that hampered movements of their cattle, and in a few days word of the new program had spread widely. When he decided to hold the annual sessions of Congress, where a hundred thousand people congregate, in tiny villages instead of the great towns, people said that it would be impossible. They pointed to the lack of sanitary arrangements; they were terrified of cholera. But Mr. Gandhi simply let cholera go hang, and nobody got sick—at least not of cholera.

When he left Congress in 1934, he did so in order to make himself more honest, more neutral. He wanted to be in a position to adjudicate, not merely between different factions within Congress, but between Congress and the British. This is as if Abraham Lincoln, say, had quit the presidency in the middle of the Civil War, in order to see that the North behaved with proper honor to the South.

When people in India talk about Mr. Gandhi's defects, they are apt to mention half a dozen things.

First, he is dictatorial. "If you choose to follow my lead, you must accept my conditions," he said once. As I have mentioned, he went to the Round Table Conference alone—and as a result was drowned in detail and outmanoeuvred—and he stated once that he alone must decide whether or not civil disobedience is ever to be renewed.

Second, his medievalism. Even his closest friends object to his extravagant use of religious symbolism. There was a great earthquake in Bihar in 1934; Mr. Gandhi promptly announced that this was punishment sent to India for the sin of untouchability; Nehru has a passage describing how this staggered him.

Third, his meekness, his masochism, have played into the hands of the British in negotiation.

Fourth, his sense of proportion is off-balance. He will stop work all day to deal with any sudden small problem, for instance, a forlorn mother in a village, or a crying child. His friends were horrified at several of his fasts, in which he risked his life for what modern minds thought were minor issues. He twice canceled nationwide civil disobedience, as we have seen, because of isolated cases of impurity

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or violence. (But with wonderful political instinct, he knew that each campaign was lost, and that it was wise to recede at just that time.) One story is that he held up negotiations for the Gandhi-Irwin truce because an officer in Gujerat impounded a peasant's cow. The Mahatma stopped everything until that cow was released.

Fifth, and above all his inveterate love of compromise. He is a staunch antagonist, but he infinitely prefers settlement to struggle. Gandhiji wants compromise with the socialists, with the princes, with the industrial magnates, with the government in Delhi. Surely no man has ever so quickly and easily let bygones be bygones. He has no hatreds, no resentments; once a settlement is made, he cooperates with enemies as vigorously as he fought them.

Associated with this quality of compromise is his dislike of hard and fast definitions. Once during the Round Table Conference he offered the Moslems a blank check in settlement of communal difficulties, provided they would subscribe to the Congress program of complete independence. Thereupon Mr. Jinnah, the Moslem leader, confronted the Mahatma with seven different definitions of independence which he had at one time or other made. No one in India knows precisely, beyond shadow of a doubt, where the Mahatma draws the line between "Dominion Status" and "Independence." He seldom defines his terms. Once he was asked by a political writer of the *Times of India* to give an important statement on provincial autonomy. He dictated it rapidly, and the writer was delighted with his scoop. He took the statement back to the office—there were only four sentences—whereupon it was discovered that each of the four sentences could be interpreted in different ways.

There are important nuances even to his concept of civil disobedience. He abhors violence, but he admits that some things are worse than violence—cowardice, for example. He dislikes "passive resistance" as a synonym for *satyagraha*, because he feels that *satyagraha* is not passive; it is nonviolent resistance, which is quite a different thing from non-resistance *per se*.

He adores formulae. When the Working Committee of the Congress meets these days, Mr. Gandhi stays away, waits until the members are in disagreement, and then finds a formula for straightening them out. This science is known throughout India as "Mahatmatics."

There is nothing to prevent us from profiting by the light that may come from the West. Only we must take care that we are not overpowered by the glamour of the West. We must not mistake the glamour for true light.

—*Gandhi*

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MISCELLANEOUS

In 1921, Louis Fischer was sent to Berlin by The New York Post, *an assignment which was to mark the beginning of a distinguished career as an American correspondent and commentator in many countries, particularly Russia, Spain, India, and the Middle East. From 1923 to 1945, Mr. Fischer was correspondent for* The Nation, *and spent in all some 14 years in Russia, long enough to become one of the best-informed American correspondents on Soviet affairs. In the early 1940's he turned his attention to Asia, especially India. In 1942 and 1946, he was the houseguest of Mahatma Gandhi. In Gandhi's estimate, Mr. Fischer was a "creative listener." Mr. Fischer's talent for not only listening but absorbing what he heard has produced a substantial Gandhian repertoire: among Mr. Fischer's many books are:* A Week with Gandhi; Gandhi and Stalin; The Life of Mahatma Gandhi (*a full-length biography); and* Gandhi, His Life and Message for the World. (*He also edited* The Essential Gandhi.) *It has been said that Louis Fischer knew Gandhi perhaps more intimately than any other American. In 1949, Mr. Fischer wrote about Gandhi: "He was very vivid. He looked strange and was always an exciting copy. But he was not easy to fathom. You could not find him in one interview or in six interviews. His thought process was circular and he sometimes stubbornly refused to let you follow him around more than one segment of the circumference. The rest of him is in writings that go back to 1904 and in the deeds of a lifetime."*

In preparation for his biography of Gandhi, Mr. Fischer spent three months in India following Gandhi's death, perusing the private correspondence and diaries. He interviewed Gandhi's doctors, disciples, and youngest son; he had long talks about Gandhi with Nehru, Patel, and Rajagopalachari. Gandhi's eldest son, Manilal, traveled from South Africa to New York to contribute some of his reminiscences. India's Deputy Prime Minister sent a group of researchers to Gandhi's hometown to unearth what they could in Fischer's behalf. Fischer himself gathered bound copies of Young India *and* Harijan, *edited by Gandhi, as well as other rare memorabilia, all of which he has donated to the New York Public Library — "almost certainly the richest collection of Gandhiana in the United States." The actual writing extended over twenty-one months. Upon completion of his project, Fischer was willing to admit that* The Life of Mahatma Gandhi *was his "most important, most mature book" to date.*

Mr. Fischer's other books include the autobiographical Men and Politics; Empire; Dawn of Victory; The Soviets in World Affairs; This is Our World; Russia Revisited; Russia, America and the World; The Story of Indonesia; The Life of Lenin; *and* The Life and Death of Stalin. *Since 1959, Fischer has been at Princeton University, first at the Institute of Advanced Study, later at the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs.*

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NOTES FROM A HOUSEGUEST

LOUIS FISCHER

The tonga, a one-horse, two-wheel carriage in which the passengers face backward, took Gandhi's dentist and me from the town of Wardha to the village of Sevagram. During the dusty five-mile ride I tried to make him talk about the Mahatma as a patient. He talked about the British in India.

The tonga stopped where the dirt road met the village. There stood Gandhi. It was the first time I had seen him.* He stepped toward me with an outstretched arm and open hand saying, with a British accent, "Mr. Fischer." He appeared taller than I had thought. He greeted the dentist and turned around, and I followed him to a bench. He sat down, put his palm on the bench, and said, "Sit down." The way he sat down first and the way he touched the bench with his hand was like saying, "This is my house, come in." I felt at home immediately.

Each day I had an hour's interview with Gandhi; there was also an opportunity for conversation at meals; in addition, I walked with him once or twice a day. I usually arrived for the morning constitutional while he was still sitting on his bed in the open air eating mango pulp. Between spoonfuls he plunged into serious discussion. Breakfast finished, he accepted a towel and a long, rectangular, narrow-necked, corked bottle of water from Kasturbai and washed his hands before starting on the stroll across nearby fields. Kasturbai, with sunken face, straight mouth, and square jaw, seemed to listen attentively, but I did not hear or see her say a single word to her husband during the entire week, nor he to her. At meals and prayers she sat slightly behind his left shoulder fanning him solicitously. She always looked at him; he rarely looked at her, yet he wanted her nearest to him and there appeared to be perfect understanding between them.

During walks, Gandhi kept his arms on the shoulders of two young girls or boys but moved forward with long quick strides and kept up a rapid conversation without losing breath or, apparently, tiring. The walk lasted no less than half an hour. When he returned I was ready for rest and leaned against a post while he continued to speak.

Gandhi was well built, with fine muscular bulging chest, thin waist, and long thin firm legs, bare from sandals to short, tight loin cloth. His knees were pronounced bulges and his bones wide and strong; his hands were big and the fingers big and firm. His chocolate-colored skin was soft, smooth, and healthy. He was seventythree. His fingernails, hands, feet and body were immaculate; the loin cloth, the cheese cloth cape he occasionally wore in the sun, and the folded, moistened kerchief on his head were bright white. Once a drop of yellow mango juice stained his loin cloth and he scratched it intermittently during an hour.

His body did not look old. He did not give one a feeling that he was old. His head showed his age. His head was large, wide at the top and tapering down to a small face; big ears extended away from it abruptly. His upper lip, covered with a black-and-white stubble mustache was so narrow that it

* 1942 visit

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almost met the fat, down-pointed nose. The expression of his face came from his soft and gentle eyes, the sensitive lower lip which combined self-control with strength and showed a suffering, and the ever-present smile revealing naked gums. (He wore his dentures only for eating and took them out and washed them in public; he wore gold-rimmed bifocals; he shaved his face every day with a straight razor, but sometimes one of the men or women disciples shaved him.)

His facial features, with the exception of his quiet, confident eyes, were ugly, and in repose his face would have been ugly, but it was rarely in repose. Whether he was speaking or listening, it was alive and registering actively. He spoke with a low, singsong, undistinguished voice (many Indians have the same singsong when they speak English), and he gestured eloquently but not always, with the fingers of one hand. His hands were beautiful.

Lloyd George looked like a great man. One could not help seeing that Churchill and Franklin D. Roosevelt had stature and distinction. Not Gandhi. (Nor Lenin). Outwardly he had nothing remarkable about him; perhaps the lower lip. His personality was in what he was and what he had done and what he said. I felt no awe in Gandhi's presence. I felt I was in the presence of a very sweet, gentle, informal, relaxed, happy, wise, highly civilized man. I felt, too, the miracle of personality, for by sheer force of personality, without an organization—Congress was a loose organization—or government behind him, Gandhi had radiated his influence to the far ends of a disunited country and, indeed, to every corner of a divided world. He did it not through his writings; few people anywhere had read his books, and his articles, though known abroad and republished widely in India, were not the source of his hold on people. He reached people through direct contact, action, example, and loyalty to a few simple, universally flouted principles: nonviolence, truth, and the exaltation of means above ends.

The big names of recent history: Churchill, Roosevelt, Lloyd George, Stalin, Lenin, Hitler, Woodrow Wilson, the Kaiser, Lincoln, Napoleon, Metternich, Talleyrand, etc., had the power of states at their disposal. The only non-official figure comparable to Gandhi in his effect on men's minds is Karl Marx, whose dogma, however, was a prescription for a system of government. One has to go back centuries to find men who appealed as strongly as Gandhi did to the conscience of individuals.

They were men of religion, in another era. Gandhi showed that the spirit of Christ and of some Christian fathers, and of Buddha and of some Hebrew prophets and Greek sages, could be applied in modern times and to modern politics. He did not preach about God or religion; he was a living sermon. He was a good man in a world where few resist the corroding influence of power, wealth, and vanity. There he sat, four-fifths naked, on the earth in a mud hut in a tiny Indian village without electricity, radio, running water, or telephone. It was a situation least conducive to awe, pontification, or legend. He was in every sense down-to-earth. He knew that life consists of the details of life.

"Now put on your shoes and hat," Gandhi said. "Those are two indispensable things here. Don't get a sunstroke." It was a 110 and practically no shade except inside the huts, which were like heated ovens. "Come along," he said in a friendly tone of mock command. I followed him to the common dining hall, which consisted of two long walls of matting connected by a third back wall of the same material. Where one entered, the building was open to the elements.

Gandhi sat down on a cushion near the entrance. At his left was Kasturbai, on his right Narendra Dev, an Indian Socialist leader whom the Mahatma had undertaken to cure of asthma. I was Dev's neighbor. There were about thirty diners. Women sat apart. Several bright-eyed, brown-faced youngsters, between the ages of three and eight, were opposite me. Everyone had a thin straw mat under him and a brass tray in front of him on the ground. Male and female waiters, members of the *ashram*, moved noiselessly on bare feet, depositing food on the trays. A number of pots and pans were placed near Gandhi's legs. He handed me a bronze bowl filled with a vegetable mush in which I thought I discerned chopped spinach leaves and pieces of squash. A woman poured some salt on my tray, and another gave me a metal tumbler with warm water and another with

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BANARAS

Gandhi conversing with Louis Fischer during a stroll on Fischer's visit to India in 1946.

warm milk. Then she came back with two little boiled potatoes in their jackets and some soft, flat wheatcakes baked brown. Gandhi handed me one hard, paper-thin wheatcake from a metal container in front of him.

A gong sounded; a robust man in white shorts stopped waiting on the trays, stood erect, closed his eyes leaving only a white slit open—it made him look blind—and started a highpitched chant in which all others, including Gandhi, joined. The prayer ended with "Shanti, Shanti, Shanti" which, Dev said, means "Peace."

Everyone started eating with their fingers, fishing out the vegetable mush with a wheatcake folded in four. I was given a teaspoon and then some butter for the cake. Gandhi munched busily, stopping only to serve his wife, Dev and me.

"You have lived in Russia for fourteen years," was his first political remark to me. "What is your opinion of Stalin?" I was very hot, and my hands were sticky, and I had commenced to discover my ankles and legs from sitting on them, so I replied briefly, "Very able and very ruthless."

"As ruthless as Hitler?" he asked.

"At least."

After a pause, he turned to me and said, "Have you seen the Viceroy?" I told him I had, but he dropped the subject.

"You can have all the water you want," he told me. "We take good care that it is boiled.

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And now eat your mango." I began to peel it and several people, Gandhi too, laughed. He explained that they usually turned it in their hands and squeezed it to make it soft and then sucked on one end, but he added that I was right to peel it to see whether it was good....

At lunch on the second day, Gandhi handed me a tablespoon for the vegetable dish. He said the tablespoon was more commensurate with my size. He offered me a boiled onion from his pot. I asked for a raw one instead; it was a relief from the flat food of the menu.

At lunch on the third day, Gandhi said, "Fischer, give me your bowl and I will give you some of the vegetables." I said I had eaten the mess of spinach and squash four times in two days and had no desire for more.

"You don't like vegetables," he commented.

"I don't like the taste of these vegetables, three days running."

"Ah," he exclaimed, "You must add plenty of salt and lemon."

"You want me to kill the taste," I interpreted.

"No," he laughed, "enrich the taste."

"You are so nonviolent you would not even kill a taste," I said.

"If that were the only thing men killed, I wouldn't mind," he remarked.

I wiped the perspiration from my face and neck. "Next time I'm in India..." Gandhi was chewing, and seemed not to have heard me, so I stopped.

"Yes," he said, "the next time you are in India..."

"You either ought to have airconditioning in Sevagram or live in the Viceroy's palace."

"All right," Gandhi acquiesced.

He encouraged banter. One afternoon when I came to his hut for the daily interview, he was not there. When he arrived he lay down on his bed. "I will take your blows lying down," he said, inviting questions. A Moslem woman gave him a mud pack for his abdomen. "This puts me in touch with my future," he said. I did not comment.

"I see you missed that one," he noted.

I said I had not missed it but thought he was too young to think about returning to the dust.

"Why," he declared, "you and I and all of us, some in a hundred years, but all sooner or later, will do it."

On another occasion he quoted a statement he had made to Lord Sankey in London; "Do you think," he had said, "I would have reached this green old age if I hadn't taken care of myself? This is one of my faults."

"I thought you were perfect," I ventured.

He laughed, and the eight or ten members of the *ashram* who usually sat in on the interviews laughed. (He had asked me whether I objected to their presence.) "No," he declared, "I am very imperfect. Before you are gone you will have discovered a hundred of my faults, and if you don't, I will help you to see them."

Usually the hour's interview began with his finding the coolest place in the hut for me to sit. Then with a smile he would say, "Now," inviting "blows." As the hour was about to end he would, with an unerring time sense, look at his big "dollar" watch and proclaim, "Now, your hour is up." He was minutely punctual.

One day when I was leaving his hut after a talk, he said, "Go and sit in a tub." I wondered whether that was the Indian equivalent of "go sit on a tack." But crossing the sunbaked hundred yards between Gandhi's hut and the guest hut, the heat made the inside of my head feel dry and I decided that sitting in a tub would be a very good idea. In fact I thought I could improve on it. Adjoining the one livingroom-bedroom of the guest hut was a small water room with cement floor on which stood a variety of pots, pitchers, tubs, and bowls; an old woman kept them filled with water. Six or seven times a day I would step into this bathroom, slip off the two pieces of clothing and sandals I wore, and take a standing splash bath with the aid of a cup.

The worst ordeal of the day was typing the complete record of my conversations with Gandhi and others in the *ashram*, and with Nehru who came for two days of that week. After five minutes I was tired and wet all over with perspiration. Stimulated by Gandhi's suggestion to sit in a tub, I placed a small wooden packing case in one of the tin washtubs filled with water, put a folded Turkish towel on the packing case, then set a somewhat larger wooden packing case just outside the tub and placed my portable typewriter on it. These arrangements made, I sat down on the box in the tub and typed my notes. At intervals of a few minutes, when I began to

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perspire, I dipped a bronze bowl into the tub and poured the water over my neck, back and legs. By that method I was able to type a whole hour without feeling exhausted. The innovation stirred the *ashram* to mirth and jolly comment. It was not a glum community. Gandhi saw to that. He made eyes at the little children, provoked adults to laughter, and joked with all and sundry visitors.

I asked Gandhi to be photographed with me. "If a photographer is around by accident," he replied, "I have no objection to being seen on a photograph with you."

"That," I said, "is the biggest compliment you have paid me."

"Do you want compliments?" he inquired.

"Don't we all?"

"Yes," Gandhi agreed, "but sometimes we have to pay too dearly for them."

During the week he inquired whether I knew Upton Sinclair, Dr. Kellogg, the food specialist of Battle Creek, Michigan, and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. But I noticed no general curiosity. He focused his attention on issues which he could affect and on questions put to him....

Early in the week I spent at the *ashram* in June, 1942, it became obvious that Gandhi was determined to launch a civil disobedience campaign with a view to making England "Quit India." That was to be the slogan....

One afternoon, after Gandhi had talked at length about the reasons that were prompting him to start civil disobedience against the British government, I said, "It seems to me that the British cannot possibly quit India altogether. That would mean making a present of India to Japan; England would never agree, nor would the United States approve. If you demand that the British pack up and go bag and baggage, you are simply asking the impossible; you are barking up a tree. You do not mean, do you, that they must also withdraw their armies?"

For at least two minutes Gandhi said nothing. The silence in the room was almost audible.

"You are right," Gandhi said at last. "No, Britain and America and other countries too can keep their armies here and use Indian territory as a base for military operations. I do not wish Japan to win the war. But I am sure that Britain cannot win unless the Indian people become free. Britain is weaker and Britain is morally indefensible while she rules India. I do not wish to humiliate England."

"But if India is to be used as a military base by the democracies, many other things are involved. Armies do not exist in a vacuum. For instance, the Western allies would need good organization on the railroads."

"Oh," he exclaimed, "they could operate the railroads. They would need order in the ports where they received their supplies. They could not have riots in Bombay and Calcutta. These matters would require cooperation and common effort."

"Could the terms of this collaboration be set forth in a treaty of alliance?"

"Yes," he agreed, "we could have a written agreement...."

"Why have you not said this?" I asked. "I must confess that when I heard of your proposed civil disobedience movement I was prejudiced against it. I believed that it would impede the prosecution of the war. I think the war has to be fought and won. I see complete darkness for the world if the Axis wins. I think we have a chance for a better world if we win."

"There I cannot quite agree," he argued. Britain often cloaks herself in the cloth of hypocrisy, promising what she later does not deliver. But I accept the proposition that there is a better chance if the democracies win."

"It depends on the kind of peace we make," I said.

"It depends on what you do during the war," he corrected. "I am not interested in future promises. I am not interested in independence after the war. I want independence now. That will help England win the war."

"Why," I again inquired, "have you not communicated your plan to the Viceroy? He should be told that you have no objection now to the use of India as a base for Allied military operations."

"No one has asked me," he replied weakly.

I left the *ashram* on June 10th in the automobile that took Azad and Nehru to the Congress hostel in Wardha. Several hours later, the car returned to Sevagram to fetch

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Gandhi for further consultations with the two Congress leaders. At three in the afternoon, Gandhi entered the hostel alone. Three-quarters of a mile from Wardha the car had broken down. Gandhi got out and walked the distance in the broiling Indian afternoon June sun. When he reached the house he was in a gay mood; if he suffered from fatigue it was not noticeable and must have retreated before the pleasure of being able to comment on the unreliability of "these new-fangled technical achievements of the industrial age."

He had great charm. He was a remarkable natural phenomenon, quiet and insidiously overwhelming. Intellectual contact with him was a delight because he opened his mind and allowed one to see how the machine works. He did not attempt to express his ideas in finished form. He thought aloud, he revealed each step in his thinking. You heard not only words but also his mind and allowed one to see how the machine works. He did not attempt to express his ideas in finished form. You could therefore follow him as he moved to a conclusion. This prevented him from talking like a propagandist; he talked like a friend. He was interested in an exchange of views, but much more in the establishment of personal relationship.

Even when evasive Gandhi was frank. I was asking him about his dreams of the post-independence India. He argued back and forth. "You want to force me into an admission," he said, "that we would need rapid industrialization. I will not be forced into such an admission. Our first problem is to get rid of British rule. Then we will be free, without restraints from the outside, to do what India requires. The British have seen fit to allow us to have some factories and also to prohibit other factories. No, for me the paramount problem is the ending of British domination."

That, obviously, was what he wanted to talk about; he did not conceal his desire. His brain had no blue pencil. He said, for instance, that he would go to Japan to try to end the war. He knew, and immediately added, that he would never get an opportunity to go, and if he went, Japan would not make peace. He knew, too, that his statement would be misinterpreted. Then why did he make it? Because he thought it.

Gandhi asserted that a federal administration would be unnecessary in an independent India. I pointed out the difficulties that would arise in the absence of a federal administration. He was not convinced. I was baffled. Finally he said, "I know that despite my personal views there will be a central government." This was a characteristic Gandhi cycle: he enunciated a principle, defended it, then admitted with a laugh that it was unworkable. In negotiation, this faculty could be extremely irritating and time-wasting. In personal conversation, it was attractive and even exciting. He himself was sometimes surprised at the things he said. His thinking was fluid. Most persons like to be proved right. So did Gandhi. But frequently he snatched a victory out of an error by admitting it.

Old people are prone to reminiscences. Lloyd George would commence to answer a question on current events and soon be talking about his conduct of the First World War or a campaign for social reform early in the century. At seventythree, Gandhi never reminisced. His mind was on things to come. Years did not matter to him because he thought in terms of the unending future. Only the hours mattered because they were the measure of what he could contribute to that future.

Gandhi had more than influence, he had authority, which is less yet better than power. Power is the attribute of a machine; authority is the attribute of a person. Statesmen are varying combinations of both. The director's constant accretion of power, which he must inevitably abuse, steadily robs him of authority. Gandhi's rejection of power enhanced his authority. Power feeds on the blood and tears of its victims. Authority is fed by service, sympathy, and affection.

One evening I watched Mahadev Desai spin. I said I had been listening carefully to Gandhi and studying my notes and wondering all the time what was the source of his hold on people; I had come to the tentative conclusion that it was his passion.

"That is right," Desai said.

"What is the root of his passion?" I asked.

"This passion," Desai explained, "is the sublimation of all the passions."

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"Sex?"

"Sex and anger and personal ambition.... Gandhi is under his own complete control. That generates tremendous energy and passion."

It was a subdued, purring passion. He had a soft intensity, a tender firmness, and an impatience cotton-wooled in patience. Gandhi's colleagues and the British sometimes resented his intensity, firmness, and impatience. But he retained their respect, often their love, through his softness, tenderness, and patience.

Gandhi sought approval; he was very happy when the great Tagore agreed with him. But he could defy the whole world and his political next-of-kin.

Gandhi was a strong individual, and his strength lay in the richness of his personality, not in the multitude of his possessions. His goal was To Be, not To Have. Happiness came to him through self-realization. Fearing nothing he could live the truth. Having nothing, he could pay for his principles.

Mahatma Gandhi is the symbol of the unity between personal morality and public action. When conscience dwells at home but not in the workshop, office, classroom and market-place, the road is wide open to corruption and cruelty, and to dictatorship.

Gandhi enriched politics with ethics. He faced each morning's issues in the light of eternal and universal values. He always distilled a permanent element out of the ephemeral. Gandhi thus broke through the framework of usual assumptions which cramp a man's action. He discovered a new dimension of action. Unconfined by considerations of personal success or comfort, he split the social atom and found a new source of energy. It gave him weapons of attack against which there was often no defense. His greatness lay in doing what everybody could do but doesn't.

"Perhaps he will not succeed," Tagore wrote of the living Gandhi. "Perhaps he will fail as the Buddha failed and as Christ failed to wean men from their iniquities, but he will always be remembered as one who made his life a lesson for all ages to come."

I arrived at the New Delhi airport on June 25, 1946, and drove to the Imperial Hotel. I was tired from the flight from Cairo; I needed a bath and shave. But I had an uncontrollable impulse to see Gandhi immediately. My first act in India, I felt, should be to have a word with Gandhi. So instead of making sure I had a room in the hotel, I left my lauggage in the lobby and took a taxi to Gandhi's little stone hut in the Harijan Colony.

He was at his evening prayer meeting in an open space outside the hut. Approximately a thousand persons were at the services. Gandhi in loin cloth, a moist white pad on his head, feet on his thighs, sat in the center of a large elevated wooden platform with several disciples. His eyes were closed. Occasionally he opened them and beat time with his hands to the singing. On the ground, in front of the platform, sat the women worshipers; behind them the men. The curious stood around on the periphery of the congregation. The Indian and foreign correspondents were there, also Mridula Sarabhai, Nehru, and Lady Cripps.

I posted myself at the foot of the three wooden steps where Gandhi would descend from the prayer platform. "Ah, there you are," he said; "well, I have not grown better-looking in these four years."

"I would not dare to differ with you," I replied. He threw back his head and laughed. Taking me by the elbow, he walked toward his hut; he asked about my trip, my health, and my family. Then, probably sensing that I would like to stay for a talk, he said, "Lady Cripps is here to see me. Will you walk with me tomorrow morning?"

Later that month I toured Maharashtra with Jayaprakash Narayan, the Socialist leader, and arrived at Panchgani, in the rainsoaked hills on July 16th, for a fortyeight-hour visit with Gandhi.

Gandhi did not seem to have aged since 1942; his stride was not as long and lusty, but walking did not tire him or did days of interviews. He was in constant good humor.

At the beginning of my first morning stroll with him in New Delhi he asked about the rumors of war with Russia. I said there was a good deal of talk about war but perhaps it was only talk. "You should turn your attention to the West," I added.

"I?" he replied. "I have not convinced India. There is violence all around us. I am a spent bullet."

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Since the end of the Second World War, I suggested, many Europeans and Americans were conscious of a spiritual emptiness. He might fill a corner of it. India needs material goods and perhaps had the illusion that they brought happiness. We had the material goods but knew they did not bring happiness. "But I am an Asiatic," he commented. "A mere Asiatic." He laughed; then after a pause, "Jesus was an Asiatic."

In this, and in subsequent conversations, I thought I detected a despondent note with an optimistic undertone: if he lived 125 years he would have enough time to finish his work.

It was 8.30 in the evening when I arrived at the stone building of the Poona nature-cure clinic. I was shown his room and walked in. He was sitting on a pallet; a white shawl enveloped him from neck to ankles. He did not look up. When he finished writing the postcard, he raised his head, and said, "Ah." I knelt in front of him and we shook hands. He had a way, which none of his heirs has inherited, of figuratively putting his arms around you and making you feel welcome to his house and India

"You have come by the Deccan Queen," he remarked. "On that train there is no food."

I said I didn't mind, I had already been promised dinner. "The weather here seems wonderful," I volunteered. "You tortured yourself in the summer heat of Sevagram," where I had seen him in 1942.

"No," he objected, "it wasn't torture. But in New Delhi I would melt ice in the bath and sit in it as you did in Sevagram. I was even unashamed to receive people in my bath and dictate in the bath. Here in Poona the weather is delightful." He appeared very relaxed.

Presently, without any question from me he spoke at length about violence. "First," he said, "there is South Africa. A man has been killed there in connection with the recent disturbances. He was innocent. Also, they have tied Indians to trees and whipped them. This is lynch law. And now these riots in Ahmedabad between Hindus and Moslems. The trouble is that one side begins stabbing and killing and then the other does likewise. If one side did not avenge its deaths the thing would stop. It is the same in Palestine. The Jews have a good case. I told Sidney Silverman, the British M.P., the Jews have a prior claim because they were there first. Jesus was a Jew. He was the finest flower of Judaism. You can see that from the four stories of the four apostles. They had untutored minds. They told the truth about Jesus. Paul was not a Jew, he was a Greek, he had an oratorical mind, a dialectical mind, and he distorted Jesus. Jesus possessed a great force, the love force, but Christianity became disfigured when it went to the West. It became the religion of kings."

He reverted to the Jewish question in Hitler Germany. "But I do not intend talking with you tonight," he declared, "and you have not eaten."

I rose to go. "Sleep well," I said.

"I always sleep well. Today was my day of silence and I slept four times. I fell asleep while I was on the rack."

"During his massage," a woman doctor interpreted.

"You must get massage here," Gandhi urged.

After dinner, I passed Gandhi's bed on the open-air stone terrace. Two women disciples were massaging his feet. A mosquito net hung over the bed. Several young women were sitting on the mats near him and laughing. He called out to me, "I hope you will be up in time to have breakfast with me." He said first breakfast was at 4.

"I'd rather be excused from that one."

"Then second breakfast at 5."

I made a face and everybody laughed.

"You had better have third breakfast with me at 9," he said. "Get up at 6."

I was up at 6.30. When I stepped out into the courtyard, Gandhi was chatting with an Indian. He greeted me and we started on his morning walk.

"You said last night," I recalled, "that Paul altered the teachings of Jesus. Will the people around you do the same?"

"You are not the first to mention this possibility," he replied. "I see through them. Yes, I know they may try to do just that. I know India is not with me. I have not convinced enough Indians of the wisdom of nonviolence."

Again he talked at length about the persecu-

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tion of colored races in South Africa. He inquired about the treatment of Negroes in the United States. "A civilization," he said, "is to be judged by its treatment of minorities."

After a massage by a massive Ceylonese who kneaded the muscles till they ached, I felt better and looked into Gandhi's room. It had no door, only a curtain which I pushed aside. He noticed me and said, "Come in, you are always welcome." He was writing an article for *Harijan* and submitting to questions in the vernacular by three Indians....

...A heaping bowl of peeled and sliced fruit (was) placed...on the mat. Gandhi had already had his third breakfast, so I ate while he talked. He said he was trying to create a classless and casteless India. He yearned for the day when there would be only one caste and Brahmins would marry Harijans. "I am a social revolutionist," he asserted. "Violence is bred by inequality, nonviolence by equality." Gandhi's religion merged with his sociology.

I said I knew that the mounting prejudice against colored peoples in South Africa disturbed him; he had fought it for twenty years. "But I hope," I added, "you will do nothing violent in this connection. You are a violent man." He laughed. "Some of your fasts are violent," I continued.

"You want me to confine myself to violent words," he commented.

"Yes."

"I do not know when I am going to fast," he explained. "It is God who determines that. It comes to me suddenly. But I will not act rashly. I have no desire to die."

Sudhir Ghosh, a youthful Cambridge University graduate, came in to bid Gandhi good-bye. He was going to England, and the Mahatma was giving him a letter of introduction to Prime Minister Attlee. Gandhi's go-between with the Cabinet Mission, Ghosh had so distinguished himself by his intelligent and gracious handling of delicate diplomatic tasks that Gandhi was asking him to be his liaison with Attlee, Cripps, Pethick-Lawrence, and others in London. Like many a head of state, Gandhi wished to be his own, "foreign minister". Usually, the official foreign minister resents the intrusion.

That afternoon, before the prayer meeting, an Indian in his twenties approached me and said he was the editor of a Hindu Mahasabha weekly published in Poona and would I give him a message. I said I did not approve of the Hindu Mahasabha any more than I approved of the Moslem League; both stood for religion in politics. "The Hindu Mahasabha," I declared with some acerbity, "stands for Hindu supremacy. Do you like white supremacy?" We parted.

Hundreds of Poona citizens stood in a field the other side of the clinic's low fence while Gandhi and his friends conducted the services on a wooden platform this side of the fence. During the singing it commenced to rain; worshipers put up their black umbrellas. A murmur of protest arose from those in the rear and all umbrellas were lowered. Somebody held one over Gandhi. A few hundred yards away two Indian teams in white flannels were playing cricket.

Before dinner, Gandhi invited me to walk with him. "Surely you are not going to walk in the rain," I protested lightly.

"Come along, old man," he said and stretched out his arm.

I had been given a private room that opened on the terrace where Gandhi slept. Late in the evening, when I was about to retire, I passed Gandhi's bed. I greeted him silently with a raised hand but he called out, "You must sleep well tonight. But we will disturb you with our prayers at 4."

"I hope not," I said and approached him.

He addressed himself to Mrs. Mehta* in Hindustani, or Gujerati, and I thought he was scolding her. "We are talking about you and you are curious," Gandhi remarked.

"Somehow I knew it," I replied. "Now you have made it worse by telling me but not disclosing what you were talking about. I should offer *satyagraha* against you until you tell me."

"All right," he laughed.

"I will sit by your bed all night."

"Come along," he said with a lilt.

"I will sit here and sing American songs."

"All right, you will sing me to sleep."

Everbody was enjoying the fun.

Gandhi's laughter was physical and mental; it was amusement plus agreement or at least amusement plus tolerance. It was the laughter

*Mrs. Gulbai Mehta, wife of Dr. Mehta, who ran the clinic.

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of a man who is not afraid to be caught with his visor up and his guard down.

It had grown late, and I wished them good night. I talked to Mrs. Mehta. Gandhi had scolded her because she served my breakfast in his room at 11 instead of 9 and this had held up the noonday meal of the others, and besides she had given me special food; no one should receive privileged treatment.

I awoke very fit and went to Gandhi's room. He invited me to walk. I requested his views on the next step in the Indian political situation. "The British," he answered with alacrity, "must ask Congress to form a coalition government. All the minorities will cooperate." "Would you include members of the Moslem League?"

"Of course," he replied. "Mr. Jinnah can have a highly important post."

He left me for a while to talk to a young Indian woman. I had noticed him walking up and down the terrace with her the day before in agitated conversation. Then she had gone away and a young man stepped to Gandhi's side and they talked together for about a quarter of an hour. Pyarelal told me who they were. She was an untouchable and limped from an accident. The young man, likewise a Harijan, was her husband and he had a forearm amputated. They were having marital difficulties and Gandhi wanted to patch up their relations.

When we resumed our constitutional, he began a discussion of Europe and Russia. I said Moscow had nothing to give the world; it had gone nationalistic, imperialistic, and Pan-Slav. This could not feed the West. The democracies were beginning to realize that peace would come only with internationalism and spiritual regeneration.

"Why do you want me to go the West?"

"Not go the West, but speak to the West."

"Why does the West need me to tell them that two times two are four? If they realize that the way of violence and war is evil, why am I necessary to point out the obvious truth? Besides, I have unfinished work here."

"Nevertheless," I said, "the West needs you. You are the antithesis to materialism and therefore the antidote to Stalinism and Statism." He talked about the increase of the spirit of violence in India since 1942.

Pedestrians gathered to watch Gandhi as we moved to and fro on the path that led to the city. There were factories nearby and occasionally their whistles blew but he never stopped talking; nor did he lift his voice; he talked through the noise....

The next morning Gandhi and about ten companions and I walked to the Poona station and boarded the express to Bombay. The party had the use of a special third-class carriage with a hard wooden bench down the length of each outer wall and another down the center of the carriage. It rained heavily throughout the journey, and soon water began to pour from the roof and through openings in the window frames and doors. Large puddles formed on the floor. At a number of stops *en route*, local Congress leaders boarded the train for conferences with Gandhi. Between times, he wrote a brief article for *Harijan* and corrected another article. He looked up at me once and smiled and we exchanged a few remarks. When his editorial work was finished he stretched out on the wooden bench and in a moment he was sleeping serenely. He slept for about fifteen minutes.

Gandhi occupied a place near a window. At all stations immense crowds gathered despite the downpour. At one stop, two boys, about fourteen years of age, wet to their brown skins, their hair dripping, jumped up and down outside Gandhi's window, moved their bent arms up and down and yelled, "Gandhiji, Gandhiji, Gandhiji." He smiled. I said, "What are you to them?"

He put his fists with thumbs upward to his temples and replied, "A man with horns, a spectacle."

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A LAST BIRTHDAY REMINISCENCE

ROBERT TRUMBULL

At the end of the Second World War, Robert Trumbull, New York Times *reporter, and war correspondent, was assigned to India. He remained for seven years as the* Times' *chief correspondent in India, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Ceylon and Nepal. "In that time," he wrote "I was to see India evolve from a nation of doubtful hopes, born in uncertainty and bloodshed, into the most stable country in Asia and a voice of strong moral power in world affairs."* As I see India, *published in 1951, was made up of his observations during those years. An intelligent and sympathetic understanding of India's motivations, the book, one reviewer commented, is "perhaps the most objective and least accented report we have had from India since the country gained her independence in 1947."*

Since 1954, with the exception of two years, Mr. Trumbull has been based in Tokyo, where as chief of the Times' *News Bureau, he has covered Japan, Korea, and other Asian and Pacific points. From 1961-63, he served in Hong Kong as chief correspondent for China and Southeast Asia. He is a former member of the Board of Directors of the U. S. Educational Foundation in India.*

Mr. Trumbull's other books include The Raft; Nine Who Survived Hiroshima and Nagasaki; *and* The Scrutable East, *which won the Overseas Press Club Award for the Best Book on Foreign Affairs in 1964.*

It was just another of the routine incongruities of a correspondent's life in India that I should have fallen into reflections upon Mahatma Gandhi while composing a story about a murderous desert bandit, with my battered Hermes typewriter resting on a desk of solid silver. My headquarters for the Bhupat interlude were in the former palace of the Nawab of Junagadh, converted into a Saurashtra State guest-house. There was no place else to stay in Rajkot.

I got to thinking about Gandhi because Rajkot was not far from his birthplace, Porbandar, where his father had been *dewan* to the local ruler. This part of Western India, called Gujarat, was full of associations with the great leader, and some day, perhaps, will be a place of pilgrimage.

It has been my good fortune to meet Gandhi briefly on three occasions in New Delhi, twice in the Bhangi Colony and once at the home of the capitalist, G.D. Birla, where he was killed. I remember the last conversation best, because in it Gandhi revealed a side of his character that has been little publicized. This was his sense of humor.

On Gandhi's seventyeighth birthday, October 2, 1947, his last birthday on earth, I went around to Birla House to try to ascertain the state of the Indian patriarch's mind on passing another milestone. He was out somewhere, and I waited for his return. As he stepped

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Robert Trumbull with Gandhi.

from his car I pushed to his side and asked if he would make a birthday statement.

"Birthday?" he said, assuming an expression of puzzlement.

"Whose birthday?"

"Why, uh, yours, sir," I stammered. Gandhi chuckled, his eyes twinkling mischievously over his drooping spectacles.

"Who told you this is my birthday?" he demanded. "Every day is my birthday! And yours, too. Every day, you see, we are all born again, we start a new life every day."

His ubiquitous young grandnieces, one supporting him by each arm, began to move impatiently and Gandhi drifted away, smiling with delight at his gentle joke....

Indians were very sensitive where Gandhi was concerned. It was about this time that I was called on the carpet by the Secretary of Information—the only time such a thing ever happened to me in India—for mentioning casually in a story that Gandhi was living in the mansion of one of India's richest financiers. The secretary, who was later placed in charge of a dam construction project, was afraid I might have damaged the illusion that Gandhi lived among the poor....

Gandhi took the vow of celibacy while still a young man, but never ceased to be aware of women, as he was frank to say. Once a young man wrote him a letter, professing to be in great distress because he found that the innocent touch of a woman, such as a hand on the arm, gave him pleasure. Answering the letter in one of his open prayer meetings, Gandhi reassured the young man that there was nothing wrong with such a feeling. Not only did Gandhi share the sensation of pleasure in touching a woman, he said, but furthermore, he took every opportunity to do so!

One of the greatest news pictures ever made of Gandhi was taken at his meeting

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with Lady Mountbatten. As they moved away together, the little man in the loin cloth casually placed his hand on the shoulder of the Viceroy's wife and let her support him as he walked. The picture, taken by Max Desfor of Associated Press, was one of the most discussed photos of the time, both in India and England, for such familiarity by a "native" toward the exalted Vicereine of the Indian Empire was inconceivable. In shock value it was comparable to the famous picture of General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, with his tie off, towering over the Emperor of Japan, published in Japanese newspapers....

One of Gandhi's legacies to India that the government would like to have forgotten is the "fast unto death" that he used so effectively as a political weapon. Since India became free, hundreds of crackpots with grievances, and some who were not crackpots, have used the fast against their own government. Sometimes it even works....

There is some doubt that Gandhi ever intended to starve to death. He was a master of the technique of the fast, and knew it. Once a lad with grievance, who had undertaken what we might call a "wildcat fast" for whatever his cause was, wrote Gandhi to ask his approbation. Reading the letter aloud at his next prayer meeting, Gandhi was stern.

"Leave this fasting business to me," he said in effect. "Fasting is an art, and I know how to do it, you don't!"

In the last year of his life Gandhi's influence, particularly on youth, was waning. His real work was done with the achievement of independence, and now new situations were arising in which his parable did not seem to fit. Cynics were beginning to say that "the old man was growing senile," and to mock some of his metaphysical statements, such as his famous advice that "the first President of India should be an untouchable girl." Remarks made for the ages were derided by introverted minds preoccupied with the narrow problems of the moment. The Hindu fanatics were outraged by his solicitude for persecuted Moslems, which was to result shortly in his death....

The elite and the intelligentsia continued to pack his famous prayer meetings in the quiet, orderly garden of Birla House. His simple homilies in Hindustani followed a devotional period in which honor was paid to every great religion, including Christianity and Islam, through readings from their sacred books.

One afternoon, as the prayer meeting was beginning, a small, crude bomb exploded on the compound wall about forty feet from where the leader sat crosslegged on the prayer platform. Police wanted to increase the security precautions around Birla House, but Gandhi demurred. Ten days later, as he was walking to his place through the usual dense crowd... Gandhi sank to the paved walk, never to speak again.

When I reached the scene a few minutes later, the crowd was hushed, as if stunned. Those of us who got inside the compound could see Gandhi's still face through the window over the cot where he lay, breathing his last. Word of the assassination was spreading rapidly through the city, and the broad street outside was already jammed with silent watchers. Finally Nehru came out of the house and informed the gathering, in tones of inexpressible sadness, that the master was no more....

Even my own insignificant life had been bettered by the brief crossing of my erratic path with his, I reflected. Often, at the end of a frustrating day, I had recalled his twinkling remark on his birthday, "We start a new life every morning."

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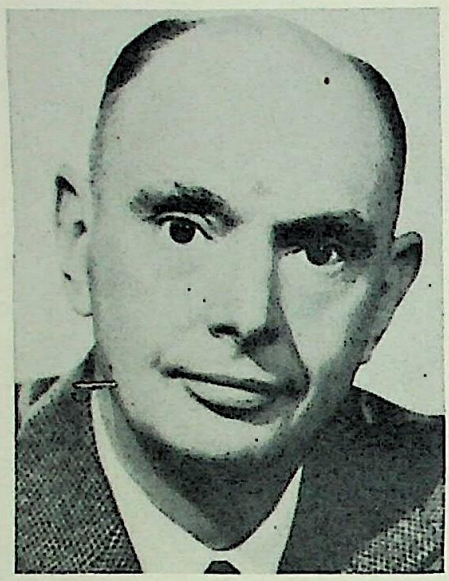
THE PROBLEM



Edmond Taylor, war psychologist of the World War II theater, Paris correspondent for The Chicago Tribune *during the Thirties, and for* The Reporter *magazine since 1954, is a shrewd and sympathetic observer of human affairs in general and an extremely gifted analyst of the non-Western psyche. Such talents were forcefully displayed in Mr. Taylor's* Richer By Asia *(first published in 1947 and reprinted in a second edition in 1964). This book saw Asia largely in terms of its peoples and what they thought about and felt. It was, in short, an account of a journey by an intelligent and sensitive Westerner into the heartland of Asian emotions and character. During that journey, Mr. Taylor studied Mahatma Gandhi at first-hand. "Anyone who has not followed Indian affairs closely in recent years," Mr. Taylor wrote, "may think of Gandhi primarily as a political leader with eccentric personal habits, a sort of Oriental George Bernard Shaw, but as I discovered when I began to document myself upon the Indian national movement, he is above all a cultural revolutionary, and his eccentricities are efforts to reenforce his propaganda campaigns by personal example."*

In 1940, Mr. Taylor was foreign correspondent for the Columbia Broadcasting System. From 1948 to 1950 he was associated with UNESCO *in Paris as a special assistant to the director of the Department of Mass Communications. During 1951, he served as Consultant to the U. S. High Commission in Germany and from 1951-53 he was a member of the Psychological Strategy Board in Washington, D.C. His other books are:* The Strategy of Terror; Smash Hitler's International; *and* The Fall of the Dynasties. *Mr. Taylor now lives in France with his family.*

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OF PERSONALITY

EDMOND TAYLOR

Though it is not strictly a problem of attitude—except in its implications for individual morale—the problem of personality seems to me one of the deepest connected with one world, and I cannot see how one can have a rational faith in the attainability of this ideal without having faced and somehow answered it. Until I went to the East, I had never faced a problem. In fact, I did not realize that it existed. One world, it seemed to me, was a matter of opinion. When enough men believed in it we would have it.

My travels in the East—chiefly because they opened my eyes to the distortions and deficiencies in Western character—convinced me that the slow progress which we are making toward the creation of a unified world is due to attitudes and beliefs so deeply rooted, so strong, so habitual that they must be considered as essential ingredients of the modern Western personality.

Delusion and aggression seem to be hydra-headed monsters in all the Western cultures, and the holes of relevance in the social flooring of our ideal of progress apparently give into a bottomless pit. Our vices seem almost inseparable from our virtues, and our anticulture is intimately interwoven with true culture.

All this is grave enough, but it is not hopeless. We are not totally deficient in the sense of reality, and the reality-pressures forcing us toward one world are so enormous, so inexorable, that we would have to be a great deal worse than we are to resist them indefinitely. Furthermore, I believe that the present division of power in the world favors the diffusion of Eastern influence through the mind of the West by the processes of cultural opposition I have already described, and since the Eastern virtues and faults are nearly the opposites of our own, this should lead, in time, to a reorientation of our personalities. When the political unity of the world is achieved, character-modification by cultural interaction and reaction will be greatly accelerated, and the mere fact of participating in a united world will automatically revolutionize many of our viewpoints.

It is in relation to the time-factor that the problem of Western personality seems to me most significant. There is almost certainly some deadline on the realization of effective world government. There is some point at which the present trend toward a new global war will become irreversible, owing to the operations of the law of political *karma*, and it seems uncertain—if not unlikely—that organized human society on earth could survive such a war. Hence political unity must be achieved before the point is reached at which the chain-reaction of fear, hate, and delusion leading to war begins. That may give us only a few months or five years or fifty—I doubt that we have much longer. It depends upon whether, in our political relations, we are generally moving toward peace or toward war, toward unity or greater disunity. If there is steady progress toward peace and unity, the rate of progress will not be so crucially important. It seems unlikely, however, that we can count upon any steady progress. Our hopes for one world—or any world at all—seem to rest upon

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a tremendous release of idealistic energy, realistically and intelligently directed, upon a sudden blazing of enlightenment, a surge of leadership, almost without precedent in our societies, a moral lifting of ourselves by our own bootstraps. In its immediate context the problem of one world seems one of conversion—in the religious sense—and we have to convert, almost simultaneously, ourselves, our nearest neighbors, and our most stubborn foes.

This is not a small task, and in face of it, the inadequacies of Western personality show up most glaringly. We are not lacking in force, but moral force is not our forte. We possess qualities of leadership, but they always shine most brightly on the battlefield. We have some passionate idealisms but they are always our most sanguinary ones. We have a strong sense of purpose but our purpose has never before implied unity with the enemy. If one world could be won by arms against some enemy of man, if society could be saved by defending human civilization against an insurrection of the apes or by repelling an invasion from Mars, then we would today be very close to our goal. We have defended civilization before, and victoriously fought the enemies of man—but the enemies of man, in the past, have always meant some group of men to us, and civilization has meant the civilization of one human tribe or of a collection of tribes. One world cannot be realized by an offensive or even a defensive crusade of arms. Organized opposition to the doctrine of one world might be vanquished—if it were localized in one nation—by military victory, but there would be too few survivors left to celebrate it. As *Hamlet* and many subsequent works of literature prove, this type of problem, involving the reconciliation of contradictory ideals, is not one which brings out the strongest elements in our character.

We have, it is true, our pacifists and our planners of peace, our architects of one world, our pioneers of progress, our civilized minds, our men of good will. They seem to me a singularly ineffectual, tepid, and pasteurized crew—when they are not wolves of cultural or ideological imperialism in the sheep's clothing of political internationalism. The contemptuous epithet which their adversaries apply to them—woolly-minded dreamers, starry-eyed idealists, and so on—are as inapt as they are unjust, for their thought is usually realistic and clear and their idealism is bleakly devoid of rapture.

The deficiencies in our view of ourselves were revealed to me in Asia. The revolution came to me on the eve of my departure home as I was awaiting transportation in Calcutta. Gandhi, during a tour of the eastern provinces, had stopped in Calcutta and established a temporary *ashram*—religious and cultural center—on the outskirts of the city. According to his custom he led evening prayers in public every day and the attendance at these meetings, together with the extraordinary demonstrations of mass adoration which had greeted him wherever he stopped, proved that though he had retired as an active political leader he was still the most popular, the most revered, and the most influential man in India, if not in all Indian history.

It was my first and probably my last chance to see the nonviolent, vegetarian, chastity-practicing George Washington of India, and I took advantage of it. I felt somewhat self-conscious, squatting outdoors in the dust in my blue uniform, the symbol of Western violence which the newly acquired braid on my cap seemed somehow to aggravate, but no one in the large native crowd paid the slightest bit of attention to me. Judging by the variety of dress, every social group, every caste, every faith, every opinion in India was somewhere represented in the crowd. The slanting winter sun, the long shadows, the warm still air on which the evening smells floated, made it a pleasant spot, and there was a pleasant, peaceful and relaxed atmosphere about the gathering—no fanaticism, not even an air of hushed reverence. When the familiar, bent, spectacled figure in the loin cloth, with a white homespun shawl thrown over his shoulder, appeared, surrounded by his close disciples, there was no demonstration of any kind. Gandhi mounted a sort of dais decked with flowers, sat crosslegged on a cushion, and began silent meditation, while one of his disciples led the crowd in the singing of pleasantly monotonous hymns, not unlike Christian ones, which were accompanied by the slow rhythmic clapping of palms raised above the head.

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After about half an hour of this, the hymns stopped, Gandhi looked up from his meditation, a microphone was placed in front of him and he began to speak. He spoke softly, casually, intimately, like a grandfather speaking to his children, in an earnest, reasonable voice, marvelously controlled, full of self-discipline and inner harmony. The text of his sermon, which I read next day in the Indian press, was typically Gandhian. It was neither wholly religious nor purely political. It was the application of a religious point of view to a political problem and the use of attitude toward a political situation as a religious exercise.

The political content of his sermon referred to some riots and outrages in Eastern Bengal which were greatly agitating opinion in Calcutta at the time, though nobody seemed quite certain whether they had resulted from inter-communal or from British-Indian friction. The Mahatma did not enlighten his listeners on this point or discuss the political implications of the situation. He simply told them how he thought they as believers in nonviolence and workers for national freedom should react to the reports about the riots: namely, that they should retain their serenity, not allow themselves to get excited by rumors nor excite others by spreading them. Then he launched into a more general homily on the philosophy of nonviolence, explaining, as he has explained thousands of times, that it applies to mental as well as to physical violence, that it means avoiding hate and uncharitable thoughts about others, that it was not merely a political technique and an ethical doctrine but a way of life. He then gave other examples of the nonviolent way, linking the theme, as he usually does, with a wide variety of things, with Indian independence, social reform, and even with spinning.

In strict logic, Gandhi, on the occasion that I listened to him—without knowing exactly what he was saying—was apparently misusing the term "nonviolence" abominably. There is no logical reason why a belief in the harmfulness of violence should automatically be reflected in one's attitudes toward such subjects as spinning and social reform, but Gandhi goes out of his way to tie them together. He uses the symbol *satyagraha*, among others, to do this. *Satyagraha* is an untranslatable term. It stands for the organized use of nonviolence in passive resistance to gain not only freedom but regeneration for India, and passive resistance, as understood by Gandhi, is not just passively resisting the civil authority but generating soul-force for the accomplishment of collective ends. It all seems very confused when put down on paper but it has proved extremely effective in Indian history. A poor semanticist, Gandhi is a great manipulator of the human psyche.

The secret of Gandhi's technique of influence, if not of his doctrine, seemed to me a little clearer after I had actually seen him practising it at his prayer meeting. Not being able to understand his words was probably a help because the meaning of the nonverbal symbols was more apparent to me.

Gandhi is not merely trying to convert others to his opinions in the normal Western way. He is obsessed with the notion of soul-force and tries both to use it himself to win over others to his beliefs and to generate it in them so that they can convert and activate still others. He has always preached that in the end this soul-force would take effect even upon his British enemies, and certainly now nobody is going to be able to prove that he was wrong.

The Gandhian concept of soul-force is a mystic one and seems to me basically unscientific. Yet the techniques based upon it are probably more effective than any techniques of mass influence that have been developed in our day. They not only win converts to a political cause, they not only generate enthusiasm and lasting morale, they not only produce zealous workers and volunteers for martyrdom, but they develop followers into dynamic leaders capable of attracting new followers—and they have totally refashioned the personalities of millions of Indians. This is no slight result and the man who has achieved it, the man who has perfected these techniques, is surely more than an exhibit in the sideshow of history.

It seems to me that without being able to describe in scientific terms what he is doing, Gandhi operates in a most scientific manner. His leadership is aimed at refashioning the personalities of those upon whom it is exercised by modifying their central attitudes. It is not enough that they believe in Indian independence.

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The attainment of Indian independence must be their dominant interest in life and all their lesser interests and attitudes must be rearranged to conform to the psychic pattern of one who lives for Indian freedom. They must not merely feel that violence is evil. Their whole mental field must be colored by this intense central feeling about violence. They must not merely support social reform but be dedicated to it as they are to independence. They must breathe with a social reformer's lungs, see with a social reformer's eyes, eat a social reformer's food.

How has Gandhi succeeded in imposing this pattern on the minds of Indians? First of all, by becoming Gandhi, by adopting these central attitudes himself. The Gandhi that the world knows today is not the uxorious schoolboy husband who was once obsessed with his adolescent bride's body, the timid, awkward student in London, the sensitive, bewildered young lawyer in South Africa wrestling with the problem of religious belief. The present Gandhi is the result of years of rigorous concentration on a few simple, emotionally significant ideas, of strict self-discipline and intensive self-training.

This has produced the Gandhian personality, a combination of inner peace, arising from a more total integration of all the elements in the personality than most men achieve, with a tremendous, controlled release of energy. One cannot talk to Gandhi or listen to him or even see him from a distance without becoming aware both of the peace that is in him and of the energy he radiates. They express themselves as well—though necessarily less forcibly—in his literary style and even in the structure of his thought. Because he is a poor semanticist and in many ways a confused thinker, they express themselves best in certain non-verbal symbols, chiefly in exemplary acts that are like propaganda and sermons in action.

More than any other great leader of modern times, Gandhi follows the sound rule of military leadership, that the best way to get men to do anything is to show them by doing it yourself, to make them follow by leading. At the first All-India Congress meeting that he attended as a young man he was appalled by the filthy condition of the latrines and suggested that this detracted from the dignity of the meeting. Everyone agreed with him but said nothing could be done because the untouchable latrine cleaners were staging a protest strike. Gandhi, thereupon, cleaned out the latrines himself, an unprecedented violation of caste rules as well as a gesture of religious humility and of leadership by example. He has never been able to define his views on untouchability in words as clearly as he did by this gesture.

All his later life he has been startling, shocking, and ultimately capturing the imaginations of his compatriots by equally extraordinary exemplary acts, of which his symbolic gestures of passive resistance—like panning salt in violation of the excise laws—and his fasts in protest against the treatment of the untouchable or the violation of his nonviolent teachings by his own followers are the most famous.

Training by action, by deeds, another military principle, is also part of his secret. The convert to Gandhian ideas is immediately put to work developing a Gandhian personality by carrying on Gandhi-like activities. It is not enough for him to hold the right views and even to labor in the party cause. He must spin in his spare moments, because spinning is a personal act of *satyagraha*, which the individual can perform, while at the same time it helps the anti-British boycott. Direct, personal action, rather than mere participation in the general Congress campaign is one of the keynotes of Gandhi's teachings to his disciples. Help all you can on the big things but do some little thing yourself. Show that you are a real revolutionary not just by risking your life and going to jail, but by giving up tobacco, especially British tobacco, and alcohol. Learn Hindustani, your national tongue. Sit down to table with an untouchable. Above all, spin, spin, until your hands become as nationalist as your heart or your mind.

This is the discipline, supported by propaganda, by personal example, by encouragement and scolding, which the active Congress member is expected to follow (if he wants to become a true Gandhian disciple, it is much stiffer, of course). It is this discipline, and not the teacher's precepts alone, which refashions his personality in a Gandhian pattern, which produces in him something of the inner peace, accompanied by release of normally

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pent-up energy, that turns him into a minor Gandhi himself, capable of influencing others, of winning new converts, as the Mahatma does. This is the manner in which the Gandhian soul-force operates. It is the manner in which soul-force has operated throughout the ages, the moral principle behind every military victory, the key to the triumph of Christianity in the Roman empire, even to the triumph of Bolshevism in Russia....

Like most leaders, Gandhi probably owes much of his success to historical accident, to being forced into greatness by having great handicaps to overcome. He had to develop the technique of nonviolent noncooperation which has proved so brilliantly successful in its Indian context, because it was the only form of revolt that he could have persuaded a demoralized, unarmed people to adopt—as it was perhaps the only kind of attack to which British rule was vulnerable. He had to strike at the weak point of his enemies—their consciences and their pocketbooks—and minimize the weaknesses of his followers—their dread of violence, their unworldliness, their technological backwardness. He had to specialize in soul-force because it was the only kind of force that India possessed.

Gandhi with Kasturba.

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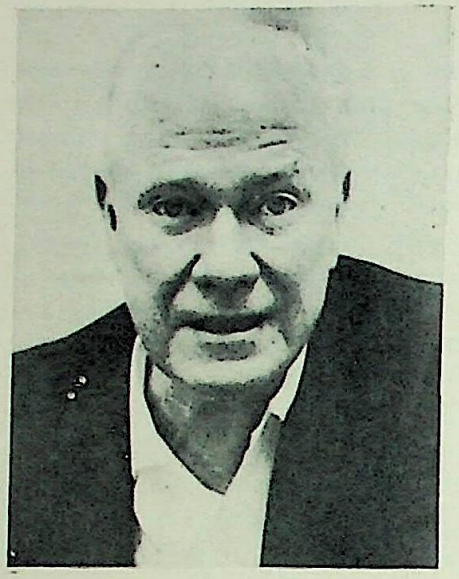

In the winter of 1947-1948, Vincent Sheean, former foreign correspondent for The Paris Tribune, *author of novels, memoirs and biography, went to India to observe the phenomenon of Mahatma Gandhi. Mr. Sheean's visit was not to be a casual one. Gandhi's compelling personality and beliefs had first attracted Sheean during a U. S. Air Force mission to India earlier in 1944. As Edgar Snow so aptly said, "Sheean had come all the way from 'Personal History' and Western philosophy and Freudianism and dialectical materialism and disillusionment in the war—the failure of the righteous battle to win peace and understanding—to sit at Gandhi's side after months of patient study and preparation, as a child and student to look into the mirror of the old man's heart." Sheean had, as he himself admitted, "come to the end of my tether in the West," and, through his friendship with Nehru, had arranged to join Gandhi in retreat—"until I found all the answers."*

Sheean saw Gandhi on January 27th and 28th, 1948, and he was also to be with him in retreat beginning February 1st. On January 30th Gandhi was assassinated. Sheean told Edgar Snow, who was with him that day at the garden prayer meeting at Birla House, "I've lost my only guru. *I'll never learn anything now." Sheean's lifelong agnosticism was unchanged by his encounter with Gandhi but as he later wrote, "at least I now know there is such a thing as religion." Two books grew out of Sheean's meetings with Gandhi:* Lead, Kindly Light, *a highly personal account reflecting the impact of Gandhi on Sheean, culminating in their two interviews, and* Mahatma Gandhi, *a compact account of Gandhi's life.*

Among Mr. Sheean's many books are the autobiographical Personal History; Not Peace But a Sword; Between the Thunder and the Sun; This House Against This House; Nehru—Ten Years of Power; *and* Dorothy and Red *(the story of Dorothy Thompson and Sinclair Lewis).*

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FROM 'A LAST DISCIPLE'

VINCENT SHEEAN

It was a small rectangular room with glass doors or French windows on one side, where the steps were, and long windows on the other two. The fourth wall was the wall of Birla House, against which this room was as a sort of annex, but an almost transparent annex: curious persons were peering through the windows or doors at all times and the Mahatma, through long training, did not even notice.

As I came in he was walking up and down on a rectangular blue carpet which covered less than half the floor. This, and his white pallet in the corner, made the only furniture of the room. In the corner at the right were three or four of "the girls": granddaughters, grandnieces, seated on the floor and talking in whispers.

I began by saying that I wanted to make a rather extensive study of his system of thought and action. (I think I actually said "Good evening, sir," at the outset.) He said: "Yes, Pandit Nehru told me." He paused and looked up at me with a curious birdlike motion (I was much taller). "Pandit Nehru did not tell me," he said, "whether you wished to see me absolutely alone." The delicate emphasis on absolutely was full of meaning; I knew quite well that Mr. Gandhi never saw anybody "absolutely" alone.

"No, sir," I said. "I make no conditions."

"Very well," he said. "Would you like to walk or to sit?"

"Whatever you wish," I said. "Perhaps you are tired after the meeting...?"

"On the contrary," he said with a sort of gentle decision (oddly, I can still hear this phrase when some more important ones are preserved only by written notes). "At this hour I prefer to walk a little."

We walked up and down the blue carpet. I was absurdly conscious of the hole in my sock, which I hardly suppose Gandhi saw. I was also aware that his swift steps up and down the carpet were much more numerous than mine. For me walking up and down that carpet was hardly walking at all; in three steps I had reached the end of it and turned back with him.

"Then you would not object," he went on, "if some notes were taken...?" He motioned with his hand toward Mr. Pyarelal, who was keeping pace with him on the other side.

"No, sir," I said. "On the contrary..."

"They might even be useful?" He finished the sentence for me on a rising note, with a curious half-smile.

"I have been reading your edition of the *Gita*," I said, "and my questions are based on that."

He smiled and exclaimed something ("Acha, Acha" I believe, conveying assent). I went on:

"I propose to begin with action and the fruits of action."

He stopped still in his walk and looked up at me with his head slightly on one side. This is the characteristic motion I have called birdlike. He then straightened his head and pointed a long finger at the carpet.

"Let me get one thing clear," he said. "I have typhoid fever. Doctors are sent for and by means of injections of sulpha drugs or

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something of the kind they save my life. This, however, proves nothing. It might be that it would be more valuable to humanity for me to die."

He stopped again for a few seconds; we were both standing still now. The moment was of tremendous importance.

"Is that quite clear?" he asked, looking at me with his head up. "If it is not, I will repeat it."

This was the nearest thing to asperity—a very gentle kind of asperity—in the whole conversation.

"No, sir," I said. "I think I understand it."

We resumed the walk.

"What I wish to ask is this: how can a righteous battle produce a catastrophic result?" I said. "The battle is righteous in the terms of the *Gita*. The result is a disaster. How can this be?"

"Because of the means used," he said. "Means are not to be distinguished from the ends. If violent means are used there will be a bad result."

"Is this true at all times and places?" I asked.

"I say so," he said with his curious lisp, and rather shyly, too, as if he had never gone quite so far before (as indeed he had not). Then he produced a statement which was much bolder.

"As I read the *Gita*, even the first chapter, the battlefield of Kurukshetra is in the heart of man. I must tell you that orthodox scholars have criticised my interpretation of the *Gita* as being unduly influenced by the Sermon on the Mount."

He took a few more steps and then made a really defiant profession of faith.

"There is one learned book in existence," he said, "which supports my interpretation of the *Gita*. But even if there were no such book, and even if it could be proved that my interpretation was wrong, I would still believe it."

I was so taken aback by this certainty that I could not get out another question for the moment. Gandhi smiled and said: "Now I think we might sit down. Shall we?"...

After a considerable amplification of the ideas of means and ends, action and the fruits of action, I came to the specific case I had in mind all the time, which was our war against Hitlerism. The instance was my own—he may have had some other instance in mind—but I had avoided mentioning it before because I wanted to get the principles straight to begin with.

I told him that I was thinking of our war, which, in my view, had been a righteous battle.

"I knew some of the leaders on our side," I told him. He nodded his head slowly, accepting by that both Roosevelt and Churchill as being righteous in intention. (I did not mention their names; he knew.)

"How can such a truly righteous battle as our fight against the evil of Fascism produce the result which now faces us?"

That was my question as my diary records it on the following day. (Even this may not be quite accurate; the memory even from one day to the next can hardly be literal.)

With great sadness, leaning toward me and speaking almost in a whisper (so gentle was his voice), he said that our ends may have been good but our means were bad, and that this was not the way of truth. Then he made a few direct remarks which I remember verbatim (I can hear them now).

"You cannot destroy a great nation like Germany," he said.

"I know it, sir," I replied. "It is madness to try."

"You cannot destroy the spirit of Japan."

"I know it, sir."

"You are heading straight into a third world war."

It was just here, I think, that I returned to my main subject. (The possibility of a third world war was not included.)

"Those who govern us are obviously concerned with the fruits of action rather than with the truth of action," I said. "How, then, are we to be well governed?"

"You must give up the worship of Mammon," he said.

(Here, I believe, he was speaking of America, whereas by "we" I had meant all the people everywhere).

He proceeded to outline a theory of representative democracy in characteristic terms, using the first person generically.

"I am ten million people," he said. "I

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send into government certain men to represent me. They may be corrupted. If they are corrupted I will recall them. I cannot recall myself."

He paused and leaned forward in a way which I could only regard as a little mysterious. (These movements forward and back, with the putting on and taking off of his spectacles, are beyond description: they indicate in retrospect that he was almost as tense by this time in his contemplation of the questions as I was.)

"Have nothing to do with power," he said, again as a sort of aside from the main discussion.

"Do you mean that power corrupts?" I asked. (I was quoting Lord Acton, I suppose, but did not think it necessary to say so.)

He leaned back on the cushion with a sigh and said: "Yes, I am afraid I do mean that power corrupts." Then he sat up again and resumed his discourse:

"I have five constructive institutions. In all of these five constructive institutions I have constantly told the workers to have nothing to do with power. I do not send them to Parliament. They are to educate and guide those who vote, so that they may do so well."

(The five constructive institutions to which he referred were undoubtedly the organizations he had founded for village women, cottage industries, the All-India Spinners' Association, and the like.)...

I then asked him, on impulse, how he could explain how quite different persons, such as Bernard Shaw, for example, could get at the same disciplinary resolutions without religion. The sentence was so phrased that "disciplinary resolutions" came at the end of it, and before I had pronounced the words Mahatmaji caught me up with his sudden smile and the substitute word "conclusions." I let that pass, although I had meant chiefly vegetarianism, abstinence from stimulants, self-control in general, and not anything quite so large as "conclusions." I then added: "Unless you say that Mr. Shaw is himself religious."

The Mahatma, still smiling almost playfully at the thought, said with his slow, careful enunciation:

"I was just about to say that it would be difficult for anybody to say that Bernard Shaw had no religion. In everything of his that I have read there has been a religious center."

I think it was at this point that he said to me: "You would be astonished if you knew how few books I have read." This was a sort of aside, almost in an undertone, and I answered in the same way: "I don't see what difference the number makes if they were good ones."...

He himself spoke of the failure of the United Nations—which was one of the reasons that had brought me to him—and I said: "I have hoped in the past year that perhaps you could be persuaded to come to Lake Success and talk to the United Nations. Then they would be forced to listen."

He laughed; the idea seemed to him funny for a moment. He then said, more seriously: "Perhaps, if I were spared for more years of service..." It sounded as if he did not regard this as probable, and we dropped the subject.

I then asked him why he was certain when the "inner voice" spoke to him. Others have inner voices and are not sure.

He answered in terms of the formless God: God is the spirit within, both law and law-giver.

"At Lausanne in Switzerland," he said (I suppose this was in 1931 when he visited Romain Rolland on his way home from the Round Table Conference), "I said that I had hitherto thought God was Truth, whereas now I was inclined to say that Truth was God."

He proceeded to affirm again that nonviolence was the "final flower of Truth," and that as Truth was within and above (i.e., immanent and transcendent) so by nonviolence could the soul perceive its law. Taking as an example his last fast, he told me that every reason was against it, but the law which was above all reason (which spoke to him in the "inner voice") commanded it against reason. When this happened, he obeyed, for, against that living law within, nothing could stand.

I then asked precisely this (I remember it well): "Does the certainty precede the renunciation?" And he replied precisely this: "No, the renunciation precedes the certainty." The words were said with vivacity, as if I had misunderstood something vital—as indeed I apparently had, for

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he immediately began to talk to me about renunciation.

"Renunciation is itself the law of life," he said. "When we speak of action undertaken without regard for the fruits of action we mean renunciation. That is renunciation of fruits. I eat to live, to serve, and also, if it so happens, to enjoy, but I do not eat for the sake of enjoyment."

There was a phrase here which I distinctly remember but cannot find in any of the assorted sets of notes which were taken. He was speaking of his last fast and of its certainty both in beginning and end: he used the phrase —glancing at me through his spectacles with a look of the most earnest wisdom—"without committing suicide." In his slow, half-whispered utterance the accent of abhorrence which he gave to the idea of suicide was deep and great.

"I find the sum of wisdom on this subject in the *Isha Upanishad*," he said, "Do you know it?"

"No, sir," I said, "but I will get an English translation tomorrow."

"Where will you find it?"

"I shall look through all the bookshops in New Delhi. I have found other books there."

"If you cannot find it let me know," he said, "and I shall find it for you. When I went to Travancore I spoke to Christians, large numbers of Christians. I looked for authority with which to convince them, and what I found was the *Isha Upanishad*. It is, you know, the shortest of the *Upanishads*. Is there a copy of the *Isha*...?"

He looked into the room and somebody did something. While he continued to talk about renunciation a small book in Sanskrit was thrust into his hands. He swooped upon it with a curiously agile movement and held it up before his spectacled eyes with an appearance of both gratitude and reverence which cannot be conveyed in words.

"It is not in English," he said, "so it will not do. But I shall tell you what the first *shloka* says. It says: The whole world is the garment of the Lord. Renounce it, then, and receive it back as the gift of God."

He paused and seemed to consider.

"There is another line which may puzzle you. It says that thereafter you are not to covet. You may inquire how you could covet, having renounced and received back again as God's gift. This is added because even those who have renounced sometimes covet. I find in this *shloka* the greatest truth of renunciation. There is no other way. Since I found it in Travancore I have been using it regularly at my evening prayer meeting, as regularly as the *Gita*."

At about this point we all looked at our watches that is, Mr. Gandhi, Mr. Pyarelal and I. Almost a full hour had passed, and I realised that there must be many people waiting for appointments. I said: "I'm afraid..."

Gandhi, looking at that enormous and very cheap watch he wore in his shawl—the kind that was called a "turnip" in America when I was young—said, "Well, this is more than I had bargained for. Do you want to come back again tomorrow?"

"Whenever I can, whenever you have time for me," I said, rising from the floor. He looked up at me and smiled.

"You can come every day," he said. "You can move into the house if you like. I will find the time somehow. But in a few days I hope to go to Wardha."

"At what hour shall I come tomorrow?" I asked.

"At this hour, after the prayer meeting."

"I'll come to the prayer meeting," I said.

This made him laugh.

"Come to the prayer meeting!" he said, with an almost disembodied gayety. "And consider that a standing invitation!"

As I said: "Thank you, sir," he added very gently in a voice that would have melted the heart of an enemy (and I was no enemy): "If there is no time, will you understand?"...

So bald and clumsy a paraphrase can give little of the true meaning of this interview. I have not Gandhi's precise words, except in those small phrases which I can still hear many months later; I have certainly not my own precise words except where I have indicated. I have my diary, not nearly detailed enough, some very telescoped and partial notes which were salvaged and transcribed by Mr. Pyarelal many weeks later, and a newspaper version written under great emotional strain four days later while the Mahatma was being cremated. None is quite right; only a dictaphone would have given the exact words.

But even the exact words would not mean the same in cold print. The fact is that Gandhi

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had some extraordinary faculty of speaking from the depths with no intervening irrelevancy; so that every word, every turn of phrase, had suggestions and reverberations in the consciousness. For example, when he told me that, "Renunciation is the only way," it is my impression now that he said: "Believe me, renunciation is the only way." But the phenomenal expressive quality of his tired, husky voice was such that the "believe me" may only have been implied by his tone, not physically pronounced on the corporeal air. It had in any case, the cadence of an entreaty to be believed whether the words fell in that form or not.

It is the same with the passages about illusion, appearance, form and reality. In this whole part of the conversation Mahatmaji was earnestly entreating me not to consider the world of illusion, but to give the appearance (or forms) what reality they possess. It was obvious that he considered this to be only relative and transitory, and that the essence, which he called God, might be called atomic energy or some other term in other systems, but that in any case I should not lose grasp of the forms. All of this conveyed more by the anxious and pitying and earnest manner (voice, gesture, look) than by the actual words. He *wanted* me to understand; he knew somehow or other, how deep was my trouble, and he cared about it. The startling thing was that we communicated. On these subjects—so beset by the jargon of the professional philosopher that they are almost forbidden to ordinary inhabitants of the earth, although they concern us most—it is well-nigh impossible to communicate with anybody. Gandhiji knew my trouble (supposedly) because he had been through it all long before, or perhaps by his unrivaled

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intuition; but whatever it was he understood and *he wanted to help me*. This is the point: that was what shattered my self-control for the time that it took for me to find my way out of the garden and back (aided by my friends) in a bus to the centre of New Delhi. No matter what I had expected—and I had expected greatness of some incomparable kind—this was more. He knew that I had come across half the world in a state approaching despair to ask him to tell me the truth—this much he knew within a few minutes by intuition—and he set out to do so without regard for the consequences. What I had encountered, quite beyond expectation or probability, was a manifestation of divine pity.

There were many small asides, sometimes only of a word or two, which I have not put into the foregoing account of the conversation because I do not know quite where they came and because they are examples of the kind of communication to which I have referred, a very special kind indeed. He had made some mention of the lower creation, which, as I knew, he took to be chiefly symbolized in the cow. He leaned over and looked at me very straight through his glasses.

"You know," he said, "that I am a cow-lover?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

Now, by his question, so tentative and yet so piercing, he was actually inquiring whether I had the usual Western attitude of derision toward the Hindu cult of the cow. By my reply, which was entirely submissive, he perceived that I had no disposition to doubt the truth or *ahimsa* of this conception (even though much might have been said of it at a later stage). The cow was not mentioned again.

In the part of the talk concerning *maya*, the world as illusion, he puckered his brow at me and said: "Things are not what they seem. That's all it means. There's a line of poetry, I remember—'Things are not what they seem.' It's your own poetry. Is it Whittier?"

The line is actually from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," which schoolboys in America used to learn by heart, but I was much too concentrated on Gandhi to remember it then. (I found it out days later too.)

There were many small words of this kind scattered through the whole hour. When he said that I could move into the house (Birla House) he added the word "but" and left the sentence hanging. I knew what he meant, just as he knew what I meant when I said, "Yes, sir," to the cow.

In another moment broken off from the main current of the talk he leaned toward me to explain his dietary system.

"I eat only innocent food," he said gently.

And then, looking straight into my face, very close, he added in the merest thread of voice, a sort of whisper not to be forgotten: "That is, if one may impute innocence."

And once when he was talking of the self, wishing to differentiate it from the body, he said: "Not the body, of course—the body is a prison. Only a prison."

Much more decisive is the question he posed to me at the very outset of the interview: that is the question of value. The saving of a life by drugs or medication intervention is one thing, but it does not settle the question of value: "perhaps it is more valuable for humanity that I should die." I understood this, I think, perfectly and he knew that I did. A kind of integument of comprehension was established between us after the first two or three minutes which made any elaboration of either my questions or his answers wholly unnecessary: the bare bones were enough. Perhaps after a time—if there had been time—we might have achieved an ever barer structure of verbalization, in which a look, a tone or a sign would have taken the place of whole paragraph. How this could be—how it was, in fact—passes my comprehension, because nothing in my experience of life had really prepared me for Mahatma Gandhi. No amount of reading could have done it. There was something else: at a later stage I may be able to formulate a concept of what it was.

What overwhelmed me most, of course, was the perfectly clear intimation that he, as *guru*, had accepted me as *chela*—not completely and permanently in the Hindu sense, by which the *guru* makes a sort of life compact with the student, but in so far as the immense distances between us would permit. My sense of astonished gratitude must have escaped me at some point or other, because I remember vividly how he leaned toward me and gave a serious warning. "You must not consider me to be perfect," he said in a worried voice. "I have not achieved perfection."

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"Yes, sir, but your struggle has been in that direction," I said.

There was a light, faint sigh and he said: "Yes, that has been my struggle."

Hardest of all for me to believe was that so great a saint could take so great a sinner for his *chela*.

On that very day I had been given an opportunity to test what I had begun to learn in India. The Criminal Investigation Department summoned me to the police station in Old Delhi for not having registered with the Police during my first twenty-four hours in the city (a regulation of which I had been unaware). To the accompaniment of a good deal of insolence and a number of bad jokes, I was informed that I was liable to arrest. The whole business took about an hour and a half, most of it waiting while a police clerk smoked my cigarettes and made sharp comments about American policy in the United Nations. I was resolved not to get impatient or angry whatever happened. Even when I was made to fill out the papers for the clerk—papers clearly marked "to be filled out by the officer in charge"—I did so without complaint. Considering how many centuries these people had been patient, I thought I could devote an hour and a half to the same discipline. There was nobody else in the police station except those on duty. When they perceived—rather to their surprise, I think—that I was not to be goaded, they signed my papers and let me go. If the same thing had happened in Europe I should have been telephoning all sorts of august protectors to intervene for me. It was the first time I had really learned a Gandhian lesson, and on my way back to New Delhi I felt inordinately proud of it. The details went into my journal the next day with the comment:

"All this I record at such length because the principal event of the day—or of many days or perhaps of all my days—is so difficult to write down at all. This was my first meeting with Gandhi. Perhaps I shall have more time and energy later, or tomorrow, to describe it."

That afternoon I went to the prayer meeting at Birla House, again with Rangaswami* to translate the proceedings for me. What I wrote about that in the journal later the same day (Wednesday, January 28th) follows:

"I have had my second conversation with Gandhi today and have just come from it. It was in a much more familiar and ordinary vein. The terrific tension and extreme altitude of yesterday's talk couldn't be kept up for long, and as we are to talk a little every day, it was necessary to bring it down to earth. Gandhiji felt this instinctively, I am sure, and achieved it by assuming a quite different tone and telling a few—two, actually—stories, one from the *Mahabharata* about a king who gave up everything and went into the lowest slavery for the truth, and the other (in detail, *apropos* of a question of mine) about the drinking of goat's milk, which, he says, honors the letter of his old South African vow against drinking cow's or buffalo's milk but kills its spirit."

The fact was that I had found—or thought I had found—in the milk vow the one example of a conflict between truth and *ahimsa* in Gandhi's life and thought. To eat animal food, was, he explicity decided long ago, *himsa* or violence, although it was not until 1912 that he made the vow which extended such *himsa* to the drinking of milk. (The drinking of milk is permitted even to the most rigid vegetarians in India). How could the drinking of goat's milk be reconciled, in truth, with his other concepts of *himsa* and *ahimsa* as applied to food?

I put it to him as an example of conflict, but he would not allow the word.

"Conflict is too strong," he said. "It isn't conflict."

"It worries you."

"Yes, it worries me. I have never been reconciled to it. But it is because of the vow rather than because of *ahimsa*."

Then he told me the story of the vow, describing the very scene in all its details. He and his friend Kallenbach, the South African German, were eating rice from the same bowl and drinking milk with it. They had often discussed the question before: Kallenbach had followed Gandhi in all his dietary experiments and theories, and perhaps even outdone his master at times. On this day in 1912 Kallenbach, after taking a drink of milk, said to Gandhi: "If you will give it up I will do so too." Gandhi was moved by one of those inner necessities which governed his whole life to take the vow then and there. The vow was not to drink the milk of the cow or the buffalo again.

It was kept. But during his first great illness, already described, his wife found the loophole:

*At that time a member of the New Delhi bureau of TIME and LIFE magazines.

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goat's milk was not forbidden by the vow. Gandhi did not want to drink even goat's milk, but she stood at the foot of the bed and looked at him pleadingly.

"I see her before me now," he said, with his hand outstretched in the air as if he really did see her. "She for whom I did it is gone, while I..."

He was in a subdued and reminiscent mood, perhaps a little tired and perhaps a little melancholy. He talked a good deal about his wife, and although I have forgotten the transition, it was undoubtedly the shade of Kasturbai that turned his mind on to the story of Harishchandra from the *Mahabharata*. This he told me at considerable length—the king who gave up everything for the truth, became the lowest of slaves, in that outcaste which burns the corpses, and was restored to life through spiritual reunion with his wife.

At another moment, when he was declaring that for him nothing could conflict with or interfere with the truth, he remembered an episode of some years before, when a Frenchman had come to stay at his *ashram*.

"What was the name of the Frenchman?"

Somebody among those seated on the floor around us (more numerous today) pronounced the name of Sartre—which, of course, to me meant Jean-Paul Sartre. It was apparently another Sartre.

You've never heard of him?" Gandhi asked. "Well, of course not. But he was very celebrated out here. He ran a magazine; he was a friend of Asia. We afterward heard that his life was not at all straight...."

Here the Mahatma's face contracted in a grimace of what I can only describe as woe; it gave him suffering to contemplate the kind of error to which he was now so delicately referring.

"...we learned that he had divorced his wife. His life was not at all straight."

He recovered himself and went on: "However, he was a friend of Asia, so we took him to the *ashram* and he spent a couple of weeks with us. When he went away he wrote some articles in which he quoted me as having said that I would sacrifice even my country to the truth. I did indeed say so, but he omitted to add that I also said that the contingency could not arise."

Of all the obiter dicta, the meaningful odds and ends which were sprinkled along the main road of his discourse, this was probably the one I expanded most fully in my own reflections during the months that followed. He meant, of course, that any man's truth is very largely created by his own country and indissoluble from it: that to speak of sacrificing one's country to the truth is to speak of an impossibility. The ideas put in being by that one remark could fill pages.

On this second day Mr. Gandhi began, before I could ask a question, by setting me straight on one point.

"When I said yesterday that means and ends were convertible and indistinguishable," he said, "of course I did not mean temporarily. Naturally the means precede the ends in the sense of time. They are otherwise of the same nature."

There were more people in the room today and more of them took notes. (I learned afterward that the Minister of Health, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, was one of those who took notes.) I was aware that there were people, but did not distinguish between them; I was concentrated upon Gandhi as I have never been concentrated in my life.

On this second day I do not even remember if there were people looking in through the windows. (There had been on the first day, and one of "the girls" had drawn the curtains when she saw that this distracted me.)

At the very end of this conversation I wanted to return to the milk vow for one more question, but the Mahatma said—very gently, but looking at his watch just the same—"Now, that'll do for tomorrow, won't it?

"I can't come tomorrow, sir," I said, getting up. "I am going to Amritsar with Mr. Nehru. I'll come the next day."

He looked up at me from his pallet with a sudden glowing smile as if this was wonderful news.

Perhaps my questions tired him; perhaps a reprieve of one day was welcome; but I think it was mostly because I was going with Mr. Nehru to Amritsar. He raised both his hands in the air with the palms toward me in an unmistakable attitude of blessing.

"Go! Go!" he said.

Those were the last words I heard him say.

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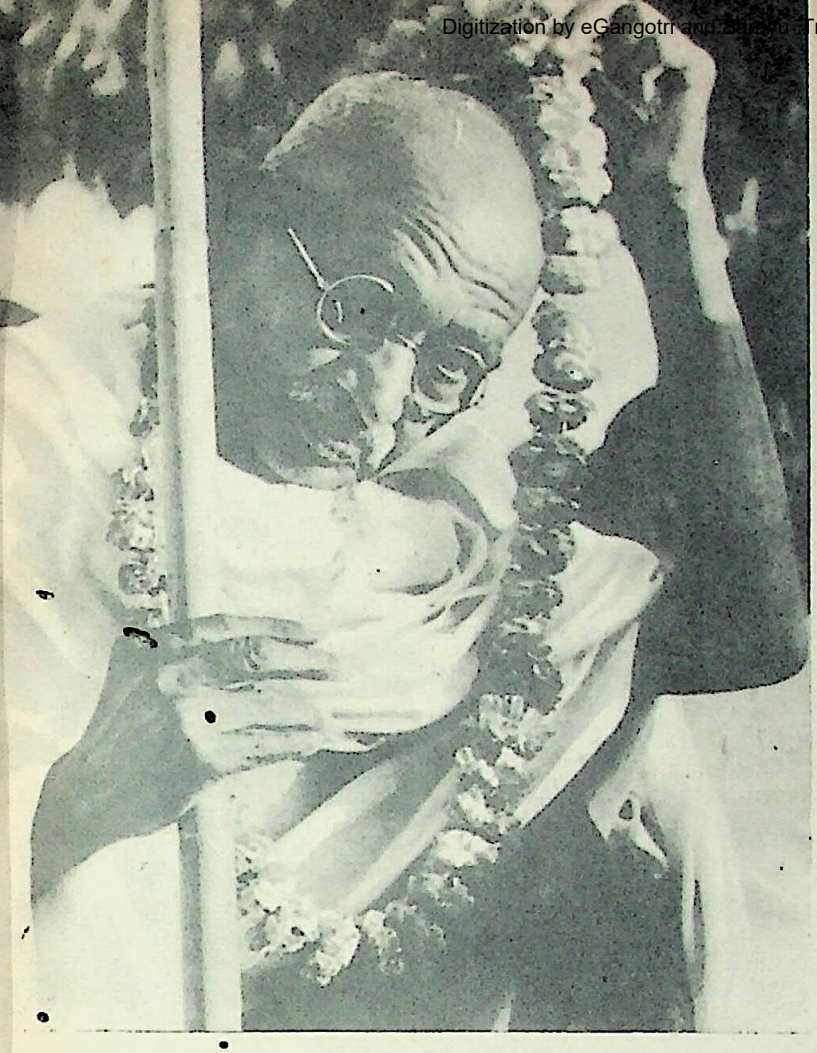

'MAHATMA GANDHI KI JAI'

Editor's note: On January 30, 1948, the day that Gandhi was assassinated, The Commonweal, *an American Catholic magazine, had already gone to press with an editorial about Gandhi, excerpts of which we reprint here.*

The modern world is very chary of heroes: we want quickly to denigrate them, to find their soft underbelly, to prove they are really no better than ourselves, no better than the next man catching the 5.47 from Grand Central. We must pull them down and find Roosevelt a Fala; a cigar and a double brandy for Churchill; a goat for Gandhi. Indeed, Gandhi is the most obliging of all: he even looks like Mickey Mouse: small, withered, brown, farcically homely, he invites and enjoys jokes about his fruit juices, his loin cloth, his spinning wheel, his long walks that leave pursuing reporters panting, his enemas. He is equally at home in the dirtwalled *ashram* where he lives or in the Birla Palace, where he goes to fast. And he tells us, all humility, the secrets of his success: prayer, faith. Nor, in his long life, have they ever failed him. He has never once fasted in vain, nor has he ever been beaten, by whatever aspect of the whole force of evil he has been fighting: whether in himself, in his followers, in the British Empire, or in his own beloved country... *Mahatma Gandhi Ki Jai*—long may he live, to continue to prove to us all that the cradle songs were true, that honesty is the best policy, virtue its own reward, and that he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that hath taken a city. For Gandhi has shown us, as did Belloc's "nicest child"

> ...what everybody could
> Become, by simply being good.

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For more than 30 years, Margaret Bourke-White has made photography history. Among the famous people she has photographed are Gandhi, Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin, Haile Selassie, Nehru, and Eisenhower. Her career, however, commenced in less auspicious surroundings—amidst the factories, steel mills, and blast furnace of the American Midwest. In 1927, just out of college, she set up a darkroom in Cleveland, Ohio, and launched herself in the then-new field of industrial photography. To save money on equipment, she developed her pictures in the bathtub.

An editor of Fortune *magazine (1929-33), she was on* Life *magazine's original photographic staff and took that magazine's first cover. For the next two and a half decades, she covered assignments for* Life *which took her around the globe. The first accredited woman photographer of World War II, Miss Bourke-White was abroad a troopship that was torpedoed and sunk* en route *to North Africa. She spent two winters in Italy photographing the Infantryman's war, and crossing the Rhine with patton, she photographed Germany's bomb-damaged cities and concentration camps. With camera in hand, she has flown 42,000 feet high in jet planes at speeds close to the sound barrier and she was once lowered 2,000 feet underground in a bucket to photograph the gold mines of South Africa. While covering the Korean War in 1952, she pressed deep in guerilla territory with South Korean troops and captured on film some of the most dramatic photographs of the struggle.*

During the early days of Indian independence she took a series of photo essays on the great exchange of Hindu and Moslem populations. While there, she interviewed Gandhi only a few hours before his death. As she writes in her autobiography, Portrait of Myself, *"I arrived... in 1946 when India stood shining and full of hope on the threshold of independence.... I had a historical drama to photograph, with a full cast of characters, including villains and one of the saintliest men who ever lived. And when the saint was martyred I was near."*

Her understanding of the Mahatma, she admits, came slowly. "It was only in the last act of the drama, when he stood out so bravely against the religious fanaticism and prejudice that I began to glimpse his true greatness." Margaret Bourke-White's understanding of Gandhi's suffering has helped to sustain her throughout her own tragic illness, Parkinson's disease, which struck her in the prime of life. Courageous, cheerful, intellectually curious and vital, her life rings with the authenticity of Gandhi's inspiration.

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THE LAST DAYS WITH GANDHI

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

Photography demands a high degree of participation, but never have I participated to such an extent as I did when photographing various episodes in the life of Gandhi.

I shall always remember the day we met. I went to see him at his camp, or *ashram*, in Poona where he was living in the midst of a colony of untouchables. Having thought of Mahatma Gandhi as a symbol of simplicity, I was a bit surprised to find that I had to go through several secretaries to get permission to photograph him. When I reached the last and chief secretary, an earnest man in hornrimmed spectacles, and dressed entirely in snow-white homespun, I explained my mission. I had come to take photographs of the Mahatma spinning.

"Do you know how to spin?" asked Gandhi's secretary.

"Oh, I didn't come to spin with the Mahatma. I came to photograph the Mahatma spinning."

"How can you possibly understand the symbolism of Gandhi at his spinning wheel? How can you comprehend the inner meaning of the wheel, the *charkha*, unless you first master the principles of spinning?" He inquired sharply. "Then you are not at all familiar with the workings of the spinning wheel?"

"No. Only with the workings of a camera."

The secretary fell into rhapsody. "The spinning wheel is a marvel of human ingenuity. The *charkha* is machinery reduced to the level of the toiling masses. Consider the great machines of the factories, with all their complex mechanisms, and consider the *charkha*. There are no ball bearings; there is not even a nail. The spinning wheel symbolizes what Gandhi calls 'the proletarianism of science'."

It was useless for me to protest that I had a deadline to meet, that this very evening a package of film must be at the airport to be placed on a certain transoceanic plane that would be met at the airfield in New York, rushed to the *Life* photo lab, processed through the night, and in the morning, a scant fortyeight hours after the taking of the photograph, finished prints of the Mahatma at his spinning wheel would be lying on the *Life* editor's desk.

As the secretary became more involved in his oratory, I grew desperate. "The *charkha* illustrates a major tenet of Gandhi's. When individually considered, man is insignificant, even like a drop of water; but in the mass, he becomes mighty and powerful like the ocean."

"You will make me drop photography and take up spinning." I said politely, wondering when we could get back to the appointment.

"That is just what I wish to do," said Gandhi's secretary....

"How long does it take to learn to spin?" I asked wearily.

"Ah," said the secretary, "that depends upon one's quotient of intelligence."

I found myself begging for a spinning lesson.

"I must compose editorials for Gandhiji's weekly magazine *Harijan*," said the secretary. "I have a deadline to meet. Come back again next Tuesday."

Somehow I persuaded Gandhi's secretary that my spinning lesson must start this very afternoon. It embarrassed me to see how clumsy I was at the spinning wheel, constantly entangling myself. It did not help my opinion of my own I.Q. to see how often and how awkwardly I broke the thread. I began to appreciate as never

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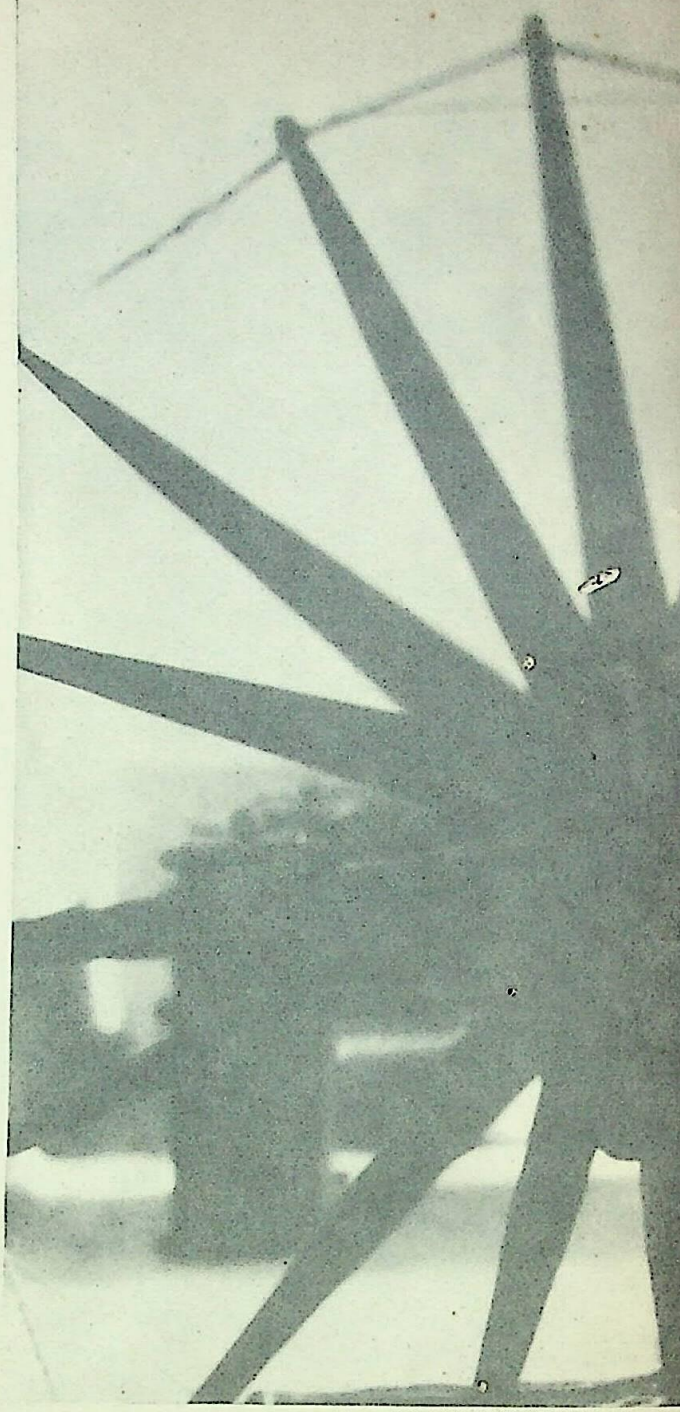
before the machine age, with its ball bearings and steel parts, and maybe an occasional nail.

Finally, my instructor decided I could spin well enough to be brought into the presence of the Mahatma. There were two injunctions I must faithfully follow. I must not speak to the Mahatma, as this was Monday, his day of silence. And I must not use any form of artificial light, as Gandhi disliked it. I could see from the outside that Gandhi's hut was going to be very dark indeed (a perfect job for Tri-X and souped-up developers, which then we did not have.) I pleaded with Gandhi's secretary to allow me some lighting equipment, and finally he allotted me three peanut flashbulbs.

I found the inside of the hut even darker than I had anticipated. A single beam of daylight shone from a little high window directly into my lens and into my eyes as well. I could scarcely see to compose the picture, but when my eyes became accustomed to the murky shadows, there sat the Mahatma, crosslegged, a spidery figure with long, wiry legs, a bald head and spectacles. Could this be the man who was leading his people to freedom—the little old man in a loin cloth who had kindled the imagination of the world? I was filled with an emotion as close to awe as a photographer can come.

He sat in complete silence on the floor; the only sound was a little rustling from the pile of newspaper clippings he was reading. And beside him was that spinning wheel I had heard so much about. I was grateful that he would not speak to me, for I could see it would take all the attention I had to overcome the halation from that wretched window just over his head.

Gandhi pushed his clippings aside, and pulled his spinning wheel closer. He started to spin, beautifully, rhythmically and with a fine nimble hand. I set off the first of the three flashbulbs. It was quite plain from the span of time from the click of the shutter to the flash of the bulb that my equipment was not synchronizing properly. The heat and moisture of India had affected all my equipment; nothing seemed to work. I decided to hoard my two remaining flashbulbs, and take a few time exposures. But this I had to abandon when my tripod "froze" with one leg at its minimum and two at their maximum length.



Before risking the second flashbulb, I checked the apparatus with the utmost care. When Gandhi made a most beautiful movement as he drew the thread, I pushed the trigger and was reassured by the sound that everything had worked properly. Then I noticed that I had forgotten to pull the slide.

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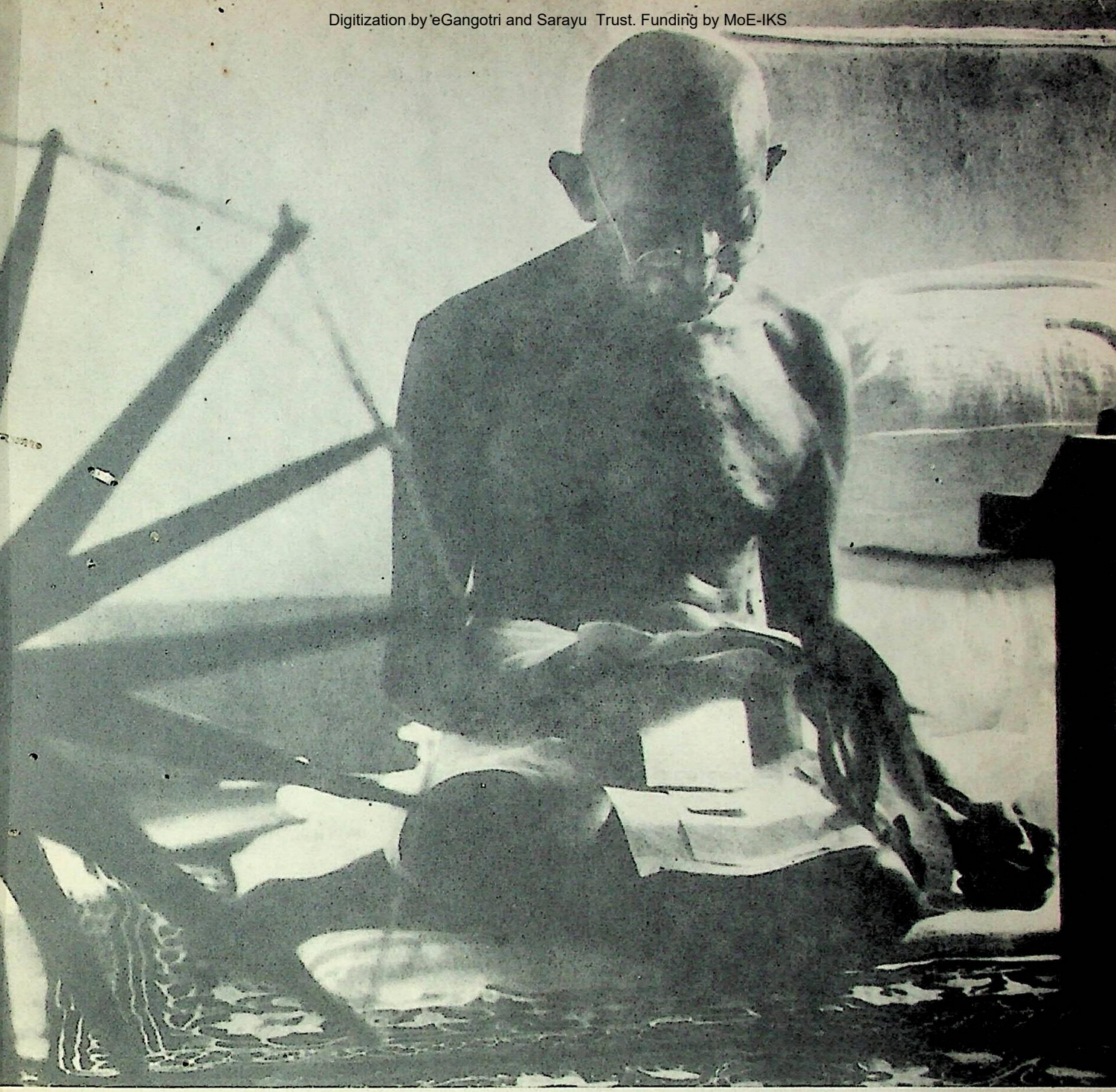

Gandhi with charkha *at an* ashram *in Poona.*

I hazarded the third peanut, and it worked. I threw my arms around the rebellious equipment and stumbled out into the daylight quite unsold on the machine age. Spinning wheels could take priority over cameras any time.

The secretary was waiting outside, all smiles. I had been in the "presence." I belonged. He asked graciously if I would like to see a demonstration of spinning on Gandhi's own personal spinning wheel—the portable one he carried when he traveled.

"I would enjoy that very much," I replied. I enjoyed it even more than I had anticipated, for, in the middle of the secretary's demonstra-

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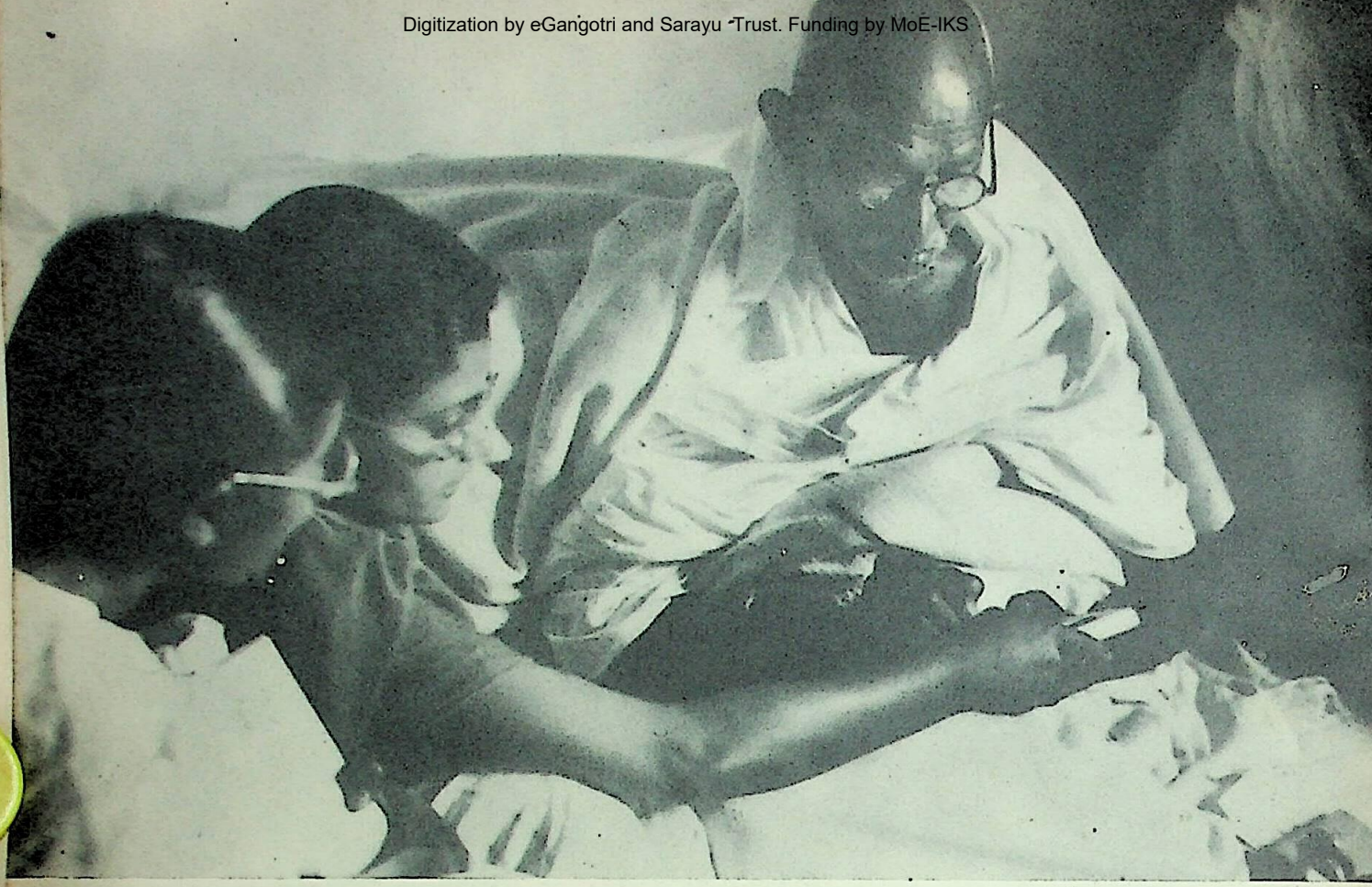

Immediately after having broken his five-day-long fast (121 hours and 30 minutes), Gandhi edits his first message. As Dr. E. Stanley Jones wrote on this occasion, "A passage was read from the Gita *and the* Koran; *the hymn "When I survey the Wondrous Cross" was sung, and a glass of orange juice was handed him."*

tion, the spinning wheel fell to pieces. That made me feel better about the machine age.

This was the first of many occasions on which I photographed the Mahatma. Gandhi, who loved a little joke, had his own nickname for me. Whenever I appeared on the scene with camera and flashbulbs, he would say, "There's the Torturer again." But it was said with affection.

As time went on, I saw this incident of the spinning wheel in a different light. Translated into the many situations a photographer must meet, the rule set up by Gandhi's secretary was a good one: if you want to photograph a man spinning, give some thought to why he spins. Understanding, for a photographer, is as important as the equipment he uses. I have always believed what goes on, unseen, in back of the lens is just as important as what goes on in front of it. In the case of Gandhi, the spinning wheel was laden with meaning.

I went back home with my pictures and my impressions, and as usual after one of these big trips, I started writing a book. The work in India had been a most stimulating part of my life. It was an inspiration to have such a vast subject spread on an enormous canvas and peopled with such extraordinary personalities. Trying to understand this complex country so I could make it clear to others called out everything I had to give.

This book had not followed the course of my other books, where things usually got somewhat easier as I went along. I wrote half a book. Then, all at once, I saw what the trouble was. I just did not know enough to write a book about India, and I arranged to send myself back.

Just before my departure, religious violence in India and Pakistan again broke into the news. Independence, apparently, wasn't going too smoothly. *Life* commissioned me to do a

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story on the great exchange of populations and the new nation of Pakistan. And, at the last moment, CBS engaged me to do some live broadcasts, all this fitted in perfectly with my plans. And back I went....

The terrible chain of events stirred Gandhi, in Delhi, to action of his own nonviolent kind. He chose a weapon which was peculiarly Asian, and had brought him spectacular successes in the past. He announced at the prayer meeting that he would undertake a fast directed against the savageries of religious warfare.

This would be the sixteenth fast of Gandhi's life. He was now seventyeight. This fast could be his last. The previous fifteen had been directed against the British Government, but this fast was against the inadequacies of the new all-Indian government, which he had done so much to create. Being a Hindu himself, Gandhi found it intolerable that other Hindus should be massacring the Moslem minority. When Hindu refugees began storming Moslem mosques in Delhi, throwing out Moslem worshipers and moving their own families into these holy places, Gandhi felt the moment for action had come.

With this sixteenth fast, Gandhi was launching the hardest battle of his life—the battle to conquer inner hatreds. His method of nonviolence had led his people to independence. Now he was faced with the more difficult task of winning tolerance and unity.

It is difficult for a Westerner to understand the significance of a fast. I called on Pandit Nehru, who I was sure could help me understand. "Voluntary suffering," said Nehru, "has great effect on the Indian mind. Gandhi is a kind of sentinel who stands apart. The fast does two things: it introduces a sense of urgency to the problem, and forces people to think out of the rut—to think afresh."

Next morning, there was a little ceremony for which Gandhi's closest followers gathered. I was within arm's length of the Mahatma while he took his last mouthful of boiled beans, his last sip of goat's milk, and placed on the cot in front of him his famous dollar watch. The hands pointed to 11. The fast had formally begun. Some of his women followers began to cry.

Many people came to prayers that night in the garden, and waited in uneasy silence for Gandhi to speak. He began talking very simply about the reasons for the fast—how all people deserved equal protection and equal freedom of religious worship, and emphasized that there must be no retaliation against acts of violence. "How long will you fast?" I asked Gandhi. "Until I am satisfied that people of all religions in India mix like brothers and move without fear; otherwise, my fast can never end."

As he talked, I thought, it is really himself he has on trial. He has a religious position of his own to defend—his belief in the brotherhood of man, which is just as essential to Hinduism as it is to Christianity. His whole philosophy of nonviolence is at stake. He is pitting all the strength left in his thin, wiry body against the spirit of hate consuming his country. One could sense his power to call on the people's inner strengths, for he was closer to the soul of India than any other man. I believe that everyone who went to prayers that night had a feeling that greatness hovered over the frail little figure talking so earnestly in the deepening twilight. "I am not alone," were his closing words. "Because although there is darkness on the way, God is with me."

During the tense days that followed, the Mahatma became too weak to go to prayers in the garden. The people were clamoring for a sight of Gandhiji, and one day they were allowed to line up by twos and file through the garden at the back of Birla House, where Gandhi was staying. The doors of the porch were open. Gandhi's cot had been set between them, and on it lay the little old man, asleep.

I find it hard to describe my feelings at seeing this frail little figure lying there, with the silent, reverent people filing by. It would be impossible to imagine such a thing in America—a prominent person asleep and yet on exhibition to his public. There is an extraordinary amount of personal intimacy in the attitude of Indians towards their leaders. I have never seen it in any other country....

On the sixth day of the fast, early in the morning, I went to Birla House and learned from Gandhi's happy followers that the Mahatma had received what they called a "spate" of telegrams. At exactly eleven o'clock Gandhi broke his fast. It was a moving experience to be there and see the people laughing and crying for joy.

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Gandhi lay smiling on his mattress on the floor, clutching some peace telegrams in his long, bony hands. I jumped up to a high desk and got my camera into action. Gandhi's daughter-in-law rushed in with a tall glass of fruit juice, and he kissed her. Then Pandit Nehru, who was sitting by his side, made a little ceremony of holding Gandhi's glass of orange juice for him.

Then the women followers flocked in carrying trays of orange slices, which Gandhi blessed. This was *prasad*, food offered to God. The women passed the fruit platters to the crowd even handing up bits of orange to me, where I stood taking pictures, so that the foreigner, too, could share in the gift offered to God.

On January 29, I had reached my last day in India, and on this final day I had arranged a special treat for myself—an interview with Gandhi—because although I had photographed him many times, and we had exchanged scraps of conversation with one another, I had never had a chance to sit down and talk with him quietly.

I found Gandhi seated on a cot in the garden, with his spinning wheel in front of him. He put on a big straw hat when I arrived, to keep the sun out of his eyes. It was a hat someone had brought him from Korea, and he tied it at a gay angle under his chin. I told Gandhi that this was my last day, and explained that I was writing a book on India, and wanted to have a talk with him before I went home.

"How long have you been working on this book?"

"It's almost two years now."

"Two years is too long for an American to work on a book," said Gandhiji, laughing. He began to spin, as he always did during interviews.

My first question seemed a rather silly one at the time; later, it seemed almost prophetic "Gandhiji," I said, "you have always stated that you would live to be a hundred and twenty-five years old. What gives you that hope ?"

His answer was startling. "I have lost the hope."

I asked him why. "Because of the terrible happenings in the world. I can no longer live in darkness and madness. I cannot continue. . ." He paused, and I waited. Thoughtfully, he picked up a strand of cotton, gave it a twist and ran it into the spinning wheel. "But if I am needed," he went on in his careful English, "rather, I should say, if I am commanded, then I shall live to be a hundred and twentyfive years old.". . . .

I turned to the topic which I had most wanted to discuss with Gandhiji. I began speaking of the weight with which our new and terrible nuclear knowledge hangs over us, and of our increasing fear of a war which would destroy the world. Holding in our hands the key to the ultimate in violence, we might draw some guidance, I hoped, from the apostle of non-violence.

As we began to speak of these things, I became aware of a change in my attitude toward Gandhi. No longer was this merely an odd little man in a loin cloth, with his quaint ideas about bullock-cart culture and his vague social palliatives—certain of which I rejected. I felt in the presence of a new and greater Gandhi. My deepening appreciation of Gandhi began when I saw the power and courage with which he led the way in the midst of chaos.

I asked Gandhi whether he believed America should stop manufacturing the atom bomb. Unhesitatingly, he replied, "Certainly America should stop." Of course, when I had this talk with Gandhi, the atom bomb was not yet obsolete, nor had the hysteria of nuclear testing swept around the world. Gandhi went on to stress the importance of choosing righteous paths, whether for a nation or for a single man; for bad means could never bring about good ends. He spoke thoughtfully, haltingly, always with the most profound sincerity. As we sat there in the thin winter sunlight, he spinning, and I jotting down his words, neither of us could know that this was to be one of the last —perhaps his very last—messages to the world.

Since that momentous day, many people have asked me whether one knew when in Gandhi's presence that this was an extraordinary man. The answer is yes. One knew. And never had I felt it more strongly than on this day, when the inconsistencies that had troubled me dropped away, and Gandhi began to probe at that dreadful problem which had overwhelmed us all.

I asked Gandhiji how he would meet the atom bomb. Would he meet it with non-violence? "Ah," he said, "How shall I answer that? I would meet it by prayerful action."

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I asked what form that action would take.

"I will not go underground. I will not go into shelters. I will go out and face the pilot so he will see I have not the face of evil against him."

He turned back to his spinning, and I was tempted to ask, "The pilot would see all that at his altitude?" But Gandhi sensed my silent question.

"I know the pilot will not see our faces from his great height, but that longing in our hearts that he should not come to harm would reach up to him, and his eyes would be opened. Of those thousands who were done to death in Hiroshima, if they had died with that prayerful action—died openly with that prayer in their hearts—then the war would not have ended as disgracefully as it has. It is a question now whether the victors are really victors or victims ...of our own lust...and omission." He was speaking very slowly, and his words had become toneless and low. "The world is not at peace." His voice had sunk almost to a whisper. "It is still more dreadful than before."

I rose to leave, and folded my hands together in the gesture of farewell which Hindus use. But Gandhiji held out his hand to me and shook hands cordially in Western fashion. We said good-bye, and I started off. Then something made me turn back. His manner had been so friendly. I stopped and looked over my shoulder, and said, "Goodbye, and good luck." Only a few hours later, on his way to evening prayers, this man who believed that even the atom bomb should be met with nonviolence was struck down by revolver bullets.

I was only a few blocks away when the assassin's bullet was fired. News travels with lightning swiftness in India, and in a few minutes, I was back at Birla House. Thousands of people were already pressing toward the scene of the tragedy. The rush was so great, I could hardly reach the door, but the guards recognized me and helped me through. In the next moment, I was in the room where Gandhi, dead less than an hour, lay on a mattress in a corner on the floor. His head was cradled lovingly in the lap of his secretary; the devoted little grandnieces and daughters-in-law who had always surrounded him in life clustered around him now as he lay in his last sleep.

I remembered the joyful moment when he had broken his fast only ten days earlier in this very room. I had stood in this very spot and watched him smile up from this same mattress. Then everyone had been laughing for joy. Now they were silent and stunned. Few people even wept. The only sound was the endless chanting of the *Gita* by the women followers who sat along the edge of the mattress and swayed to the rhythmic recitations of the "Song of God," always sung at the death of a Hindu. The women kneeling along the mattress were beating their hands softly to the rhythm of the prayer.

Suddenly into the numbness of that grief-filled room came the incongruous tinkle of broken glass. The glass doors and windows were giving way from the pressure of the crowds outside, straining wildly for one last look at their Mahatma, even in death. No one expected Mahatmaji would die, even during the fast and when the homemade bomb was exploded during prayers. And now that death had come, the sense of personal loss was almost beyond endurance.

I pressed my way through the grief-stricken crowd to the garden path where Gandhiji had met his end. The place was marked off with a humble little line of sticks, and a large and very ordinary tin can about the size of a large jam tin had been put down to indicate the exact spot where he fell. Already a radiance hung over the spot. Someone had marked the place with a candle. And kneeling around it were men and women of all religions, just as Gandhiji would have had it. United in deepest sorrow, they were reverently scooping up into their handkerchiefs small handfuls of the blood-stained earth to carry away and preserve.

I was swept by the crowd back to the gates, and there I found Nehru speaking. Once more, he had climbed up on the gatepost of Birla House to address the people. "The great light is extinguished," he said. "Mahatmaji is gone, and darkness surrounds us all. I have no doubt he will continue to guide us from the borders of the Great Beyond, but we shall never be able to get that solace which we got by running to him for advice on every difficulty."

At this point, Nehru broke down and wept openly on his gatepost, and the crowd wept with him. Then he made a supreme effort to speak a final sentence. "We can best serve the spirit of Gandhiji by dedicating ourselves to the ideals

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for which he lived, and the cause for which he died."

All through that terrible night, people gathered in hushed groups in the streets. In the morning, I would have pictures to take, and broadcasts to think of. But this night, I gave myself over to walking the streets, sharing the shock and sorrow of the crowds. Within hours, the police had captured the assassin, Nathuram Vinayak Godse, a fanatical Brahmin, editor of a Hindu Mahasabha weekly in Poona. Later he would be given the death penalty. But to those masses of bereaved people, it was not merely one misguided individual who had murdered their Gandhiji, but an impersonal force that had dealt out death.

In this, they were very right. It was no accident that Gandhi was done away with by a fellow Hindu—one of those who stood for all that was worst and most rabid in the religion, just as Gandhi stood for all that was broadest and best.

By dawn, the lawn and gardens of Birla House and all streets leading into it were flooded with people. By the thousands they swirled through the Birla gates until they crushed in an indivisible mass against the house. And still they came, beating against the walls of the house in surging waves of mourning humanity. I doubt if there has ever been a scene like it. Certainly there has been none in my experience. The house, with its concrete terraces, was like a rocky island, holding its precious burden high above the sea of grief. Laid out on the roof of the terrace was the figure of Gandhi, tranquil and serene.

The morning sunlight lent a special radiance to the coarsely woven homespun which draped his body. He was carried down, placed on a flower-laden bier and covered with the yellow, white and green flag of the new free India. Then, that greatest of all processions began to move toward the sacred burning ground on the bank of the River Jumna. The human stream gathered to itself all the tributaries of the countryside. It grew and grew until it was a mighty river miles long, and a mile wide, draining toward the shore of the sacred river. People covered the entire visible landscape until they reached the sacred banks. I never before had photographed or even imagined such an ocean of human beings.

Somehow I managed to get to the center of the dense, mourning throng, where the funeral pyre of sandalwood logs had been lighted. Occasionally I could catch a glimpse of the three Hindu priests kindling the fire and scattering perfumed chips on the blaze. Then a glimpse of Nehru's haggard face as he stood by the edge of the bier. Twilight was coming. The flames were rising high into the sky. All through the night, the people would watch until the flames burned down to embers.

The curtain was falling on the tragic last act. The drama I had come to India to record had run its course. I had shared some of India's greatest moments. Nothing in all my life has affected me more deeply, and the memory will never leave me. I had seen men die on the battlefield for what they believed in, but I had never seen anything like this: one Christlike man giving his life to bring unity to his people

Gandhi's funeral bier. (Jawaharlal Nehru, left, near pillar; Earl Louis Mountbatten, right, back to camera, white hat.)

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I must reduce myself to zero. So long as man does not of his own free will put himself last among his fellow creatures, there is no salvation for him. *Ahimsa* is the farthest limit of humility.

—*Gandhi*

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american tributes to Gandhi winter, 1948-49

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TRIBUTES IN BRIEF

The United States has been shocked by the tragic news of the passing of Mahatma Gandhi, and shares with India a heavy burden of sorrow and loss. In his devotion to tolerance and the brotherhood of man, the Mahatma was one of those rare spokesmen for the conscience of all mankind. The sense of bereavement felt in this country evidences the close ties between the peoples of the United States and India.

—General George C. Marshall
Secretary of State

The assassination of Gandhi is a world tragedy because it deprives his millions of followers of the spiritual leadership which he has given them through the years. It removes from the world by cowardly act a powerful force for world peace. Gandhi was essentially a man of peace and inspite of his advanced age was still devoting his entire life to that cause.

—Governor Earl Warren
State of California
(Former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court)

The wanton deed which took Gandhi from the world was such a cruel blow against the forces of good in the world that we are all mourners with his own immediate people. But if we really cherish his nobility and understand his significance, we owe the exertion of our will and the integrity of our purposes to be dedicated to the ends of human brotherhood for which he so signally gave his life enduringly to mankind.

—Justice Felix Frankfurter
U. S. Supreme Court

Nothing more revolting has occurred in the history of the modern world than the senseless assassination of this venerable man. He had come through time and the circumstances of his oftrepeated ideologies to be regarded as the very symbol and hypothesis of peace. That he should die by violence is one of those bitter anachronisms that seems to refute all logic.

In the evolution of civilization, if it is to survive, all men cannot fail eventually to adopt his belief that the process of mass application of force to resolve contentious issues is fundamentally not only wrong but contains within itself the germs of self destruction.

Gandhiji, however, was one of those prophets who lived far ahead of the times.

—General Douglas MacArthur
Commander-in-Chief, Allied Forces in Japan

Like the great men of all ages, his death has released him from certain physical restrictions which in life confined him. Thus it has been possible for his enduring personality to become an international heritage. The most fitting tribute to his memory today would be a rededication of all of us to the cause of world peace and unity to which he devoted his life.

—Hon. Loy Henderson
U. S. Ambassador to India

The world is a better world for his having lived, but the greatness of this extraordinary man will not die with him. The spirit of Mahatma Gandhi will live and grow and his influence will increase with the years. A great human spirit lives on though his body has returned to dust.

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Like any great man, he does not belong to India alone. He belongs to all of us everywhere and the one consolation we can take from this tragedy is that his influence and the force of his spiritual personality will be greater now than they were when he lived.

All differences between men and nations can be reconciled. If the spirit is there, the way can always be found. As our own great martyr to world peace, Franklin Roosevelt, said on one occasion, "It is the spirit, sir, that matters." It is the spirit of Mahatma Gandhi, his ideals and dedication to peace everywhere—a peace based on the love of man for man—that matters.

—Dr. Henry Grady
First U. S. Ambassador to India

Gandhiji was one of the deathless few across the centuries, who have lifted human character to immortal authority ... who made humility and simple truth more powerful than empires...

—Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg,
Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee

Mahatma Gandhi won honor and esteem in all America as a world leader for peace. Devoted intensely to the welfare and progress of his own people, he yet never wavered from the principles of peace in quest of selfish national advantage. Ever true to his own noble heritage, he was the benefactor of all mankind. His life was a career of service to a cause which always has had too few disciples in the hot, throbbing highways of our work-a-day world. He lived the great rule that a soft answer turneth away wrath.

—Joseph W. Martin, Jr.,
Ex-Speaker, House of Representatives, Washington

In the life and death of Mahatma Gandhi we have seen reenacted in our time the supreme drama of humanity. Gandhi was a political leader and he was a seer, and perhaps never before on so grand a scale has anyone sought to shape the course of events in the world as it is by the example of a spirit which was not of the world as it is.

Gandhi was a political leader transformed in the renewing of his mind. He was not "conformed to this world," yet he sought to govern turbulent masses of men who were still very much conformed to this world and have not been transformed.

He died by violence as he was staking his life in order to set the example of nonviolence.

—Walter Lippmann
Political Affairs Analyst, Author, Social Philosopher

A great warm light has been extinguished with the death of Gandhi. Gandhi died as he lived, seeking through understanding, compassion, and love to absolve the ignorant bigoted, and self-seeking. His convincing gospel saved men inspite of themselves. His spirit reached for the stars and sought to win a world without gun or bayonet or blood. Out of his love of God and his fellow-men, he forged a political weapon. He glorified the chains and jails of his captors into the shining ornaments of martyrdom. Mahatma Gandhi cannot die, his spirit is free to stir men's souls in every corner of the earth. As we, mothers of the earth, stand in awesome fear of the roar of jetplanes, the crash of atom bombs, and the unknown horrors of germ warfare, we must turn our eyes in hope to the East where the sun of the Mahatma blazes.

—Mrs. Mary Bethune
American Negro Leader

In a taxi in New York City, a schoolteacher remarked, "Well, Gandhi's gone," and the driver turned in real pain and said, "Yeh, they even had to get that little guy."

People all over the planet who laughed at the faraway brown man in the white loincloth suddenly realized that he had penetrated deeply into their consciousness.

—Clare and Harris Wofford, Jr.

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The objects that Gandhi used every day are now resting on his mat in Birla House on February 4. Gandhi's bed is in the same place where I took it during his fast and death. On it, his remains in the vase, his spinning wheel, his hat and Gita. *Complete silence and solitude. Just one family member or friend stay in turn.*

—Henri Cartier-Bresson,
French photographer, February 1948.

GANDHI

Violence killed Good.
But Violence dies.
The pure, the martyred blood
Speaks to the skies.

Violence slew peace.
And through all ages hence
Men shall not cease
To Mourn this Violence.

The Silence knows.
The sacred river flows.
The light that was the Savior
Grows and grows and grows....

—*William Rose Benet*
American Poet and Critic (1886-1950)

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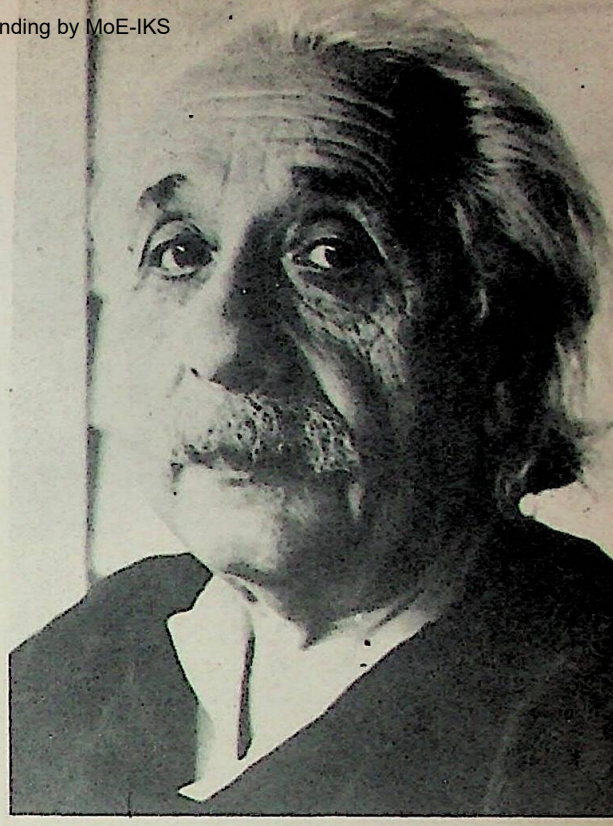
ON PEACE — AND GANDHI



ALBERT EINSTEIN

Albert Einstein, at his death in 1955, left the world in general and physics in particular vastly changed. A native German, he perceived the potential horror of the political situation in 1932, and emigrated to the United States, where he joined the Institute of Advanced Study in Princeton, New Jersey. He became a U.S. citizen in 1940, and remained at Princeton for the rest of his life.

Throughout the Forties and the Fifties, Einstein was regarded as an important and much listened-to-public figure. He cherished a life of privacy and simplicity, but his interest in social problems, his fame, and his wisdom nevertheless gave him a wider and attentive following. Not unlike Gandhi in many ways, he believed in a "world of simplicity and harmony, which can only be created if people act according to principles founded on experience and consciously clear thinking. His character as revealed through his actions was of noble simplicity. He was full of benevolence, integrity, and humour." Einstein once summed up his general outlook toward the world by saying* "Raffiniert ist der Herrgott. Aber boshaft ist er nicht. (*God is noble. But he is not malicious.*")

His main achievements were in physics—the Theory of Relativity has become synonymous with his name—but to many men he was a passionate and active spokesman for social justice and responsibility.

Everyone concerned with a better future for mankind must be deeply moved by the tragic death of Gandhi. He died a victim of his own principle, the principle of nonviolence. He died because, in a time of disorder and general unrest in his country, he refused any personal armed protection. It was his unshakable belief that the use of force is an evil in itself, to be shunned by those who strive for absolute justice.

To this faith he devoted his whole life, and with this faith in his heart and mind he led a great nation to its liberation. He demonstrated that the allegiance of men can be won, not merely by the cunning game of political fraud and trickery, but through the living example of a morally exalted way of life.

* Nandor Laszlo Balazs, Research Associate, Enrico Fermi Institute of Nuclear Studies, University of Chicago.

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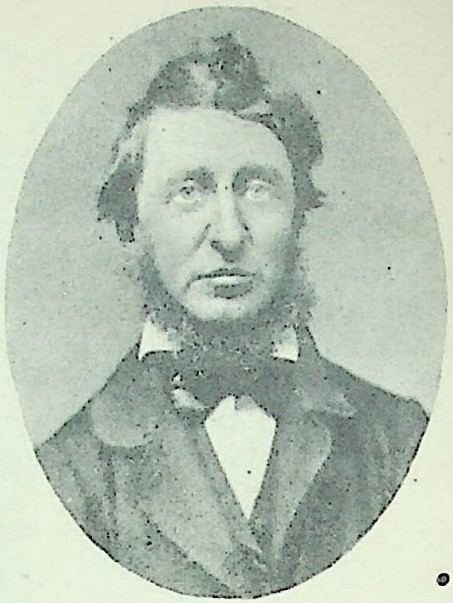
The veneration in which Gandhi has been held throughout the world rests on the recognition, for the most part unconscious, that in our age of moral decay he was the only statesman who represented that higher conception of human relations in the political sphere to which we must aspire with all our powers. We must learn the difficult lesson that the future of mankind will only be tolerable when our course, in world affairs as in all other matters, is based upon justice and law rather than the threat of naked power, as has been true so far.

Gandhi, the greatest political genius of our time, indicated the path to be taken. He gave proof of what sacrifice man is capable once he has discovered the right path. His work on behalf of India's liberation is living testimony to the fact that man's will, sustained by an indomitable conviction, is more powerful than material forces that seem insurmountable.

On the whole, I believe that Gandhi held the most enlightened views of all the political men in our times. We should strive to do things in his spirit: not to use violence in fighting for our case and to refrain from taking part in anything we believe as evil.

Revolution without the use of violence was the method by which Gandhi brought about the liberation of India. It is my belief that the problem of bringing peace to the world on a supranational basis will be solved only by employing Gandhi's method on a large scale.

...I have been a pacifist all my life and regard Gandhi as the only truly great political figure of our age.



I have never read anything by Thoreau, nor am I acquainted with his life history. There are, and have been many, although not enough, people of independent moral judgement who considered it their duty to resist evil even when it was sanctioned by state laws. It may well be that Thoreau has in some way influenced Gandhi's thought. But it should not be forgotten that Gandhi's development resulted from extraordinary intellectual and moral forces in combination with political ingenuity and a unique situation. I think that Gandhi would have been Gandhi even without Thoreau and Tolstoy.

Generations to come will scarce believe that such a one as this ever in flesh and blood walked upon this earth.

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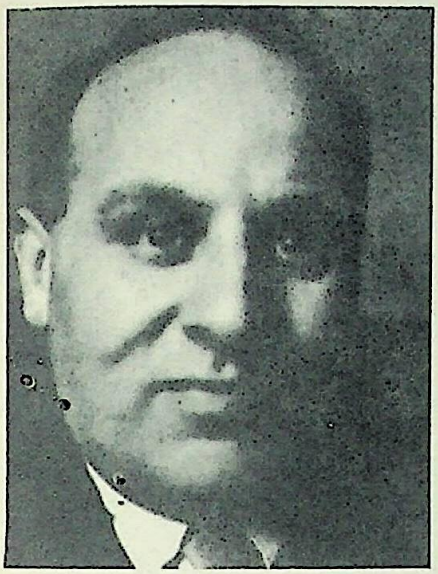

DEATH OF A MAN

MAURICE J. GOLDBLOOM

Maurice J. Goldbloom has been a freelance journalist since 1945, at which time he was associate editor of the magazine Common Sense. *A frequent contributor to* Commentary, Christian Century, Commonweal, Reporter, The New York Times, The Washington Post, *and* The Christian Science Monitor, *his most recent book is* American Security and Freedom.

In 1948, when Mr. Goldbloom wrote the following essay upon the occasion of Gandhi's death, the editors of Commentary *magazine, in which it appeared, wrote: "In times when the month-by-month march of events is of such a character as to give little comfort to the hopes of men in general, and perhaps of Jews in particular, it is the thankless but necessary task of the writer of this department to winnow out the facts from the welter of belief, propaganda, actuality, and emotion that constitutes present-day public information and opinion. Maurice J. Goldbloom has had many years of experience as a news analyst, and brings to his work of appraisal here a rich store of knowledge in modern history and international affairs."*

Mohandas Gandhi lay dead, and the world was a poorer place. He had embodied, as perhaps no other statesman had, mankind's will to an order based not on force, but on justice. At any time, and under any circumstances, his death would have brought a sense of immediate personal tragedy to hundreds of millions, in his own and other lands. True, one knew that at seventynine he had already survived three times the average span of life among his countrymen. Even his jesting statements that he would live to the age of a hundred and forty could not erase the consciousness that he, who had surmounted so many human frailties, was subject to the ultimate one. But though one one could never fully accept it. For he was too much needed.

Yet even Gandhi's death, at a time when he seemed to stand almost alone as a bulwark against the outbreak of unchecked slaughter, was less terrifying than the manner of it. The death by an assassin's bullet of this man, who had sought no man's harm and every man's good, seemed to challenge the assumptions on which the existence of a rational society was possible, and to call upon every man to examine himself for the roots of the evil which had flowered and threatened the moral security of all. For Gandhi died because of his virtues, not in spite of them, and at the hands of one whom he had benefited, not injured. Nor was

* "Death of a Man," by Maurice J. Goldbloom. COMMENTARY, March 1948. Reprinted from COMMENTARY, by permission. Copyright 1948 by the American Jewish Committee.

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his assassin acting in the darkness of ignorance, for he was an educated man—as were those who devised Maidanek, and those others who defended lynching in the halls of the United States Congress. But, at the same time, Gandhi's life offered testimony to the power of love and truth. For without arms and in all humility, he had humbled the armed might of a proud empire. He had made his voice heard among fratricidal mobs, and they had desisted from mutual slaughter. He had been gentle with the weak and lowly, and stern with the exalted and those in the seats of the mighty, and both had loved and followed him. He had reached through prison bars to embrace his jailors, and had made them his friends and admirers. And his death was mourned, not only by those he had liberated and served, but by those from whom he had freed them.

The work of Gandhi, like that of any statesman, could not be fully judged until long after his death. How much of it would stand, and how much be swept away, remained to be seen. So, too, did the extent to which it might be necessary in the light of the future to alter the direction of his building. But, whatever might come, he had never worked with methods which were in any measure self-defeating. And in this he was alone among the leaders of his time.

For the moment, Gandhi in death seemed even more powerful than he had been in life. The preachers of communal hate, against whom he had fought and who had been responsible for his death, shrank back before the force of the popular reaction to his murder. The secret armed societies which had been arousing and conducting internecine strife were outlawed by a hitherto hesitant government, and their leaders arrested. The leading communal groups, partly from fear of public resentment and partly because they were genuinely shocked by the realization of what their activities had led to, announced their voluntary dissolution or withdrawal from politics. Prime Minister Jawahar Lal Nehru and the Indian Socialists, who had consistently fought against communalism, found themselves strengthened.

The struggle which Gandhi had conducted for Indian freedom was over, and he had lived long enough to know at least the triumph of that achievement. The struggle, even more absorbing to him, for human brotherhood, was still and would long be unwon.

When Americans come and ask me what service they can render, I tell them: If you dangle your millions before us, you will make beggars of us and demoralize us. But in one thing I do not mind being a beggar. I would beg of you your scientific talent. You can ask your engineers and agricultural experts to place their services at our disposal. They must not come to us as our lords and masters but as voluntary workers.

—Gandhi

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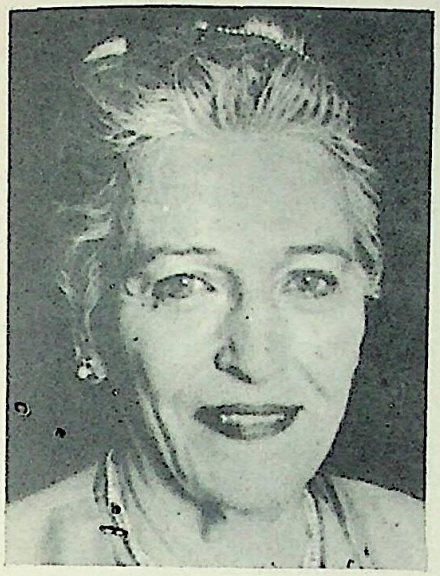

SHOULD GANDHI'S ASSASSIN BE KILLED?

PEARL S. BUCK

Pearl Buck, daughter of missionaries in China, has long been a friend, interpreter and spokesman for the Far East. In her autobiography, My Several Worlds, *she writes that as a result of her early education—with lessons from her American mother in the morning and from a Chinese tutor in the afternoon—she became "mentally bifocal." Her ability to look clearly at two cultures and to understand and appreciate them has enriched her work as a writer and as a leader in the course of East-West relations.*

The first American woman to win a Nobel Prize in Literature (principally for the biographies of her mother and father), she is the author of one of the most popular novels of the twentieth century, The Good Earth *(for which she won the Pulitzer Prize in 1931) and more than 40 other volumes of fiction and nonfiction. She has also written a large number of books for children, who continue to be the principal object of her energies and concerns.*

In 1949, Miss Buck founded Welcome House, a non-profit organization for the care and adoption of American-born children of Asian ancestory. Near her home in Pennsylvania are two houses where such children have been gathered and are being brought up under the care of permanent parents. An even larger number of children have been placed by adoption in American homes in various parts of the country, under her sponsorship and guidance. Her own large family includes eight adopted children.

Miss Buck writes that, although she never met Gandhi ("my visits to India always seemed to coincide with his visits to jail"), she has been to India several times since his death.

Gandhi is dead. His ashes are scattered in the waters and over the earth of India. The indomitable frame, the fearless spirit, the long years, the high purpose, all were ended so easily. It was over in one instant. The shot of a gun and only silence is left, silence and a handful of ashes. It is no wonder that the ignorant, the stupid, the inventors of atom bombs, the generals, the captains, the sergeants, the little soldiers, are the lovers of violence. All that they fear, all that they hate, all who rebel against them, can be so easily ended. The movement of a finger upon a trigger, upon a button, a flash, a blast, and all that remain are silence and ashes. Today a million can be killed as easily as a thousand, a thousand as easily as one.

Gandhi was only one. His voice was single,

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always gentle, always reasoning. It was the voice of conscience in our turbulent life. He was right, he knew he was right, we all knew he was right. The man who killed him knew he was right. However long the follies of the violent continue, they but prove that Gandhi was right. Nonviolence is the only common-sense for human beings. We die so easily. Our bodies are soft and unprotected. The brain, the heart, the soul, are perilously lodged. We can not wait for peace to be made, for arguments to be settled, for the quarrelsomeness of selfish men to subside. Before that settlement comes, life is over. At all costs, Gandhi said, we must refuse to use violence. Resist to the very end, he said, but without violence.

To a world confusing violence with power, these words seem too simple to be true. Yet truth is always simple. Men wind confusions and entanglements because they are afraid of simple truth. But truth is not changed. It is still simple. It is more fundamental than the atom itself.

Consider the young Hindu who sits in prison today, so heavily guarded because he killed Gandhi. Is he to die or to live? If we are to take Gandhi literally, and I think he meant always to be taken literally, that man should not die by violence, even as punishment for a crime. Suppose, fantastically, that he should be released. Gandhi was often in prison, and perhaps he would not want his murderer confined. Suppose, absurdly, that the assassin went free. What would be his life? Could he escape what he has done? I think, never! Whenever he went among his own people none would receive him. He could not hide, for he would be watched for and dreaded. None would want to touch his hand, the hand that killed Gandhi. Women would fear him and children would be taught to despise him. Where could he find home and friends? There would be no place for him upon earth. He would be outcast. He would be haunted by Gandhi's own spirit. The spirit of Gandhi, in other men, working for his freedom and his safety would be his destruction or his regeneration. For this man has a conscience, or he would not have killed Gandhi. The utter goodness of Gandhi's spirit, working upon the human conscience, drives men to destroy themselves from despair—or to be born again.

The world longs for goodness. The people search for righteousness. There is no weapon, no bomb so powerful, as the force of a great good spirit. India will live and become great in our world, only as her people use this priceless force, the force of nonviolence, which the life of Gandhi exemplified for them. In that personal example was Gandhi's secret. He did what he told others to do. When people saw that this was true, they believed in him. Gandhi has done his part. It now remains for the people of India to take upon themselves his world leadership for nonviolence.

Indeed, it is the only way in which India can fulfill the promise of her greatness. Of violence the world is sick. By hatreds and quarrels we are surfeited and poisoned. The hearts of the peoples turn away from the noise of militarists and warmongers. We long for the peacemakers. No war brings peace, for violence only brings more violence. Oh, India, dare to be worthy of your Gandhi!

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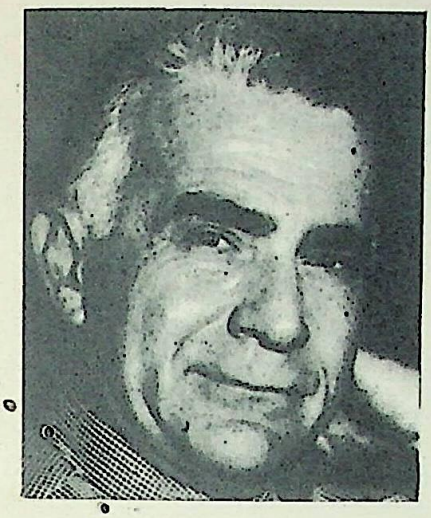

THE MESSAGE OF GANDHI

EDGAR P. SNOW

Edgar P. Snow, correspondent, author, lecturer, spent twelve years in the Far East as reporter, successively, for the Chicago Tribune, *New York* Sun, *New York* Herald *and the London* Daily Herald. *In 1941 he joined the* Saturday Evening Post *and soon became its widely quoted specialist on China, India and Russia.*

Mr. Snow was the first American correspondent to penetrate Communist China and interview and photograph its leaders. He spent many days with Mao Tse-tung, an experience which went into the making of Mr. Snow's biography of Mao, still a basic historical text. Earlier, he had covered phases of the Burmese, Indian and Indo-Chinese independence movements and established friendships with many Asian rebels. As "world correspondent" for the Saturday Evening Post, *he reported wartime and postwar events in Asia, the USSR, and Western Europe.*

Mr. Snow's books include Red Star over China; Random Notes on Red China; The Battle for Asia; People on Our Side *(a report on China, the Soviet Union and India in the early years of the Second World war) and* Stalin Must Have Peace. The Other Side of the River, *(based on a 1960 visit) was praised as "the first important eye-witness account of Red China by a serious American journalist since China went Communist." Off and on, Mr. Snow has spent many months in India. He now lives in Switzerland with his family.*

What I remember about being at Birla House the night Gandhi was killed was how much more terrible a moment it was than anyone can describe in words. A bright moon must have been out. Yet in my recollection the night was black, except for the light that shone from the room where Gandhi slept. The garden was soon crowded, but it continued empty, and the faces looked as if their owners were far off. It was the way it was when Roosevelt slipped on, in this sense. Men and women did not really grieve for the family or even for Gandhi, who died almost instantly and who through the window over the low porch could be seen lying with a face serene and peaceful. But each man mourned for something in himself left without a friend, a personal sorrow, as if fate had seized an intimate treasure that one had always assumed would be there.

Every Indian lost his father when Gandhi died. That is a plain fact, and it could never have been more so of any national hero. Yet here was something that meant more than that. This small man, so full of a large love of men, extended beyond India and beyond time. And he took the world into himself, or the part of it that felt his pull psychically or rationally or solely by the erosion of years, as in my own case. There was a mirror in the Mahatma in which everyone could see the best in himself,

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and when the mirror broke, it seemed that the thing in oneself might be fled forever. And that was what Nehru meant when his first words that night were "The light has gone out of our lives...."

It was a kind of world cry of desperation rising from all men conscious of an apocalypse that has made a rendezvous for us. A few days earlier, Gandhi had looked into me, and after gently rebuking me for something I wrote about him long ago, he had said, "You are more ready to listen to me now, I know." And I understood that he was talking about the atom bomb and the far worse bacteriological weapons, and a world arbitrarily "divided into two irreconcilable camps," that we had all got as our answer in the war he wouldn't fight....

I don't pretend to have understood Gandhi or to have moved upon the stage where I could take in the metaphysics of his philosophy or his personal dialogue with God. I am an agnostic and pragmatist, an ex-Catholic turned Taoist, a Hegelian fallen among materialists, and one who chastised the Mahatma for denying the righteous battle in 1942 and for leading his "open rebellion" against our allies, the British. For years I had felt out of sympathy with him. Yet even in this dull clod, the avatar had finally struck a spark before he died, when, in my last visit, I became conscious of my size in the mirror of him, and I saw him as a giant.

I understood that day where all his power and light came from because I went to him in a chastened mood. Though it was obviously his quality and had been there all the time, it came to me as an inner discovery, and because I had never before been ready to accept it as the fresh spring of his might.

Nehru knew what the thing in Gandhi was, and he had repeated it often enough for the world to know, as Gandhi had himself. But it was all he really said when he left the Mahatma's quiet body at Birla House and came out to try to tell India what it was that she had lost.

"The greatest prayer that we can offer is to take a pledge to dedicate ourselves to the truth," he told the air, "and to the cause for which this great countryman of ours had died."

The immediate cause was Hindu-Moslem unity and the peace of men, but in the simplest and most profound reading, Gandhi died in an honest search for the truth, and, in the end, all men came to see it, and felt it shining in him. From impressions I have had of him since I first met him on the slopes of Simla in 1931, and out of the many books that have been written of him and the countless others to come, no more can be proved than that. Many seek the truth as many would become painters, or musicians, or writers, or actors, but few leave masterpieces behind as Gandhi did. He attained a genius with truth and became part of its immortality. He concentrated on eternal truths between men to the exclusion of everything else. He was a servant in abject humility before his wondrous medium, and all his teachings were faces of it.

Gandhi won national independence for more millions of people than any other leader of men, and with less bloodshed, and that was the truth. He showed the weak and the poor how to struggle without taking life, and that was the truth. He spent years in jail for the national cause, and once he helped conduct the prosecution against himself after violence occurred in a civil disobedience movement. He broke the system of indentured Indian labor in South Africa. He won respect for Indians and restored the self-respect of men who had humiliated them. He fought color and racial discrimination everywhere. And all that was the truth. He laid the foundations for a national language which would bring men close together regardless of creed, and he nursed and tended the sick and the helpless to teach men kindliness and self-sacrifice. Against 3,000 years of prejudice he raised a crusade for the human rights of 50,000,000 untouchables, and he opposed the bigotry and dogmatism and the hateful orthodoxy of the caste system with more success than any Indian since Gautama Buddha.

Gandhi never ceased to try to unite his countrymen and indeed the whole world under the homely injunctions common to all faiths: Individual perfection, tolerance, humility, love of nature (God), equality, brotherhood and cooperation. He won a host of nonviolent battles for reform. Of course, he made mistakes and took false turnings, and he was the first to impose suffering on himself when he wrongly advised others. But each of his efforts, including his last fast to prevent war, was for Gandhi some part of the truth or his endless quest for it.

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"Gandhi has an intuitive understanding of the masses that I lack," Jawaharlal Nehru once told me. The "intuition" was his grasp of certainty, the glimpses of truth which he passed on to others. And no one who went down to the bank of the Jumna to watch the cremation could doubt that it was his supreme moment of victory in the great cause he had served all his life. His apotheosis was complete, and the behavior of the crowd was part of the last act in his sacred drama.

In the middle of the flat open space running a mile wide beside the river and below the old Moghul fort and the palace of Shah Jehan, a small brick platform waited to receive him. Before the body arrived, we got past the armed guards to the pyre on which sandalwood was piled, sprinkled with oil and frankincense, myrrh and other spices. The cortege had taken four hours to wind down from New Delhi, and it was a triumphal procession accompanied by the entire cabinet and all Gandhi's comrades of the years. It reached the center of the field shortly after Lord and Lady Mountbatten and their aides had seated themselves on the grass besides the pyre. Nehru and other men stood above the body strewn with rose petals, and tenderly laid sandalwood upon him and spread ghee and honey and almond paste and perfumes over him as women filed past in the homage of *darshan* and the air filled with hymns.

We sat near the edge of the pyre, and between us and the million people was the wide space of green held open by many troops. But all at once the cordons were broken, the mass surged in upon us. It became difficult to move or breathe, and the fist of humanity thrust powerfully into our backs. The picture came into my mind of how it looked from the air. Only a tiny space where Gandhi rested, waiting to be burned, stood out from the immense masses of men pushing ever nearer the pyre the governor-general and his ladies, the pyromaniacs of the press. What a fitting end if someone had lightened the sandalwood and the whole center of the hard flower had burst into flames!

It was as if all India were desperately trying to enter Gandhi, or hold back his soul, or keep something of himself which had lived there and which now he feared to release. Troops broke in and slowly cleared a space round the pyre, so that Gandhi could go up alone in peace in a wisp of smoke that drifted across the Jumna toward the setting sun, but not before sobbing women had been dragged from him, fainting or struggling to mount the flames.

Afterward I asked myself, as every man must, whether Gandhi had really taken his mirror with him. Can anyone now apply his technique for the redemption of a world which seems bent on following his train of smoke?

Gandhi's teachings are written in monumental volume, but here I am chiefly concerned with understanding his political method and the lessons it may have for us. I think it may be fairly summarized by saying that he became an avatar for three reasons. He embodied man's need for meditation based on attainment of individual moral perfection, man's need of an effective means to achieve individual and collective reform by nonviolent action.

We have had many teachers with answers to one or two of these needs, but Gandhi was the only man in our time who combined all three in his dynamic truth with highly positive results. Yet he was humble in his consciousness of failure. A few days before he was killed, he told me that he had lately become aware that "our fight for independence was not entirely one without war."

"I was fooling myself to believe that all our actions for independence were nonviolent," he said. "But God blinded my vision, and if I really believed that we were acting nonviolently at the time, perhaps God wanted to use me for his purpose. Now I think that in reality it was nothing more than the passive resistance of the weak."

He had become acutely consciousof this distinction as a result of the post-independence conflict between the religious communities, which clearly taught him that many had never understood or followed him in spirit.

"But I think I have made a small contribution to the world," he told me in that low but curiously steady voice. "I have demonstrated that *ahimsa* (nonviolence) and *satyagraha* (soul-force or nonviolent noncooperation in its political meaning) are more than ethical principles. They can achieve practical results."

Of the three needs or truths about modern man which Gandhi personified, it was the first —the attainment of inner purity—which was

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his hardest task. But it was the foundation of all his influence with the Indian people. When Rabindranath Tagore first called him "the great soul" (Mahatma), it was in recognition of his attainment of *arya dharma*, or "the religion of the noble soul." Gandhi was a puritan, but he was not a bigot. Thus, when I asked whether it was from Hindu, Moslem, Christian, or other scriptures that he had first got his inspiration, he replied that the lesson was to be found in every great teaching, not just religious. The identity of truth with all other virtues had first struck him on reading the *Vedas*, but for him all truth was religion.

In Gandhi's teachings and writings, I think you will find no lies, no meanness, no slander, no dogmatism, no hypocrisy, no fear, no arrogance, no false pride, no hatred, no claims of infallibility. His "inner voice"—and for him, God was simply "an undefinable, mysterious power that pervades everything"—spoke gently always, and humbly, and it was the mirror in him which made bright the truth in other men and reflected and magnified it into a great light. He followed Buddha in employing the actions and arguments of love for dynamic ends.

"Speak the truth," Buddha said, "and let a man overcome anger by love; let him overcome the liar by truth."

Like Buddha, it was Gandhi's urge to liberate man which set him apart from the mass of mystics who seek only realization of self in the antisocial practice of asceticism. Many people will misinterpret him as a mere saint or crazy idealist, and he has often been so lampooned in the West. But "politics divorced from religion have absolutely no meaning for me," he said, and he demonstrated that the epigram also applied in reverse. He was a practical social reformer and, in the true dialectical sense, a great revolutionary. For Gandhi in himself was the living synthesis of good means and good ends.

Gandhi was often misunderstood, by myself among others, for his tolerance of the corrupt rich and powerful, and for his concessions to them. But on this visit to India he made me see clearly that he was always and everywhere with the oppressed and the downtrodden. Going back through his works, you won't find in retrospect that he ever compromised with wealth and power in either British or Indian hands, except for what he thought were the best interests of the people. One must comprehend Gandhi as a national leader who during most of his life served as the focus of infinitely varied and complex social forces which he had to unite for the main purpose. And once he had achieved national independence he began to throw the weight of his whole personality on the side of the progressive thesis of international reform and regeneration.

"Gandhi is always on the progressive side of things," India's Socialist leader, Jaya Prakash Narayan, told me only a few days before the murder. "Gandhi is our mightiest force against all the backward elements in Indian society."

And the world question is: Can Gandhi's technique be applied without Gandhi? Surely the first answer must come from India itself, where the master's teachings are specific and clear. No one who spoke to him in his last days and who could follow his idiom at all can doubt that he was deeply dissatisfied with the corruption in government and the failure to extirpate the weedy communal groups which were sponsoring violence and the persecution of Moslems. That the influence of these groups had even permeated the government to some degree seemed clear when Gandhi launched his last fast in protest against failure to establish Hindu-Moslem amity.

What remains to be revealed is whether the body of men and women who now shape the destiny of India can summon among themselves the collective discipline and the inner purity necessary to command the love and following which Gandhi's death left unclaimed, in order to impose the social progress and the promised justice and equality for which men believe the Mahatma died. The odds are overwhelmingly against it, yet no more so than they were when Gandhi first began his fight against the mightiest empire in history.

It is a heavy responsibility to carry before the eyes of the world, the heritage of a saint who declared himself a socialist. But if these children to whom he has now entrusted the nation can find new ways of synthesizing the needs of man, as he did in peaceful and vibrant brotherhood, the mirror may be rediscovered. Then the world may give India homage, and truth may yet rule before all men burn in the hatred and fanaticism that consumed the body of Gandhi but not the great soul.

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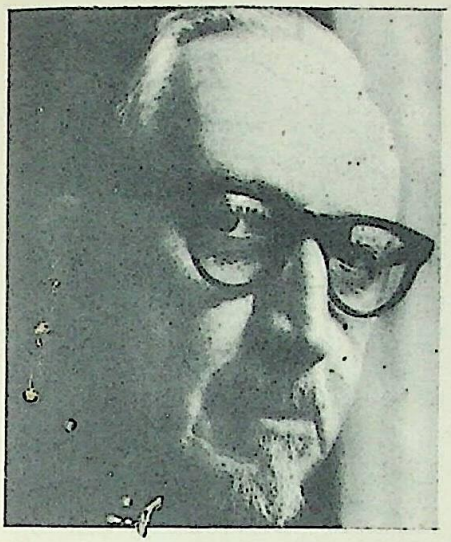

SAINTS

DWIGHT MACDONALD

Dwight Macdonald is one of America's most versatile and trenchant critics, essayists and anthologists. His critical writings and essays range from politics to movies and from philosophy to literature. He writes, reported one monthly magazine, "with wit and vigor and the kind of passion which is usually reserved for politics and religion."

Since 1951, Mr. Macdonald has been a staff writer for The New Yorker. *He has also been associate editor of* Fortune *and editor of* Partisan Review. *During the decade following World War II, he founded and edited* Politics, *a highly personalized journal of ideas that dealt with social issues of the day in a challenging, invigorating fashion. From 1956-1957, Mr. Macdonald was an editorial advisor to the English monthly,* Encounter. *He is also a frequent contributor to* Esquire *magazine. His books are* Henry Wallace; The Man and the Myth; The Root is Man; The Ford Foundation; Memoirs of a Revolutionist; *and* Against the American Grain.

Three historical events have moved me deeply of recent years: The murder of Trotsky, the atomic bombing of Hiroshima, the murder of Gandhi. That all three should be simply catastrophes—hopeless, destructive, painful—is in the style of our period. The Spanish Civil War was the last of the 19th century type of political tragedies: the fight was lost, as in 1848 or the Paris Commune, but it had been a fight; there was hope while it was going on, and defeat might be due to some temporary relation of forces; there was a basis for a future effort.

But Trotsky and Gandhi were killed not during their great time of struggle to realise "Utopian" ideals, not while they were still fighting with a hope of success, but after their ideas—or at least their tactics—had been shown by the brutal logic of events to be inadequate. They were not shot in battle. They were executed. And their executioner was not the oppressive, conservative forces they had frothed up from their own heroic struggle to liberate mankind: young fanatics representing a new order of Stalinism and of Hindu nationalism—which is hopeless, deadening, corrupting, and monstrous, but which is also, alas, partly the product of their own revolutionaries (out of power) like Trotsky and Gandhi who are killed by our modern Nihilists, while Stalin and Hitler and Zhdanov and Himmler and Mussolini and Molotov escape (unless they lose a war). Our Nihilists have terribly perverted Liebknecht's slogan: "The main Enemy is at Home." Or perhaps they are just more prudent than their 19th century ancestors. Which would be in keeping, too.

Gandhi, like Trotsky, was killed after his most profound ideas and his lifelong political activity had been rebuffed by History. But, also like

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Trotsky, he was still alive and kicking, still throwing out imaginative concepts. The ideologue was baffled, but the human being—and by this sentimental phrase I mean the acute intelligence as much as the moralist—was not through: he had plenty of inspirations and surprises in store for us. Both men were still giving, by their personal example and still more by their unwearied experimenting with general principles, some kind of meaning, of consciousness to modern political life. Their assassins killed not only two men, but also two cultures. Which makes it all the more painful.

There was obvious irony in the great pacifist being killed by a gunman. But there was also an esthetic fitness. Gandhi was the last eminent personage who insisted on dealing directly with people, reasoning with them face to face as individuals, not as crowds roped off, watched by plainclothes men, sealed safely behind bullet-proof glass. It was a matter of principle with him not to deny anyone access to him, mentally or physically. He refused all police protection. I have heard people say he was a damn fool and got what he might expect to get. They are, of course, right. Our world is so structured that the "public man" can survive only by being private, and the most dangerous thing he can do is to meet his public face to face.

Gandhi was the last political leader in the world who was a person, not a mask or a radio voice or an institution. The last on a human scale. The last for whom I felt neither fear nor contempt nor indifference but interest and affection. He was dear to me— I realize it now better than I did when he was alive—for all kinds of reasons. He believed in love, gentleness, persuasion, simplicity of manners, and he came closer to "living up to" these beliefs than most people I know—let alone most Big Shots, on whom the pressures for the reverse must be very powerful. (To me, the wonder is not that Gandhi often resorted to sophistry or flatly went back on some of his ideas, but that he was able to put into practice as many of them as he did. I speak from personal experience.) He was dear to me because he had no respect for railroads, assembly-belt production, and other knick-knacks of liberalistic progress, and insisted on examining their human (as against their metaphysical) value. Also because he was clever, humorous, lively, hardheaded, and never made speeches about Fascism, Democracy, the Common Man, or World Government. And because he had a keen nose for the concrete, homely "details" of living which make the real difference to people but which are usually ignored by everybody except poets. And finally because he was a good man, by which I mean not only "good" but also "man."

This leads into the next point. Many pacifists and others who have an ethical—and really admirable—attitude toward life are somewhat boring. Their point of view, their writing and conversation are wholly sympathetic but also a little on the dull side.

Intellectually, their ideas lack subtlety and logical structure. Ethically, they are too consistent; they don't sense the tragedy of life, the incredible difficulty of actually putting into practice an ethical concept. They have not succumbed to temptation because they have never been tempted; they are good simply because it has never occurred to them to be bad. They are, in a word, unworldly. Gandhi was not at all unworldly. He was full of humor, slyness, perversity, and—above all—practicality. Indeed, the very thing which leads people to think of him as unworldly—his ascetic ideas about diet, household economy, and sexual intercourse—seems to me to show his worldliness, or at least his imaginative grasp of The World: how could anyone be so concerned about such matters, even though in a negative sense, without a real feeling for their importance in human life, which in turn must come from a deep drive on his part toward gluttony, luxury, and sexual indulgence?

The Marxists, those monks of politics, were shocked by his intimacy with rich men like Birla and Tata, just as the Pharisees, the Trotskyists of their day, were shocked by Christ's sitting at table with bartenders. It is true that Gandhi "compromised" with the rich, those untouchables of the class struggle, living at their villas. But he also "compromised" with the poor, spending at least as much time in the "untouchable's" quarters (he constantly complains of the smells and lack of sanitation) as in the Birla Palace. In short, he practiced tolerance and love to such an extent that he seems to have regarded the capitalist as well as the garbage man as his social equal.

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THE GLARING IMPROBABILITY OF GANDHI'S DEATH

MARY McCARTHY

Mary McCarthy, novelist, essayist, and critic, has a well-earned reputation for incisive writings and opinions which often leave her admirers awestruck and her so-called enemies, or the objects of her hard-biting prose and wit, in a state of stark disarray. Her targets include any form of totalitarianism, hypocrisy, or war—in particular, the Vietnam war. Her discriminating eye and acute intelligence have brought her to the lecterns of many American universities and to the pages of the nation's leading critical journals. She acknowledges no pervasive literary influences in her development as a writer although she has made clear her admiration for Tolstoy. This high esteem, she writes, "is related to Tolstoy's intellectual traits of wit, lucidity and indignation which . . . I still regard as a touchstone." Miss McCarthy's many books include The Oasis· The Groves of Academe; The Company She Keeps; A Charmed Life; Memories of a Catholic Girlhood; Cast a Cold Eye; On the Contrary; The Stones of Florence; The Group; *and* Vietnam.

In 1933, Miss McCarthy graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Vassar College. From 1937-1948, she was editor and theater critic of the Partisan Review. *For a short while thereafter, she was an instructor in English at Bard College and Sarah Lawrence College for Women. Her experience as a teacher, she writes, "awakened me, slowly, to the fact that cleverness is not a substitute for knowledge." It was during her period at Sarah Lawrence that she wrote the following essay, in which may be observed the connection between her feelings about Tolstoy and her shock at the manner of Gandhi's death.*

Miss McCarthy is married to the diplomat James West and lives in Paris.

"Well, did you hear, they got the Mahatma," said a woman faculty member settling down at the lunch table in the Sarah Lawrence faculty cafeteria. Her manner was bright and newsy, and she put the word Mahatma in comical quotation marks, as though to say the Swami, the old rope-trick artist. "The Mahatma," echoed another woman teacher, holding her fork in the air, twinkling, merry, reminiscent, thinking, it would seem, of the long series of fads her newspaper memory spanned—Coue, King Tut, Aimee Mcpherson, the cloche hat.

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There was a moment of silence before the conversation was reopened and raised to a "responsible" plane. "Nehru is much more realistic," said a male history professor in a conclusive bass. No one articulated any further thoughts. Our end of the table—the new, younger teachers—glared at the others in defiant speechlessnes: if Gandhi's life, not to mention his death, was powerless to defend him against this complacency, what was there for us to say?

When I came home in the evening my little boy and the colored maid were talking about Gandhi too as she moved about, setting the table, and he sat on the floor, pasting stamps in his album. The little boy was angry, and the old maid was sad. "They ought to have let him live out his life and finish his work in peace," she literated sorrowfully, as if the right she claimed for him were too feeble and beaten to be anything but a plaintive mild assertion. "The *dirty* things . . .," said Reuel.

A little boy, an old domestic worker, myself and a few friends, we, I presume, must be the people who were meant by the newspaper and the radio commentators who declared, "The world was shocked to hear etc., etc." For the world, actually was not shocked at all, and if we few protested Gandhi's death, it was only out of raging impotence. We could not bring him back to life or punish his assassin or even influence others (the faculty realists at the lunch table) to feel the slightest regret for what had happened.

And the fact is that a protest against such a death as Gandhi's or Trotsky's or Carlo Tresca's can only be made to God. It is God, metaphorically speaking, i.e., some ideal assumption of an unwritten law governing human conduct, that we call to account for such an outrage; it is this assumption, indeed, that is injured. A crime like this cannot be felt toward in a positive or practical manner; insofar, in fact, as we are positive and practical people, it is impossible for us fully to react to it. After all, as one of those wise heads said in the faculty cafeteria, he was seventy-eight years old; in other words, it was time for him to die anyway. There is no action, moreover, which can answer such a crime. The futility of writing letters to the newspapers, holding memorial meetings, even catching the criminal, has been fully demonstrated in the Trotsky and Tresca cases; action somehow misses the mark. And today, if Stalin's regime were to be overthrown and the entire NKVD brought to justice, Trotsky's murder would remain unrequited, since it was not Stalin or the NKVD who struck him with the alpenstock but one man who came into his library and talked with him face to face.

The horror of Gandhi's murder lies not in the political motives behind it or in its consequences for Indian policy or for the future of non violence; the horror lies simply in the fact that any man could look into the face of this extraordinary person and deliberately pull a trigger. The Crucifixion and other historical precedents notwithstanding, many of us still believe that outstanding goodness is a kind of armor, that virtue, seen plain and bare, gives pause to criminality. But perhaps it is the other way around, and particularly today, on the left. One wonders why the Nazis did not kill Niemoller, for instance, when in Stalin's hands his opposite number would certainly be dead. Prudential reasons do not explain it; it was imprudent, in the long run, to kill six million Jews. But the Nazis, in general, seem to have shrunk in an old-fashioned way from murdering their more prominent or distinguished opponents—those opponents who were "symbols." Not so on the left. On the left, it is Gandhi who can be killed or Trotsky, men *integri vitae scelerisque puri*, while Stalin, apparently, bears a charmed life. Obviously, anyone with a matured plan and sufficient resolution, could long ago have succeeded in killing this tyrant if some mysterious factor were not involved; he seems to have been protected, not only by his plain clothes men, but more powerfully by the *mana* of his crimes.

In Gandhi's death, as in Trotsky's and Carlo Tresca's (no one yet knows who ordered his murder—the Stalinists, the Fascists, or some offended racketeer), the very amiability and harmlessness of the victim appears to have formed part of the motive: Gandhi on his way to a prayer meeting, the Old Man in his study, Tresca stepping out from a spaghetti dinner—the homely and domestic attitudes in which these sages were caught emphasize the horror of the attacks and suggest a reason for them; to the murderer, the serenity of the victim comes as the last straw. It is as though the

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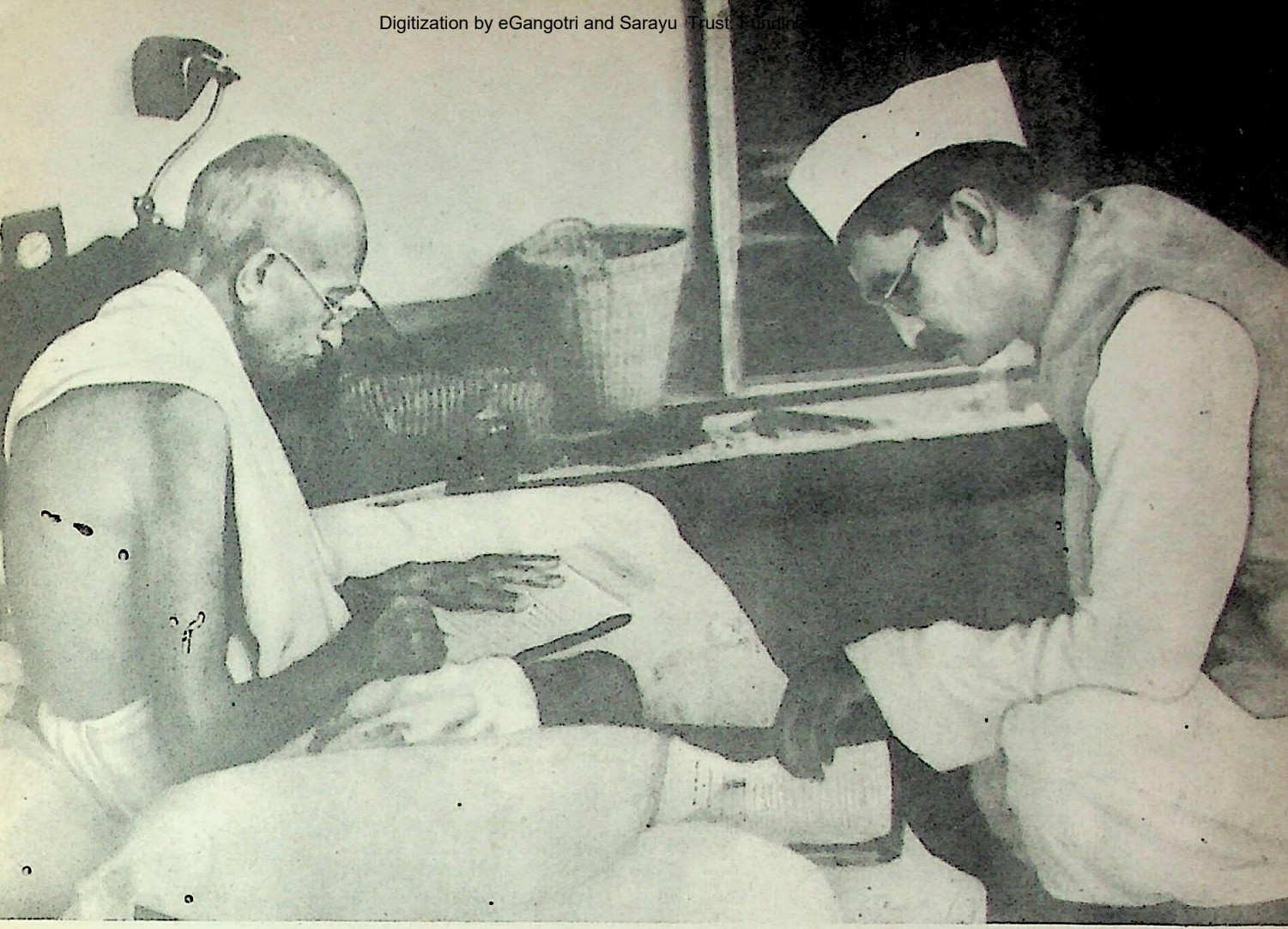

Gandhi with Dr. Rajendra Prasad

very fact that these men were patently not dangerous had incensed the killer against them: for the past two years, Gandhi's influence had been very noticeably declining; Trotsky and Tresca too, no longer "counted" as political forces in the world. Their murders, therefore, have an almost gratuitous character; it is as though the announced motive were not the real one. Was Gandhi murdered, as his assassin claimed, because what he stood for in the Indian question or rather because what he stood for his life—simplicity, good humor, steadfastness—affronted his assassin's sense of human probability?

There is clearly some reciprocal relation between the fact that we (children, old women, and *Politics* subscribers) refuse, in a certain sense, to credit the killer's deed and a refusal on the killer's part to credit the existence of such a man as Gandhi in the world. And the good-natured derision of my colleagues at the luncheon table, as they "cut him down to size," between mouthfuls, is different only in degree from the angry unconcern of the murderer, who immediately told reporters that he was not "at all sorry." This crime and the Trotsky and Tresca crimes too are acts, as it were, of intellectual or artistic criticism; the killer eliminates these venerable men from the human scene as the modern academic critic dismisses the "good" characters in a novel—glaring improbabilities.

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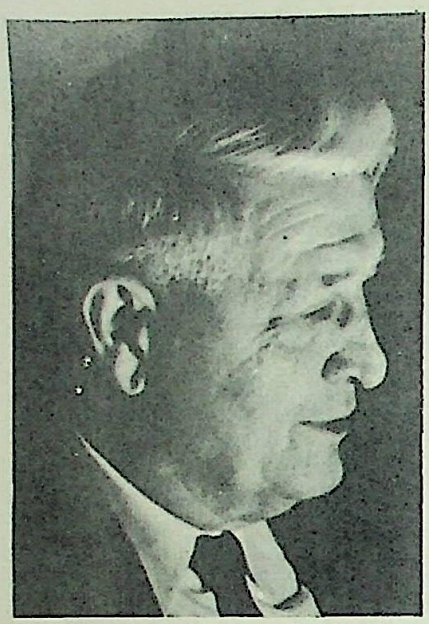

GANDHI BELONGS TO TOMORROW

RALPH TEMPLIN

Ralph T. Templin, minister, sociology professor, and community developer, became an educational missionary of the Methodist Church in India in 1926. His experiments for education began in Mathura, India, at the Clancy Boys' High School, and were carried out in collaboration with his wife Lila. One experiment was the first introduction of the cooperative or work-study plan of education in India, which served to provide senior high school students with the opportunity to share with nationalists in constructive village projects as a part of their learning experience. The second was the introduction of an interracial living "fellowship" for students with the single members of the high school staff. These experiments and other activities led to the Templins' identification with India's people and their cause of independence. At the same time, writes Dr. Templin, it led to their "recall and dismissal near the end of 1940 by the mission authorities at the insistence of the American bishops."

Dr. Templin, who has championed the cause of the colored peoples of the world—from India to America to Puerto Rico—transferred his ministerial membership in 1954 from the Delhi Conference in India to the all-Negro section of the Methodist Church in the United States. Dr. Templin was its first white member, and its white minister. At present, he is Professor Emeritus of Sociology at Central State College, in Wilberforce, Ohio, an all-Negro institution.

On April 5, 1968, Dr. Templin began a ten-day fast in sorrow and repentance for the death of Martin Luther King, Jr. ("A fast," he said, "is not lightly taken, but for self-purification; not to suggest what others should do.") Another reason for his fast, he explained later, was that he had been a member of a nonviolent group of Christians in India which in 1939 recognized "racism as a disease deep in the soul of the whole of the Western culture."

Recently retired, Dr. Templin hopes "to devote my time more fully to the 'nonviolent mission' to the white West, and in writings and efforts to try to help turn the West away from its power struggle with the war system, and toward Reason and her law as the way of a human community of world-aligned peoples." Dr. Templin is author of Democracy and Nonviolence *and* Between Two Worlds, *the story of the Templins' experiences in international fellowship in India.*

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Gandhi belongs to the coming age of hope. To be understood he has to be seen against the dark background of the age which is now writhing in the agony of death. When a famous journalist said to Gandhi, "Politics is my religion," Gandhi replied, "Religion is my politics." Thus he gave us a key to understanding both himself and the age. For in the new age, if life survives, the human spirit will be master over earth's forces, beginning with its own "soul-force."

The age that is closing has definitely not been the age of "economic man." An era of technology controlled by political power and of robot workmanship determined by mass appeal cannot properly be called either industrial or economic. Minutely scrutinized, this age has fallen short of each of its boasted standards. It has not been industrial enough in the sense of producing for all men. It has not been scientific enough to apply system with reference to *all* knowledge. It has been an uneconomic age, the age of political power.

Power politics, even on the part of those who were regarded as industrial masters, and success worship, even on the part of those who were industrially enslaved, are the characteristics by which our age will be known. Industrialists, so called, have made their mark as politically powerful figures or as behind the scenes manipulators of government, not as practising economists. Shakespeare described the politician as "one who would circumvent God."

Into this age came Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, bringing superior insight and a more practical method of application, strangely blended together. Albert Einstein said of him : "Generations to come, it may be, will scarcely believe that such a one as this ever in flesh and blood walked upon this earth." Long before the atomic bomb demonstrated the immediate necessity of humanity's learning how to live in universal brotherliness, this man of India grasped and implemented socially the insight of that other Man—him of Nazareth—who said that we could become masters only by becoming servants to all. Gandhi's application is the most practical and historical performance of the age which scorned him as impractical. The world of his time could not see for its blindness what he both taught and practiced on a wide scale: that it is by this inner human integrity of ethical life that men can live and organize the mastery of their destiny....

Contrary to the impression created by the Western press, Gandhi's practical teaching and program have been in the main not political and separatist—striking off the British yoke—but a positive socio-economic approach to the problems of human living. This has been channeled through four nationwide organizations of his National Congress party, each divorced as completely as possible from all political aspects of the movement. The organizations are devoted respectively to four great areas of human need: agriculture, village industries, village education, and the removal of untouchability. This program is designed to give practical meaning to freedom in the 700,000 villages where about nine-tenths of all India's people live. The emphasis is upon production for consumption, whether in the home or village or in a nationwide exchange, and upon control by the people through democratization of the age-old village social organization, the *jajmani*.

What is Gandhi's meaning for us? The world social revolution is long overdue. Time presses us to bring our social arrangements up to the level of our technological achievements. Many urge the use of the age's favorite weapon, the *coup d'etat*, which would reform politics from the top down and from the outside in. Some of these, with the usual impatience of immediatists in all ages, reveal contempt for morality as a support of their reform. They are indifferent to the violence which drenches the world in blood.

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Their futility has been demonstrated by every Western revolution, beginning with the French.

Gandhi offers an alternative way of revolution. In this lies his great gift to the world. He begins with a basic philosophy of eminent soundness which combines all the power of personal integrity—*satyagraha* or soul-force—with the pooled strength of the cooperative means to mastery of nature and human nature—*swadeshism* or the economics of group self-help. This way of revolution turns its followers back from the political instrument to the use of the economic instrument—the mutual application of labor to natural resources in the production and distribution of all that is needed by the human family. Machinery is to be opposed only when it magnifies the power of the political instrument in the hands of those who would attempt to thwart the people's mastery of their own destiny.

Without disrupting all at once the structure of a society that has evolved through generations, this way of revolution begins its reformation within each life by stripping away all the psychological elements that divide and disorganize people, such as the desire for power over others, the desire to exploit or regiment others, and violent attitudes and methods in conflict. Simultaneously it attacks both the inner and outer citadels of resistance to reform. On the positive side, it engages people at once and in ever wider areas in the mutual conquest of power within and without.

During my long sojourn as a missionary in India I helped to found the *Krishtagraha* Movement, which was designed to reorient the Indian Christian community away from its pro-Western bias and toward vital participation in their country's life. On two occasions I had talks with Gandhi about the movement. His advice fell into three parts. He said the movement should be kept *moral*—free from politics; *pure*—aboveboard and free from guile; and *harmless*—nonviolent in thought and deed. Success should not be measured in number of adherents or in terms of such power as worldly people seek. If only one should adhere steadfastly to these principles, he declared, he could never be defeated nor could his contribution ever prove vain. In this faith Gandhi lived, and in it he claims tomorrow as his own.

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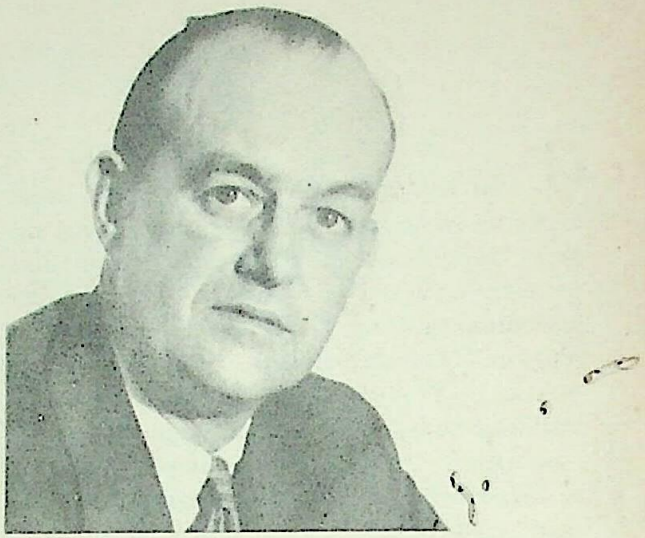

Herrymon Maurer, writer and consultant in cultural anthropology, first became interested in Gandhi during the Sino-Japanese War through conversation with members of the Indian National Congress visiting in Chengtu, China, where Mr. Maurer was teaching at the University of Nanking. His popular account of Gandhi, Great Soul: Growth of Gandhi, *was begun shortly before Gandhi's assassination, and published shortly thereafter. Mr. Maurer is a former editor of and now a contributor to* Fortune, *as well as other magazines, and is the author of various books on subjects allied to cultural anthropology. He is active in the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers).*

The Table of Contents which Mr. Maurer prepared for his book on Gandhi embraces the whole of Gandhi's life, and is characteristic of Mr. Maurer's interpretation.

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GREAT SOUL : THE GROWTH OF GANDHI

HERRYMON MAURER

The greatness of Mahatma Gandhi
was not simply that he freed India,
but that he himself grew toward Truth.

His soul was not always great. When young,
he fell into perplexity and shame,
and he was kept alive
only by a hidden sense of Truth.

As a lawyer in South Africa,
Gandhi could have won great wealth,
but he eschewed it to serve the oppressed
and to fight evil with the power of Truth.

In South Africa
he roused his fellow countrymen
and led them to nonviolent victory
over those who tried violently
to keep them down.

Home in India he taught Truth
in a community of all races and faiths,
practiced it locally, and made ready
to fight with it nationally.

The first great struggle of nonviolence
against the British almost succeeded,
but violence appeared.
Gandhi halted the struggle.
The British put him in jail.

After he had come out of jail,
Gandhi struggled to heal India's own ills,
abandoning politics and
traveling everywhere over the land.

Gandhi knew that Truth is in all men,
making them one.
During the years of traveling
he taught three things:
Truth, nonviolence, simplicity.

A second great struggle against the British
lasted three years and ended with Gandhi
in jail, where he fasted
on behalf of the untouchables.

During a second period of pause,
Gandhi went on with his teaching.
East and West looked at him,
followed him, and yet misunderstood him.

From his simple community of Truth
and nonviolence he looked at a world of war.
He led a third struggle against the British,
again was put in jail.

India became free. But the country freed
by a man of nonviolence fell into violence,
and the man of the power of Truth
died from the power of a bullet.

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MY GANDHI

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Most prophets are dependent upon their disciples for much of their personal and spiritual qualities. Gandhi performed miracles, it is widely acknowledged, but not in a vacuum nor without the steady presence—moral as well as physical—of a small group of fervent, dedicated believers. In America, in the 1920s, Gandhi had at least one such disciple. In April, 1921, the Reverend Dr. John Haynes Holmes, minister of the Community Church of New York, introduced Gandhi to the American people in a sermon, "Who Is the Greatest Man in the World Today?" Without equivocation, Dr. Holmes named Mohandas K. Gandhi. In this sermon, and a series of others which were to follow up until 1949, the year Dr. Holmes retired from the ministry, he spoke with enthusiasm, awe, and insight about the progressing career of Gandhi. On many occasions, as in that first sermon, he compared Gandhi's life to that of Christ's, an opinion in which he never faltered. As editor of the magazine Unity *in the Twenties and the Thirties, Dr. Holmes wrote frequently on Gandhi. Gandhi's autobiography was first published in America in this magazine, in serial form.*

In 1931, Dr. Holmes was among those waiting to receive Gandhi when he arrived in England aboard the Rajputana for the Round Table Conference. He renewed his friendship with the Mahatma in 1947. On that occasion, Dr. Holmes was cited by Benares Hindu University for spreading the message of Gandhi to the Western world. Dr. Holmes' correspondence with Gandhi was active and loyal. Deeply saddened by Gandhi's death, he wrote to Devadas, "Your father was not only the greatest but also the most lovable of men. I have felt in his death an acutely personal loss which has almost broken my heart."

Dr. Holmes, a graduate of Harvard College and the Harvard Divinity School, was one of the co-founders of the American Civil Liberties Union and the National Association for the advancement of Colored Peoples in the United States. In addition to his theological writings, he collaborated on an anti-war play in 1935 with Reginald Lawrence, If This Be Treason. *In 1953, Dr. Holmes wrote an intimate account of his experiences with the Mahatma,* My Gandhi. *Dr. Holmes was a great collector of books by and about Gandhi—all of which were deposited in the Harvard University Library shortly after his death in 1964.*

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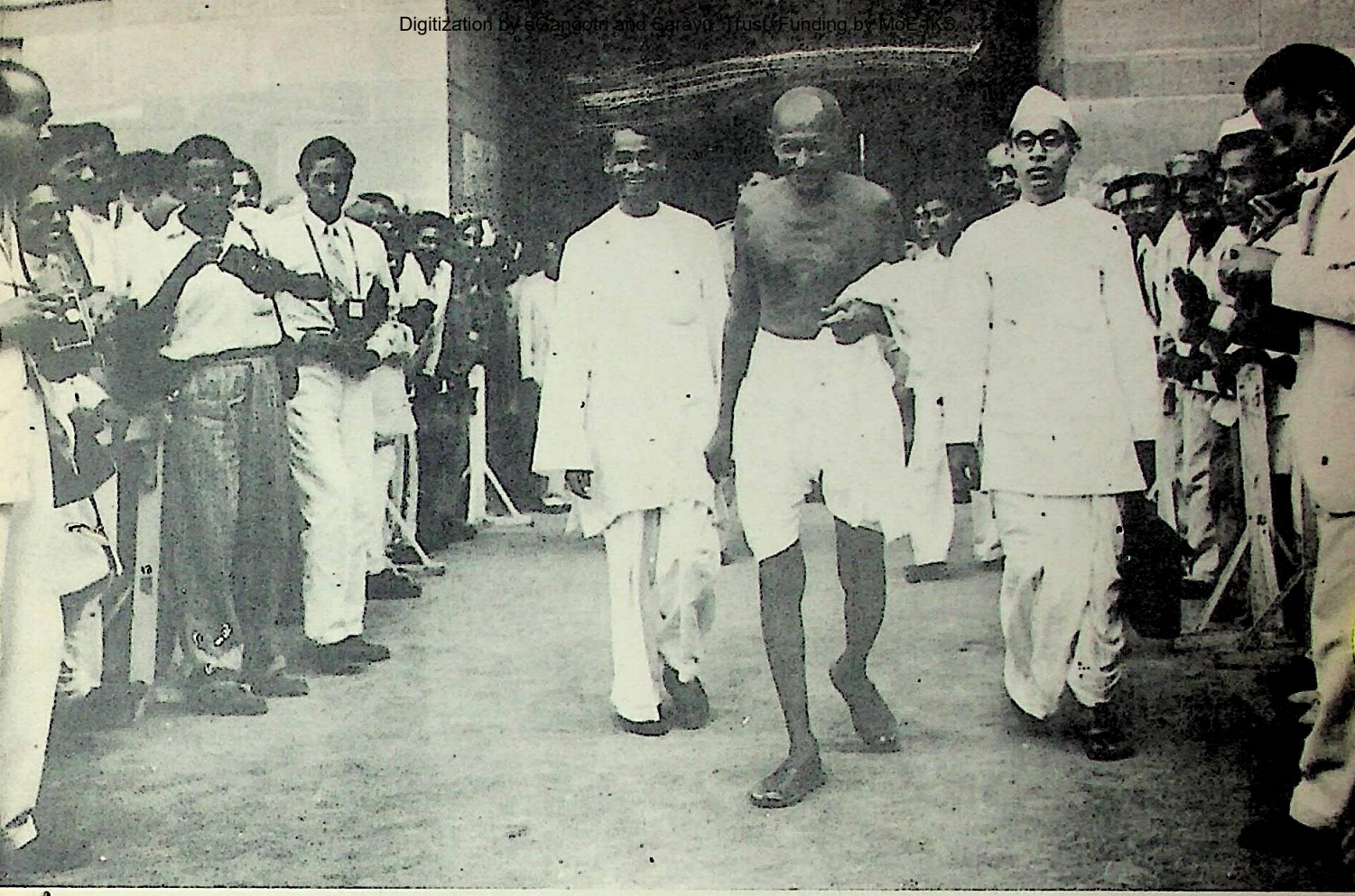

Gandhi leaving the Viceroy's House, New Delhi, in April 1946 after a meeting with Lord Wavell.

I was one among a multitude of persons who were blessed with Gandhi's friendship. I corresponded with him on casual occasions, and on two or three of the great crises of his career. I met and talked with him, first, in London in 1931, and again in New Delhi in 1947, thus seeing him against a background of my Western and his Eastern civilization. Through long periods of time and at great distances, I carried Gandhi in my heart, and grew to love him as my own. All this is too scant to constitute a chapter in the Mahatma's life. But it is a part of the record, and is so set down.

Some will complain that my contact with Gandhi, while pleasant, was none the less quite unimportant. I do not complain at this complaint, as I never tried to make this relationship with the Mahatma important, nor myself important for having had it. But there is an importance which attaches to anything that has to do with a really great man. And there is a duty which imposes itself upon anybody who has touched greatness to share with the world the privilege which he has had. . . .

Gandhi came into my life. At the moment I most needed him, I discovered that there was such a man. He was living in the faith that I had sought. He was making it work and proving it right. He was everything I believed but hardly dared to hope. He was a dream come true.

I have already stated that, so far as I can

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remember, I had never in my life up to that time heard Gandhi's name. But here it was, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, spread like a banner on Gilbert Murray's pages in the *Hibbert Journal*. I know I had never heard the story of the exploits of this extraordinary man in the rebellion of his fellow countrymen in South Africa, which he had so patiently and bravely led against the prejudice of the people and the oppression of the government. But here was the outline of it in a few vivid words set down in Professor Murray's articles on conscientious objection to participation in war. Gandhi! Why did I not know this name? Gandhi! Who was this man, and what did he look like? GANDHI! How had he gotten into South Africa? How had he organized his nonviolent resistance campaign against the inequity and injustice which ground the coolie Indians into the dust of the white man's rule? Above all, by what miracle had this one man sustained the fight for twenty years, without violence or bloodshed, and at last carried it through to victory? There was little in what Professor Murray had written to satisfy my curiosity. But this little was quite enough to prod me wide awake, and to shake me, like a midnight earthquake, to the very foundations of my being. I lived the experience of John Keats when he first read Chapman's *Homer*, and wrote his immortal confession,

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken.

. . . I left the library that afternoon in a daze of wonder and excitement. I must learn about this man whom I had so unexpectedly discovered. I must get information to dispel my ignorance. But my quest proved to be difficult. People in general and scholars in particular seemed to know as little about this Indian in South Africa as I did. For Gandhi had not broken into the magic circle of the public press. He had not yet attracted the attention of journalists who hold the key to the closed door of contemporary knowledge. There was material, of course, published in South Africa, but this was mostly inaccessible in America. Not until I went to England in 1922 did I lay hold on some of this material, and have the great good fortune to meet Mr. Henry S. L. Polak, early associate of Gandhi who was the first to write of him. My search, however, proved to be mostly an experience of frustration, but all the while, in my early bafflement and occasional despair, I felt within me the ever-deepening conviction that I was on the right track. This Gandhi was a great and wonderful man. Where was there anybody to match him in our troubled and wicked world? Did he not hold in his heart the secret of man's deliverance from the evils, mostly of man's own choosing, which were now besetting him and threatening to destroy him? Must he not be proclaimed at once as a world leader, the compeer of the greatest men of our own or any other time?

The more I thought of it, the more this conviction grew upon me. It was under its impress —an intuition of the soul rather than any persuasion of the mind—that I climbed tremulously into my pulpit on Sunday morning, April 10, 1922, to preach to my people on the subject, "Who Is the Greatest Man in the World?" and to answer my own question, M.K. Gandhi, of India. The audacity of this declaration, in the light of what was known, and not known, at that time about Gandhi here in our Western world, seems now incredible. A great audience had gathered, for the subject of my discourse was a riddle which titillated the public imagination. Interest was keen, as the war had brought many men to the conspicuous attention of mankind, and people wanted to know which one I would choose to be supreme. But all was confusion when I named Gandhi, for few had ever heard of this Indian, knew even that he was an Indian, and fewer still knew anything about his career. This confusion is the explanation of the fact that my sermon did not carry very far in the public prints. Newspapers are not expected to present dictionaries and encyclopædias with their news reports. But by some strange miracle of fortune, the sermon found its way to India—first, the story that I had declared Gandhi to be "the greatest man in the world," and later the full text of what I had said to justify this judgement. This was widely published, even in the native press, and everywhere stirred interest and acclaim. The Indians knew Gandhi, and already reverenced him. And here was evidence that the West was discovering him, and recognizing and welcoming his work for the liberation of his people.

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Everything that has happened since that date, now over thirty years ago, every word spoken and deed done by Gandhi, his life, his death, the applause of men, all have conspired, as it were, to confirm my original pronouncement. And today the whole world accepts all that I dared, at that early hour, to declare. Nay more, far more! For Gandhi is today listed among the immortals. His people name him with Buddha, and so enroll him in the pantheon of the spirit. . . .

It was Saturday, the 12th of September, 1931 —a cold, rainy and dismal day. I was in London, to meet Gandhi. "Charlie" Andrews, beloved of Gandhi through many years, had sent me word that the Mahatma was landing that very morning at Folkestone, and would I come and join the little group of friends who would be there on the pier to meet and greet him on his arrival. Gandhi's mission in England, as all the world knew, was to attend the impending sessions of the famous Round Table Conference on Indian affairs. . . . In a few moments, which seemed like hours, we were aboard the ship, and I was standing at the door of Gandhi's cabin, awaiting my turn to be received. It was here I had my first glimpse of the Mahatma.

He was sitting crosslegged upon his berth, engaged in earnest conversation with Reginald Reynolds, who was a member of the Quaker group which had been appointed to welcome Gandhi in the name of the English Friends. His head and shoulders were bent forward in a listening attitude, so that I could not see his face. A naked arm, long and lean and wiry, reached out of the shawl, flung lightly about his shoulders, and took a paper from Reginald's hand. There was a quick interchange of words, a flitting smile, and the conference was over.

It was now my turn. I stepped into the little cabin. Instantly, when Gandhi saw me, he jumped to his feet, and with the lithe quick step of a schoolboy, came forward to greet me. I cannot now seem to remember whether or not he gave me the familiar Hindu salutation. But I felt his hands take mine with a grasp as firm as that of an athlete.

"I wish you might have met me at Marseilles," he said, referring to his landing at the French port, and taking a train north to the Channel and Folkestone.

I replied that I was afraid that I would be in the way—that I was always reluctant to intrude upon busy and important people. Whereupon he rebuked me gently, and invited me to be with him in London. Then the conversation drifted, as conversations have a way of doing on such occasions, to other and more general themes. I do not recall particularly what was said. I was too excited and confused to make note of Gandhi's remarks. But I shall never forget those bright eyes shining through his spectacles, his voice so clear and yet so gentle, his whole presence so simple and yet so strong. We had only a few precious moments together—others were pressing upon us and clamoring for attention. So I withdrew and contented myself with watching this man whose spirit had reached me, years before, across the continents and seas of half the world.

I have often been asked to describe my initial impression of Gandhi. I do not find this question hard to answer. It centered, first of all, in my somewhat amusing recognition of the fact that he looked exactly like the photographs and cartoons that I had seen of him in recent years. In one way, this was inevitable, so distinctive were the characteristics of his personality. In another way, this was remarkable, so difficult was it to get Gandhi before a camera or drawing board. I suppose I have seen hundreds of his pictures, but I find it hard to remember one for which the Mahatma had made a deliberate pose. In an interview with him at New Delhi, on my visit to India in 1947-1948, I was accompanied by my son. I asked if the latter could "snap" us as we talked. Gandhi smiled, said that he was used to these "instruments of torture," and went right on in his conversation with me, as though nothing else were going on at all. Gandhi had no time, least of all any interest, in posing for pictures. So photographs and drawings were in a very special sense of the word, mere glimpses of a man in action. And here he was, precisely the man I had seen so many times in the newspaper or on the screen. As I watched the scene in the crowded cabin of the ship, I felt as though I were looking at mute representations of the Mahatma suddenly come to life.

My second and strangely simultaneous impression was of the infinite grace and charm of Gandhi, who, in his physical appearance, was so awkward. Thus, everybody who entered this little room in which we stood, was, in one way

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or another, under strain, and thus uneasy. The officials present were anxious that there should be no error or mischance in the proceedings of the occasion. Journalists were eager to get their stories, photographers their pictures, each one his own and thus original. Friends were embarrassed by the difficulties of getting at their beloved Mahatma, and paying him the attention and protection which a tired man would welcome. Some few persons, like myself, were frankly frightened—this stupendous personal experience was too much for our equanimity and courage! But all these varied reactions speedily vanished, like the morning mist, before Gandhi's easy grace. What we saw at the start was the physical appearance of one of the world's great figures. But this almost instantly passed into the spiritual presence of a loving and infinitely lovable man. What we felt, in the first few moments, was reverence and awe, but this was immediately caught up and absorbed by his simplicity, innocence, and charm. Gandhi's attitude had all the naturalness and spontaneity of a little child. There was in him and about him not an iota of self-consciousness—no pose, pretentiousness, or pride. In no time at all, Gandhi had us all laughing, as completely at our ease as though we had known one another and him for years. If, in this world of varied personalities, there is a single man even half as charming, and thus as irresistible, as Gandhi, I have not seen him. . . .

I last saw Gandhi on my visit to India in 1947-1948. I went to the Far East, on appointment by an American foundation, to lecture at Indian colleges and universities. When the invitation was received and accepted, and plans for distant traveling were under way, I wrote to the Mahatma about my journey, and asked if I could come and see him. He answered promptly and as follows:

"You have given me not only exciting but welcome news. The news appears to be almost too good to be true, and I am not going to believe it in its entirety unless you are physically in India."

. . . It was under such conditions as these, marking a supreme crisis in his life and India, that Gandhi, in the kindliness of his spirit, arranged an appointment on the very day of my arrival, at the precise hour of four o'clock in the afternoon. On the very tick of this hour, for I remembered Gandhi's extreme emphasis on punctuality, I was at Birla House. The door from the street was wide open, and I entered without ceremony, or any particular attention on the part of several secretaries or attendants who were moving about, and of one or two native newspapermen who were squatting on the threshold. Everything was easy and informal and marvelously quiet. But I soon found I was expected, and was taken without a moment's delay to Gandhi's room at the far end of the hallway on the main floor.

Gandhi was sitting crosslegged upon his linen-covered cushions placed comfortably upon the floor. He had given instructions that I should not be asked to remove my shoes, according to custom, since I would be more at my ease if I did not think of them at all. On seeing me, he extended his right hand, in smiling welcome, and seized my hand in the warm clasp which was the familiar gesture of my country and not of his. Then, without a word, he beckoned me to a chair placed close in front of him, and asked me to sit down. . . .

One thought smote me with astonishment on this visit, and has lingered with me since. I refer to the fact that, as I looked upon Gandhi in New Delhi, I seemed to see the same man I had earlier seen in London in 1931. Seventeen years had passed since that first meeting, and they had apparently not touched the Mahatma at all. Oh yes—his hair had whitened, and retreated farther back from the broad and open brow. But I could see no wrinkles, nor looseness of the flesh. He walked more slowly, with a step which had lost its quick and lithe response. But his strength was quite unexhausted, as witness his pilgrimage into Bengal, to stay the uprisings and the violent fighting in that unhappy region. Certainly he appeared the same, apart from unimportant aspects of face and body. As I talked with him, I could feel that it was only the day before that I had been with him at Kingsley Hall, and that all the years between had been rolled back and were now as though they had never been. Here was a man who had mastered the regimen of life—had broken the barriers of the flesh, and entered already into the pure realm of the spirit. Gandhi had been quoted as promising his disciples that he would live to be a hundred and twenty-five years old. I had taken this to be an expansive statement of the Mahatma's continuing good health, already extraordinary for a man of

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seventy-eight living constantly in the midst of alarms. What was my astonishment when I heard one of the outstanding public leaders of India, governor of a great province, a man of high intelligence and unimpeachable character, declare in all seriousness that he believed that great age. Having seen Gandhi, who was I to doubt? . . .

My last meeting with Gandhi was brief, hurried, unsatisfactory, and yet to me a benediction.... Quickly, as though under inspiration, I decided to go to Birla House, and wait there until there came some happy interval when I might see the Mahatma if only for a moment snatched between two interviews. In the blazing heat of early afternoon, I made my way to the house, and entered without interference or even inquiry. Fortune was with me, for who was this coming down the hall but Mirabehn. I told her at once of my predicament, that I was leaving and must see Gandhi, and besought her help. She smiled assurance, placed me in a small reception room, and went off to make inquiries. She was soon returned with the message that Gandhiji was sleeping—his regular afternoon nap. But he was due to awaken at any moment, and I could then see him at once.

We sat together and talked—some fifteen minutes, perhaps. Then came the summons, and I was in Gandhiji's presence again. It was all very simple and unimportant. I told him I must say good-bye—explained the long journey before me. I might be back, and then again I might not. I shall not forget how Gandhiji took my hand and, with his old smile of loving kindness, made me promise that I would come again. I said, Yes —if circumstances did not forbid. Which is just what circumstances did in this case! I did not see him again. This was my last farewell....

I often wonder that there was so little anticipation of Gandhi's death. When people in dismay of the future would say to me that anything might happen in India today, the final disaster waiting upon any chance event, I would say, "What, for example?" And they would say, "Why, Nehru might be shot," or "Gandhi might die of some latest fast." But I do not recall ever hearing anybody suggest that Gandhi might be shot, or otherwise assassinated. His sanctity had won immunity from violence! No hand could or would be raised against him. But it was just this which shook the world, like some cosmic earthquake, when Gandhi died.

It was a few minutes after nine o'clock, on the morning of Friday, January 30, 1948. I had returned from India and was in my study, examining the mail. Suddenly there came a sharp ringing of the telephone, and the voice of one excitedly declaring that Gandhi was dead. At first I could not seem to understand. Gandhi dead? I telephoned the information bureau of the *New York Times* and made inquiry. The answer came back crisp and clear. "Yes, Gandhi is dead. He was shot last evening." "But is he dead," I asked again, finding it impossible to believe that the Mahatma could die. The reply was definite and unhesitating. Gandhi was dead!

I stood as though in a daze, unable even to think. I seemed paralyzed, and did not move. Slowly, like coming out of the ether on an operating table, I recovered consciousness. I spoke to my secretary. I thought of my wife. I ran to her in an agony of spirit. Then, when I saw her and heard her speak as though from a great distance, a strange thing happened. I began to cry, and found, to my amazement and alarm, that I could not stop....

To see and talk with Gandhi was to have one's attention riveted upon his head and face, which were as distinctive, in a very different way, as the majestic countenance of Rabindranath Tagore. Gandhi has many times been described as ugly in appearance, and not altogether without reason. Thus, his large, round skull was closely shaven, except only for the little tassel of hair in the back, which was a kind of vestigial survival of innocent superstition in his Hindu faith. His ears protruded out of all right proportion to his head. Huge spectacles perched precariously upon his large and somewhat flattened nose. His big mouth and thick lips were topped by a scraggy mustache, which succeeded not at all in hiding the fact that he was minus many of his teeth. Here were features which might well be the despair of sculptor and painter. But all these were forgotten in the lustrous radiance of Gandhi's eyes and the quiet music of his voice.

His eyes were his most remarkable feature. They had depth and light, like the sea, and were without question the open doorway to his soul. They reflected every facet of his inner thought. Thus, when the talk was on some sad or tragic topic, his eyes seemed to smolder and grow dim. There was never a trace of resentment or anger, but only pity. When the conversation turned to

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happier themes, his eyes began to glow, and therewith to light up unfathomable depths of feeling. His sense of humor was instant and contagious, his eyes twinkling with a merriment which was irresistible. Gandhi's voice was gentle and soft, never in my experience rising to any upper or louder tones than those befitting personal conversation. He talked always without gestures or other signs of excitement. Passion, not unknown, had been successfully subdued to the perfect discipline of the inner spirit.

To recall Gandhi to mind is to think of Matthew Arnold's familiar phrase, "sweetness and light." That is what he was—all sweetness of temper and radiation of soul. I suppose that gentleness, as I would call it, was his supreme characteristic—a gentleness which knew no weakness, but rather clothed with authority an innate strength of purpose, as awesome as the Himalayas which guarded the northern frontiers of his country. With force and violence banished from his life, there needed gentleness, firm and brave, to take their place. Along with this came humility, which was manifest in every quality and action of his life. I used to sit and marvel at Gandhi's wholly unconscious display, to all persons and under all circumstances, of the humble heart. Here was unquestionably the first among the world's great figures—a man who walked with kings and viceroys, who ruled and led the hundreds of millions of his fellow men in India, whose name echoed from the far horizons of the world, who was daily pondering policies which determined the destinies of nations, who influenced the whole range of modern life, who singlehandedly was defying the greatest empire of our time, and triumphantly, without violence or hate or killing, was wresting the freedom of his people from its clutch. And here he was ready to meet and talk, in the spirit of infinite kindliness and good will, with the myriads of common folk who came knocking on his door and begging to see him—a group of students perhaps, a delegation of patriots, a troubled mother and her sick child, a passing priest or pilgrim, a chance traveler from America. All of them wanted to kneel before this spring of living water, and drink, if only a few drops, of its crystal stream. If there was any impatience or weariness in Gandhi's heart, any pride, he did not show it. There was only the inexhaustible humility of one who had dedicated himself to God and his high purposes for men.

It was this humility which explained Gandhi's courtesy, as his gentleness explained his charm. Gandhi assumed not the slightest pretension of greatness. He played not at all upon the vast influence which was his. He surrounded himself with no barriers of authority and circumstance. He was as accessible as a mother to her children, or a friend to a dear friend. Gandhi had tamed his spirit to absolute obedience. Amid every temptation to pose and pomp he remained simple, unspoiled, and utterly sincere. His "ways were ways of pleasantness and all (his) paths were peace. (He) was a tree of life to them that lay hold upon (him)."

Lord Acton, the great English historian, wrote at least one immortal saying. "Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." Of all the men of history who exercised power in the sense of which Acton was speaking—political power, military power, personal power—I can think of only three who mark exception to this rule. One is Marcus Aurelius, another is Abraham Lincoln, and the third is Gandhi, these three. And the greatest of these is Gandhi.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his address on the *Method of Nature* (1841) has this passage:

"There is no attractiveness like that of a new man.... A man, a personal ascendency, is the only great phenomenon. When nature has work to be done, she creates a genius to do it. Follow the great man, and you shall see what the world has at heart in these ages. There is no omen like that."

Emerson refers to Napoleon and Chatham as illustrations of his theme. Gandhi is a much better illustration. There has never been anybody quite like the Mahatma either in presence or in practice. He was unique beyond all that the world has known. When he was needed, he came as a new creation, straight from the hand of God.

This was not manifest in his personal appearance, as it is, for example, in the case of Nehru, whose beauty of person is matched only by the ineffable power of his presence. Gandhi, by comparison, was insignificant, all the more as he deliberately chose to wear the scanty garb of the common people of his country, and thus lost, himself, so to speak, in the swarming multitudes

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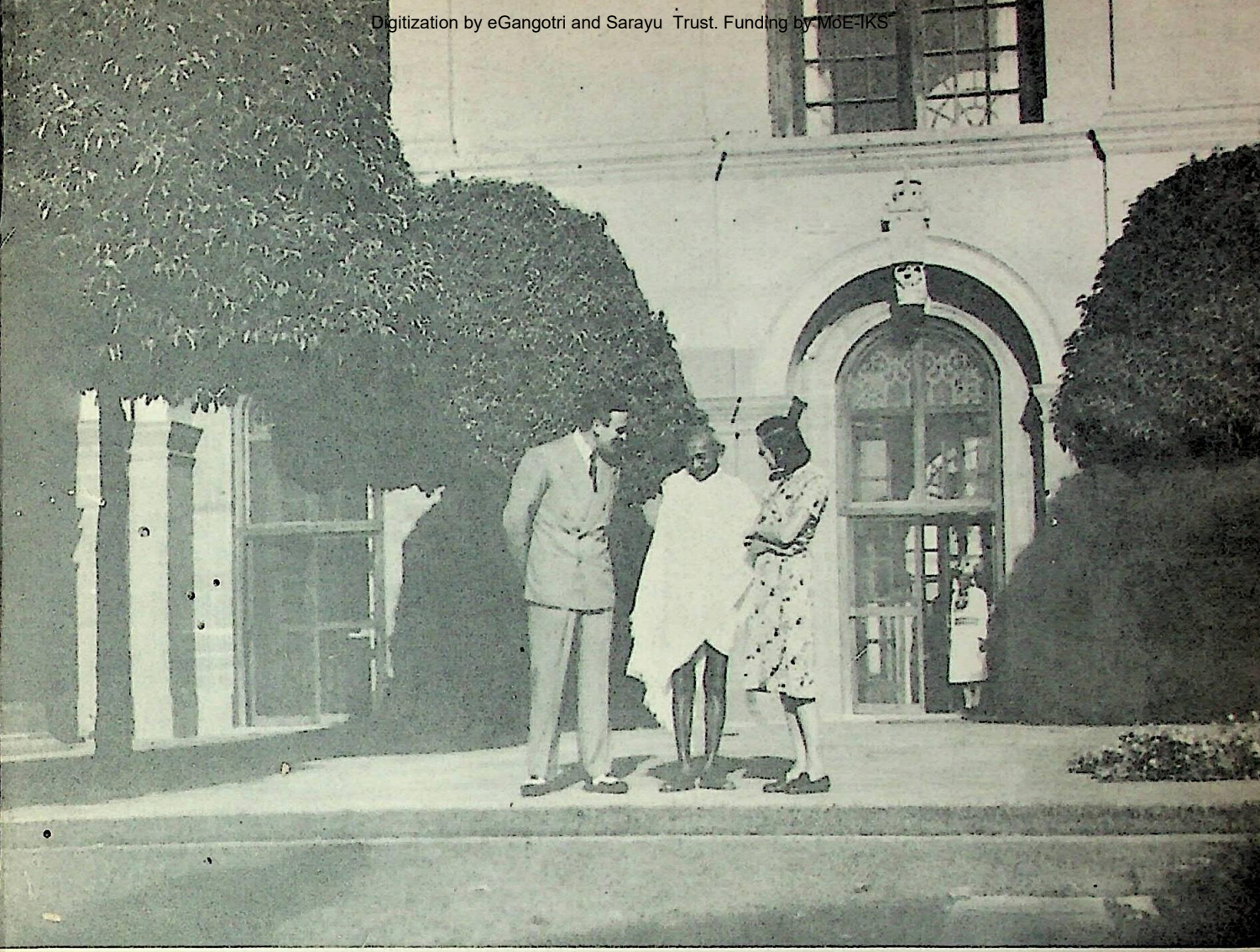

Gandhi with Lord and Lady Mountbatten at Government House, New Delhi, in March 1947.

about him. Like Socrates, Gandhi had certain awkward, even ugly features of face and frame, which he made no slightest attempt to disguise or hide. But these were straightway transfigured, as we have seen, by the inner grace and outward radiance of his spirit. To see and talk with Gandhi, even for a few hurried moments, was to be overwhelmingly impressed by the gentleness of the man, together with a certain dignity and authority. which gave him, in the single interview or in some great public meeting of the multitudes, supreme command of the situation. As I have already said, there was not the slightest pose or pretension about Gandhi—rather was he so gracious in his manner, so natural in his whole bearing and being, as to put the most sensitive visitor immediately at his ease. Yet was he moved by an inner power which itself was marred by no trace of condescension. Beyond the flesh there was the spirit, which had a regal quality which instantly brought to mind the Buddha, with whom Gandhi has been so frequently compared.

But it is Jesus, be it said in all reverence, who offers truest comparison with Gandhi. Of the personal appearance of the Nazarene we know nothing. He died in his radiant youth, as Gandhi in his still active old age, each the martyred victim of fanaticism. Both went to the people, and led them in great movements of deliverance from superstition within and oppression without. In both burned the pure and radiant flame

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of sacrificial love. They lived in spirit and in truth, and showed the way of life.

It was not so much Gandhi's greatness as it was the personality which won the world. Everyone who came into his presence felt and caught the contagion of his spirit. Then, as they left him and went their way, they carried with them, to be caught by other men, this inspiration to which no man was immune.... Mingled with this magnetism, if I may call it such, was the irresistible gaiety which swept with laughter over the ironies and innocencies of life. Basic was his simplicity and complete sincerity—the same to all, whether king or peasant, rajah or beggar, Hindu, Moslem, or Englishman. Instinctively men knew that they could trust Gandhi as their very own. In the case of multitudes the world around, in India and elsewhere, Gandhi became an intimate part of their lives. To think of him was a delight, to love him was an exaltation, to obey him was a privilege. So he moved everywhere among friends. Few and far between were the doors and hearts which remained closed to his approach....

It was said of the Queen of Sheba that when she visited Solomon in Jerusalem, she remarked to the great King, "It was a true report that I heard in my land of the acts of thy wisdom. How be it... the half was not told me."

If this were true of Gandhi as it was of King Solomon, it was not his fault. For Gandhi placed no bound or ban upon his life. He hid nothing from the world. For one thing, Gandhi lived in an age of publicity, when nothing was hid from the pencil of the reporter any more than from the eye of God. Then there are Gandhi's own writings—his public addresses, his personal interviews, his letters and prayers —in which he makes plain, to all who may be interested, his ideas and ideals, his plans and policies, his reasons in extenso for what he did or did not do. His autobiography, *The Story of My Experiments with Truth*, is a confessional document of unique appeal. In Gandhi's *Letters to a Disciple*, the Mahatma discusses questions of food and diet, illness, cure, little incidents and accidents of daily life, with a fullness and intimacy of detail which are almost embarrassing. Then there are the testimonies and tributes, the reports and records and reminiscences, of Gandhi's followers and friends who wrote before his death, which itself released a flood of first-hand biographical data. Only in the South African period, when the world destiny of Gandhi was not even guessed, is there any lack of this abundant literary material. The longer Gandhi lived and the higher he climbed in his leadership of the Indian people, the clearer became the content of his career.

There were deeps in Gandhi, to be sure, which are difficult to fathom. He himself did not know, at least in the beginning, the mysteries of his being, or the focus of his fate. How otherwise explain certain aspects of his career and conduct in South Africa which stand so utterly contrary to the fixed pattern of his later days? Only slowly did it become apparent that the Mahatma's distinctive qualities were spiritual rather than physical or intellectual, and that the latter took on importance only to the extent that they could be useful to the former. Thus, all his life, as we have seen, Gandhi was interested in problems of physical health, which seemed to exercise a kind of fascination over his mind. But beyond a few extreme ideas and practices, he contributed little to their solution.

The vast spate of his writings through many years represents a sustained intellectual activity, but contain few if any passages of marked literary distinction. His thought worked itself out into no systematic philosophy or ordered arrangement of ideas. He cherished a devout religious faith, which he was never tempted to set up as the organizational center of a cult or sect. It was in the pure realm of the spirit that he excelled, especially as he applied his principles to economic, political, and social problems with a courage and insight which marked him as the supreme personality of his age. It was here, at this point of contact, that he met with God, communed with him in secret, and, under his divine guidance, reached his bold decisions. This was a disciplined process of putting his soul to work, with results that were patent to all, but none the less hard to understand.

Yet in Gandhi was a great simplicity! This simplicity was the product of a basic integrity, which concealed nothing, played no devious tricks, practiced no deceptions. In his life was no confusion of motive, no hesitancy, no self-distrust, no doubt. For whatever he said and

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did was only what he deemed to be right in the all-seeing sight of God. Gandhi was accused often enough of being a politician cleverer than the rest because more unscrupulous and hypocritical in making God his partner. It seemed incredible that any leader of men, in such a crisis as impended upon him, could be so naive! But in due course it was seen that Gandhi was sound in his convictions and utterly sincere. To him God was not a dogma but a real presence—God was Truth, as Truth in turn was God. This meant that the Mahatma had no personal ends to serve, except as he would to his own self be true. His whole life was an obedience to God. It was as simple, and as wonderful, as that!

It must be obvious by now that Gandhi was primarily a saint. From the lofty standpoint of this characterization, we can best comprehend his word and work. The Hindus knew this well when, long years ago, they sanctified him by the title recognized and fondly used by millions, of "Mahatma." It was a part of his sainthood to object to this title. He himself never used it, and it had no place in the circle of his disciples. Here Gandhiji and Bapu were the beloved names. But the tides of popular acclaim and reverence swept all opposition away, and to the multitudes he remained Mahatma to the end.

Of the various attributes of sanctity, Gandhi's inextinguishable gaiety comes first. There were times, of course, too serious and indeed too terrible for laughter. Such a time was the one when I saw him last. Rapine and ruin, disaster and death, were sweeping the countryside in the struggle between Hindus and Moslems which followed upon partition. Gandhi was overwhelmed by sorrow and shame, and it was hard for him to smile. In happier and nobler times, in moments when he was making some supreme sacrifice for the freedom of his people—imprisonment, fasting, or what not—his sense of humor was irresistible. We have already seen Gandhi's amusing way of accepting imprisonment as a welcome opportunity for spinning, reading, writing, or meditation with God. This was the sunny side of his unconquerable equanimity, coupled with the embarrassment of his utterly bewildered jailors. But it was in his contacts with his friends and visitors that his gaiety was most easily aroused. Peals of laughter were the music that made beautiful his *ashram*. The saints, for some mysterious reason, are almost invariably happy people. St. Francis of Assisi could be stern, unbending, but was far more often joyous. In this they differ from the theologians, who are so deadly serious, and from the ecclesiastics, frequently so cruel. So it was with Gandhi, who never allowed pain, or disappointment, or frustration to get the better of him. With God on the scene there was no need to worry, or be sad. Only to be glad!

A second attribute of sanctity is disinterestedness—that selfless love which asks nothing for oneself and everything for others. Gandhi had not always possessed this saintly quality. On the contrary, he started out with much the same elements of character as may be found in ordinary men. Thus, he was ambitious of advancement in his chosen profession. He opened a law office in Bombay, partly at least to earn and accumulate money. He accepted a brief in South Africa, and charged a large fee for his services. In his family, in these days of his early manhood, he was a martinet in discipline. He must dictate and rule, and wife, children, even friends must heed his mandate. Then, little by little, and none the less surely, he purged himself of his vanities. For the sake of his people, in India and South Africa alike, he put aside all worldly interests and pursuits. Sacrifice now became the central impulse of his inner spirit. Ambition melted away. Private enterprise yielded to public service. Property became of no concern. His family was seen only as a part of the great body of mankind. At last the Mahatma became the living symbol of India's need. No home but a mud hut in the *ashram*, no food but a handful of nuts and rice in his beggar's bowl, no clothing but his loin cloth and shawl, no money, no possessions, no official power, he found himself for the first time free to serve India without worry or concern. Through sheer self-abnegation, he became one with its poverty-stricken millions, and a saint in their adoration and devotion. Never in all history was a sanctified leader so effective in his work for humankind, and in his asceticism so glorious an example of virtue.

What Gandhi denied himself he sought wholeheartedly for others. This is the real explanation of his heroic and ceaseless labor for the deliverance of India from the rule of the

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British crown. Political independence was more or less of an abstraction—a slogan to stir the minds of millions. Gandhi came to the idea slowly, even reluctantly. Indeed, it may be said that he was at last driven to the far extreme of policy by the crass stupidity of British officials who consistently outraged the people and their leaders. But always, even in the days of fiercest contention, Gandhi regarded independence as a means to the great end of delivering the far-flung population of the land from poverty, disease, and other miseries which degraded Indians to a level of subsistence which no human beings should be expected to endure. The whole passion of Gandhi's soul was dedicated to the uplift and security of the common people. As long as they were all but naked in their need, so he would be all but naked for their sake. But always he looked beyond, to the hour of emancipation, when the fruits of their labor would be their own, and not the booty of the exploiters, native and foreign, who fed fat upon them. Not a man in all India but held the Mahatma's devotion—not a family that was not akin to his own. Gandhi's heart was big enough to contain all these multitudes, and each individual among them all had Gandhi's pity, and felt himself, to an intensive degree, to be his brother.

Of Gandhi's compassion for mankind—the poor, the outcaste, the forlorn—there can be no more effective an example than his attitude toward the untouchables, whose emancipation he sought for years with steadfast purpose. For this no date can be assigned, as the work was in character a kind of agitation in which the Mahatma was engaged through a period of years. While supporting the caste system as giving what seemed to him to be a stabilization of society not otherwise possible, Gandhi was horrified to behold a group of some sixty million men and women in India altogether outside the array of castes, who were existing thus on the lowest level of insult and indignity. There is no precise moment when the Mahatma cursed the whole idea of untouchability, and sought its abolition. Gandhi simply went ahead ignoring this wretched outlawry of a whole people. and seeking, or himself creating, ways of ending it. He knew that his personal practice would slowly but surely have an influence which would be potent. So he opened his *ashram* to the untouchables, and usually had several of them in residence. He laid down the policy of recognizing untouchables as welcome members in the national movement for independence. He insisted upon his own personal contact with them. As St. Francis nursed the lepers and kissed their sores, so Gandhi ministered to the untouchables as occasion offered. The climax of his devotion came when he adopted an orphan girl born of untouchable parents, and with her brought the outcastes straight into his home and heart. It was in this fashion that the mere existence of the untouchables became an issue of large public moment, especially to those who, like the Mahatma, would have India worthy of the freedom she herself was seeking. It was inevitable but none the less notable that the new constitution of India should provide for the complete emancipation of the untouchables, and thus merge them forever in the great body of Indian life. Gandhi and his followers delivered these sixty millions of pariahs from centuries of the most degrading bondage, and therewith achieved a deed which lifts the Mahatma to an enduring place among the liberators of mankind.

As we survey these exalted attributes of being, it becomes more and more manifest, as I have said, that Gandhi was a mystic of the noblest type. . . .

It would seem as though Gandhi, of all men, were much too beset by constant duties and distractions to enjoy the fruits of the mystical life. Was he not too hopelessly entangled in human affairs to win freedom for contemplation and spiritual exercise? Facts as diverse as a mother's concern for her child which she laid at the Mahatma's feet for healing, or a priest beseeching counsel for the welfare of his village, or some drama of statesmanship which must shake the British Empire and the encompassing world—these and a myriad other appeals pressed upon him day and night, and exacted attention which he did not refuse. It was always possible, of course, for him to follow the example of the multitudinous holy men who flourished in his country. The cave men who hid themselves away in grottoes or other rocky retreats, and once a year revealed themselves to their disciples; the priests who occupied the temple precincts and offered at intervals their formal prayers; the servants of God, in the Jain

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and other sects, who wandered the countryside in a purity of being which they would fain convey to other men! But these ways of life were not for Gandhi. He must be in the world while not of it—thus keep constant contact with the people while seeking still the "solitariness" of God. How he worked out this dilemma is one of the most fascinating examples of his method.

Laying down the principle that he must always be accessible to those who sought him, whether it be the peasant woman in sore distress, or the Congress member to talk politics, or the passing visitor from abroad, or the latest commission of inquiry from London, Gandhi organized his life with the meticulousness of a great executive. His door was open—no man must be allowed to knock in vain. But Gandhi had learned the arts of relaxation and withdrawal. Thus, he kept rigorously to a time schedule, and thereby saved himself the gnawing worry of delay. He set aside one day each week for silence, and on this day, while seeking no arbitrary seclusion, and even communicating through the device of written notes, he would not talk or attend conferences. Then there were his periods of prayer—in the early morning and evening—in which he turned to God for the refreshment of his spirit. Lastly, and most important, was his deliberate communion with God when, in some dilemma of policy exacting momentous decisions, he sought, and in the end received, the divine command. Here his mystical powers received their supreme expression. Gandhi sought the Truth, and the Truth was God; and in the counsel of the divine mind, asked and never refused, he found his way as the troubled and yet serene leader of his people. Gandhi the mystic was never uncertain or misled after his retreats with God. On the contrary, he had found the way, and dared to walk therein.

The Mahatma seemed to lack certain essential qualities. His presence was devoid of all physical glamour and beauty. His speech lacked eloquence and power. His pen was tireless, but not seldom uninspired. All too much of his activity was poured out, like water upon the ground, on economics and politics. But by every test of the spirit Gandhi proved himself the man. His very setting in a world of arms and hate and death seemed to prepare the way for his coming. He challenged this world, even as Jesus challenged Rome, to a duel between the sword and the spirit. In word and deed and drama, as in the case of assassination to parallel crucifixion, Gandhi met the issue. To his side he called Truth, and Love, and Peace. And as these were God, as the Mahatma knew God, the victory was his. As nations rise and fall, and civilizations disappear, the more wonderful becomes the survival of humanity. What can explain this more convincingly than the recurring visitations of the saviors who, in sole reliance upon the spirit, "make straight in the desert a highway for our God?"

Of these timeless saviors, Gandhi was one. I knew this when in 1921, to an incredulous public, I proclaimed Gandhi to be "the greatest man in the world." Through the more than thirty years of wars and rumors of wars that have passed since that date, I have never doubted this pronouncement.

Gandhi was not infallible. He made his mistakes, and on occasions said and did strange things. But his motives were always pure, his words and deeds dictated by the noblest principles, and his spirit manifest of all those qualities of patience, humility, courage, and selfless sacrifice, which mark the few great sons of men. He organized and led a movement which was commensurate with his own unconquerable spirit. He died only to live more amply in the hearts of men. Therein lies his eternal glory.

As for us, the happy few, who saw and knew and loved him, it is enough that we found the Truth, and have now the duty to impart it to other men.

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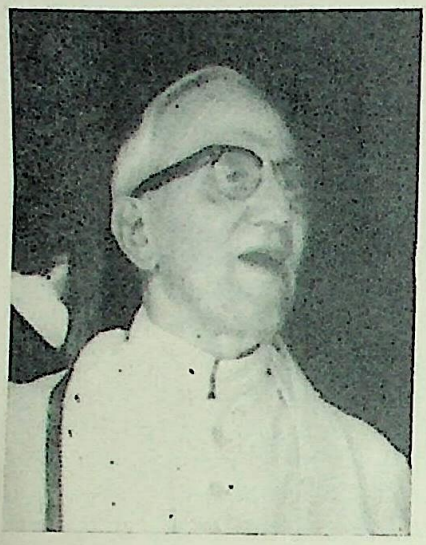

In 1907, E. Stanley Jones sailed for India as a Methodist missionary. His immediate task upon arrival was to study the native language, which he did while acting as pastor in an English Church in Lucknow. In the early years, his work was among the outcastes and the low castes, and marked a new approach in missions. Refusing to attack the non-Christian faiths—Hinduism and Islam—Dr. Jones instead preached a gospel which disentangled Christ from Western culture and Western forms of Christianity. The ecumenism and freshness of this approach soon attracted the interest of the high castes, the student and educated groups. From that point on, for almost 36 years, Dr. Jones continued his work among the educated classes. (He was elected a Bishop of the Church at Kansas City in 1928, but resigned twenty-four hours later in order to continue his missionary work in India.)

Among his projects was the inauguration of the Round Table Conferences, where Christians and non-Christians alike sat down together as equals. His first book, The Christ of the Indian Road, *sold more than 1 million copies, and has been translated into some 30 languages. Twenty-two books, among them* Abundant Living, *have followed. In 1930, Dr. Jones built his* ashram, *a place of spiritual retreat, at Sat Tal in the Himalayas, where each year a group from all over India—Indian and foreign—gather together. He has transplanted these* ashrams *to the Western world and around the globe. In the United States and Canada alone, over thirty have been established to date. In 1950, Dr. Jones founded the first Christian psychiatric center and clinic for Indians, the now-noted Nur Manzil Clinic at Lucknow.*

In 1948, Dr. Jones wrote his personal interpretation of the Mahatma, out of their thirty-year friendship. As he wrote a number of years later to the editors of Time *magazine, "When I published my book* Mahatma Gandhi—An Interpretation, *I thought it a comparative failure. It didn't seem to do much. But when I saw Dr. Martin Luther King for the first time, he greeted me with this: 'It was your book . . . which gave me my first inkling of the method and spirit of nonviolence. This is the method, I said to myself, to apply to the freedom of the Negro in America. I will use this method of nonviolence instead of the method of violence. So it was your book that started us on this path of matching soul force against physical force. We will match our capacity to suffer against the other man's capacity to inflict the suffering. And we will wear down opposition by goodwill . . .'"*

In 1963, the Lucknow Publishing House in Lucknow, India, reprinted this book for wide distribution in India. As the publisher wrote in his preface to the new edition, "While not all will agree with the author's interpretation, it opens our eyes again to the tremendous influence that Mahatma Gandhi had on the people of his time, and the effect he could even now have if we would accept his message."

Since the Second World War, Dr. Jones has spent six months in America and six months in India. In 1961, he received the Gandhi Peace Prize. At this writing, Dr. Jones, aged 84, was at his ashram *at Sat Tal, conducting his annual business and missionary work.*

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AN INTERPRETATION

E. STANLEY JONES

On the day that Mahatma Gandhi was killed, I arrived in Delhi just an hour and a quarter before the tragedy. I had requested a friend to get me an appointment with Mahatma Gandhi for that afternoon. But my train was five hours late—symbol of India's internal upset—and when I arrived I was told that the appointment could not be arranged as he was taking a minimum of interviews since his fast. It was then suggested that we go to the prayer meeting which he held daily and which would possibly give an opportunity for a word at the close. I had often seen him in the post-prayer periods.

We had just time to make it and get back to a supper meeting at which I was to speak, along with the wife of Acharya Kripalani, the president of the Indian National Congress. We had time to make it, provided we took a taxi. That decided me against it, for the taxi would have to wait and that would be expensive. I allowed the expense item to decide the matter. I said to my friend that I could see Gandhi later on. I am ashamed to confess that a matter of rupees kept me from being at the greatest tragedy since the Son of God died on a cross. In a way I am grateful I was spared the sight, but one would like to have been near him in his last moments.

The assassin had fired three shots into the breast of Mahatma Gandhi as he walked toward the platform to begin the prayer meeting. This meeting was called a prayer meeting, but in addition to prayer it was really the daily message of the Mahatma to the nation. Here he commented on intimate affairs of the nation and gave his advice on current happenings. The people of India and the world listened. During the French Revolution a leader said to the crowd as a saintly priest was about to address them: "Listen, men, for forty years of pure living are about to address you." India knew when the Mahatma spoke that forty years of pure living and sacrificial struggle were about to address them. They hung upon every word as upon an oracle. That fateful day they waited breathlessly as usual for him to come to the prayer meeting. He was coming, leaning on the shoulders of two of his granddaughters. A man stepped forward and folded his hands in salutation and said, "You are late today, Mahatmaji." And then whipping out a pistol he fired three shots pointblank into the breast of the Mahatma. He sought to stop the Mahatma and his ideas. Stop him?

He only succeeded in freeing the ideas and spirit of the Mahatma from his frail body and making them the possession of the human race. For an astonishing thing took place. He marched into the soul of humanity in the most triumphal march that any man ever made since the death and resurrection of the Son of God. The Roman triumphal processions were tawdry compared to this. It was worldwide; it was all-embracing. Never before had such a flood of love and sympathy been poured out as was poured out on the death of this strange little man. People from every land—people whom we never suspected as being interested in the Mahatma and his ideas and methods—poured out their affection.

What was the secret of this little man? How can we interpret him and the world's interest in him? Why did he draw men even when they

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disagreed with him? Men came to see him with blood on their horns and came away subdued and captivated. Why? Why did his death shake the heart and conscience of the world? What is this power wrapped up in such a strange wrapping? Did humanity see in him something they have been looking for? He began life as a timid boy who used to run home from school lest the boys tease him or poke fun at him. This timid boy becomes one of the world's bravest men, defying social custom and confronting empires with unbreakable courage. How do we interpret him?

A French philosopher once said that "no man is strong unless he bears within his character antitheses strongly marked." One of the secrets of Mahatma Gandhi's strength was just this holding in a living blend and balance strongly marked antitheses. He was a combination, a meeting place of currents. And yet he was no mere patchwork of qualities gathered from here and there. The ensemble was unique. In the end an entirely new thing emerged—the character of Mahatma Gandhi.

He was a combination of East and West. The soul of Mahatma Gandhi was intensely Eastern. Born in a native state, Porbandar, where his father was the prime minister, he early imbibed ideas of independence. He was Indian to the core, and yet he was deeply influenced by the West. Had Mahatma Gandhi not been educated in large measure in the West, he would never have had the worldwide influence he has had. He stepped out of India and exposed himself to the West, studied law in Britain. He even tried to absorb the civilization of the West—dinner clothes, spats, meat-eating, and all. But he soon saw that this wasn't for him. It was like Saul's armor on David. It didn't fit. A friend who is one of God's troubadours once said: "People give me their clothes, but they soon begin to look like me." The clothes and the person became a unit. But Gandhi never really inwardly surrendered to Western civilization. He had his inner reservation, so the clothes never really fitted him. They were discarded.

In the person of Mahatma Gandhi, East and West met; and through his methods and spirit they were in large measure reconciled.

Another set of contradictions was reconciled in Gandhi. He was an urban man who became identified with the peasant. His whole upbringing and training was to be a man of the city. As he was the son of a prime minister of a native state, his sympathies would thus tend to be with the ruling classes. But by deliberate intention he identified himself with the masses of the people, 75 per cent of whom are peasants. He put aside all superior clothes and wore only what the peasant wears, namely a loin cloth or *dhoti*. The upper portion of his body was bare in life; and when he was carried out to the funeral pyre, it was befittingly bare in death. And yet he always seemed completely clothed. In an elevator in America was this sign: "No one is fully clothed unless he wears a smile." Mahatma Gandhi was fully clothed, for he always wore a smile which drew attention to his face rather than to his bare body. His son Devadas Gandhi said of his father: "Gandhi was one of the most refined persons in the world, refined in his scanty dress, in his speech, and in his manners." Anyone who came into contact with Gandhi would verify that. He always went third class while traveling, and third class is hard wooden benches. In later years those who loved him saw that he must be protected from the crowds in third class, so they sent him by special railway carriage or train, but it was third class still.

An urban man becomes the idol and voice of the masses. The millions of India live in the rural sections of India, and it was Gandhi who aroused them, made them shed their fear, and made them conscious of destiny. Before the advent of Gandhi the nationalist movement was among the intellectuals. He carried it to the masses. Nobody else in history was acclaimed by such multitudes of humanity who everywhere thronged to get a sight of the Mahatma. They saw in him their best selves and their own possibilities. He was the voice of the dumb millions.

When he went to Delhi, he stayed at the Bhangi or Outcaste Colony—of all places! British cabinet ministers and viceroys would come to see Mahatma Gandhi at the Outcaste Colony. The multitudes—Brahmins and all—thronged to this Scavenger Settlement, a place unclean in itself, to get a glimpse of him and to hear him at the prayer meetings. For them he purified everything.

I was on the train one day, and the latrine of

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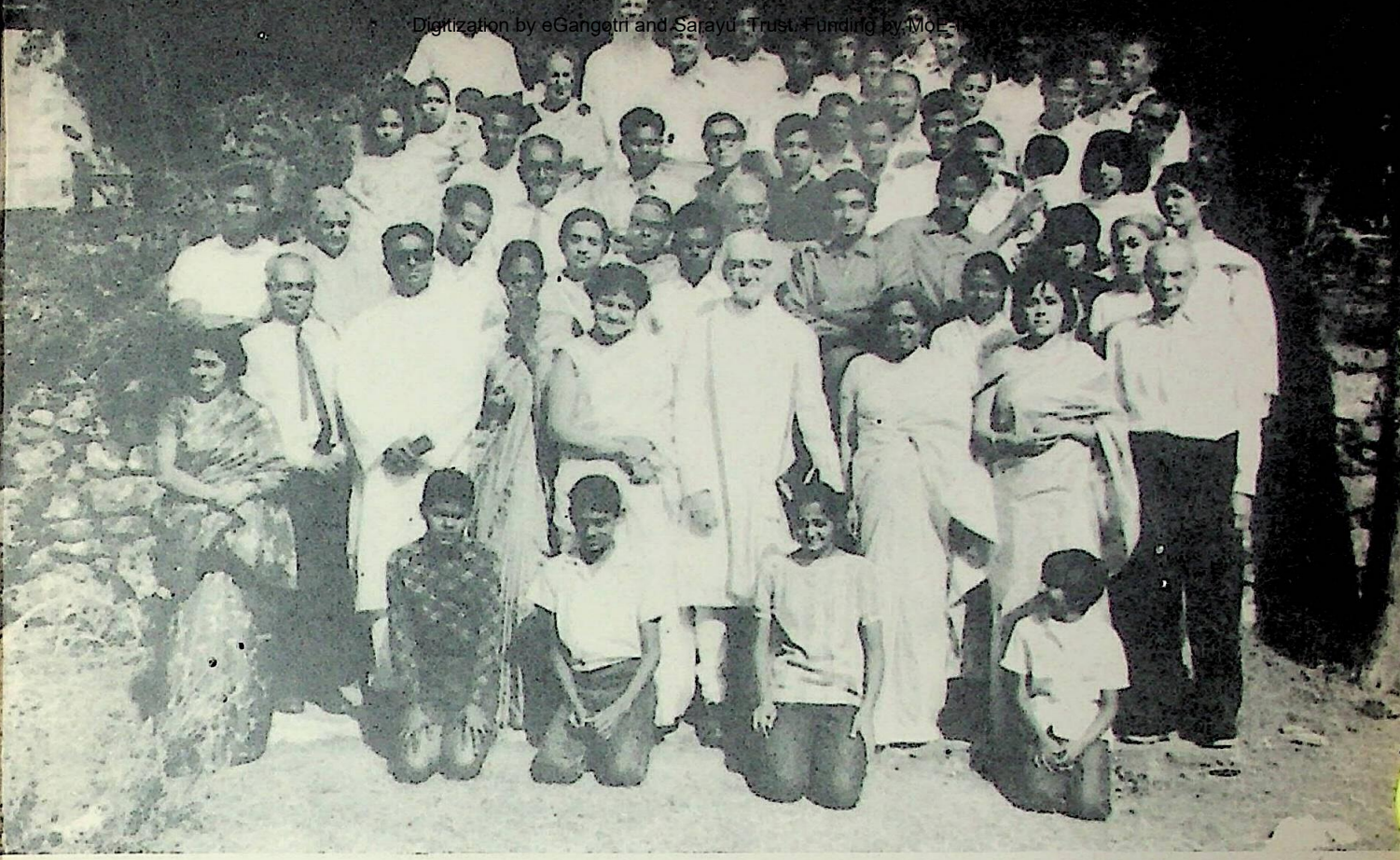

Dr. Jones with members of his ashram *at Sat Tal.*

the compartment was very dirty, so I got a broom and cleaned it. The Indians in the compartment were amazed that I should do this, and one said, "You must have been with Mahatma Gandhi." When I said I had been and had learned this from him, they remarked, "That explains it."

When a delegation of Indians headed by an American missionary, representing a Graduates' Association, called on Mahatma Gandhi and asked him what they could do to help the city, he answered in two words: "Become scavengers." He meant they should help clean up the city, physically, mentally, and morally.

In Mahatmaji the urban and the rural came together, not in an artificial amalgam, but in a living blend. He never patronized the poor; he was one of them, lived and spoke for them, was bone of their bone and pain of their pain. He was a man among men. The rich urban man and the poor peasant were both just men.

Again, we find in Mahatma Gandhi a coming together of the passive and the militant. The man who is only passive is weak, and the man who is only militant is weak; the strong man is both. He is passively militant and militantly passive. The Mahatma was both. He was always resisting something, and yet he did it passively; hence he called it passive resistance. But only if we understand the word "passive" in its original root form, "to suffer quietly, patiently." It was resisting, not by inflicting suffering, but by taking suffering on himself. It was really not a passive resistance; it was an active resistance from a higher level. The opponent strikes you on your cheek, and you strike him on the heart by your amazing spiritual audacity in turning the other cheek. You wrest the offensive from

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him by refusing to take his weapons, by keeping your own, and by striking him in his conscience from a higher level. He hits you physically, and you hit him spiritually.

The Mahatma was always resisting something; he fought on many fronts simultaneously—the political, the economic, the social, the religious. Analyze his fasts; they were against individuals, groups, communities, nations. He even fasted against himself for self-purification. Never did a man fight so long and continuously on so many issues. Nothing vital to India was alien to him. Wherever there was hurt, he inflicted on himself an answering hurt. His wounds answered their wounds. And yet he was no dour-faced tilter at every windmill he passed. He carefully chose his issues; and once convinced that a wrong was being done, he would inflict on himself pain until that wrong was righted. But amid it all he was cheerful. He was the Happy Warrior. He held together in a living blend the opposite qualities of passive and militant.

Again, he was an ascetic and a servant. The combination is a new phenomenon in India. The ascetic in general does not serve. His idea of the Ultimate precludes serving. For in the Vedantic philosophy, which is the central philosophy of India, the Ultimate Reality, Brahma, is nonserving. He, or It, is lifted above all action; for where there is action, there is the fruit of action; and where there is fruit of action, there is rebirth; and where there is rebirth, there is suffering. So Brahma is the actionless, passionless IT. In order to realize your unity with Brahma, it is necessary to reduce your contacts with the world of sense, sit and meditate and keep affirming your unity with Brahma—*Aham Brahmasmi*, I am Brahma. It is better than to do nothing, good or bad. The aim is not to do, but to realize. The whole attention of the ascetic is to get out of the wheel of existence. This whole weary round is *maya*, or illusion. The moral and material drain on a country, with hundreds of thousands of ascetics turning their attention away from the solution of problems to an escape from those problems, is enormous. It is true that bodies like Ramakrishna Mission are bodies of modern ascetics who serve and make a great contribution to the country's uplift. But the impulse to do this does not come out of the philosophic idea of Nirguna Brahma.

It was with a sigh of relief that India saw in her greatest son the combination of two things that gripped her deeply. India has always respected the man who could renounce, who could sit lightly to the things of this world. Buddha and his renunciation of a princely inheritance grip the soul of India. And here was Mahatma Gandhi, the leader of the new India, an ascetic. It gripped the soul of ancient India. But he also gripped the soul of Modern India. For modern India feels that to renounce and not to relate that renunciation to the needs around one is worse than useless; it is a drain. In the Mahatma the two came together—the old idea and the new—and were found to be in a living blend. Gandhiji was the ascetic who served. That drew both groups to him, for each saw its idea fulfilled in him. So the Mahatma was not merely a person; he was the meeting place of two streams, the old and the new.

Many people, not understanding the Mahatma, called him a political charlatan, especially in the early days. They thought that this simplicity that embodied such uncanny shrewdness was an unreal cloak—how could one be so simple and yet have a way of coming out on top? But he was both; his simplicity of outlook gave him an uncanny insight into the heart of problems and situations.

This was illustrated in a delicate situation when the Sikhs got out of hand in Delhi and perpetrated unbelievable brutalities. Jawaharlal Nehru went to one of their camps; and when a huge Sikh arose and wildly said that it was the duty of every Sikh to kill four Moslems in revenge for what had happened in Pakistan, Jawaharlal Nehru lost his temper and had to be restrained from attacking him singlehandedly. He told his Gurkha guards to leave. They refused: "We have our orders from our general; we cannot obey you." Nehru had to leave with the situation no better. Then Gandhi came, and the big Sikh repeated the same threat. The Mahatma quietly said in reply: "I am sorry I cannot restrain you from this killing. If you are determined to carry it on, then you must go back to Pakistan, where you left your wives and children, and carry it on there. So I will go to Dr. John Matthai, minister for transport, and will ask him for special trains to carry you

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back to Pakistan, so you can carry on your killing there."

And he started to walk away. The would-be killers, they who prided themselves on being "lions," were stung to the quick by his thrust at some of them who had left their wives and children in Pakistan, and were dismayed at the prospect of going back there. They fell at his feet and begged him not to send them back. He drew up a list of undertakings which they signed then and there. This quick-acting insight which the Mahatma displayed in this crisis gives in epitome the combination of his simplicity and shrewdness. The combination of saint and politician was the expression of his simplicity and shrewdness.

When I asked Devadas Gandhi what he considered his father's outstanding characteristic and contribution, he replied: "His candor and his courtesy." This is a combination rarely seen; the candid are not courteous, and the courteous are not candid. But Mahatma Gandhi was both, and he was both at one and the same time. He spoke exactly what he thought, and yet did it so gently and courteously that you loved it even when it was cutting across your own views. He was a most amazing blend of the candid and the courteous.

Note another combination: the serious and the playful. Seldom has a man been driven by more serious purposes. They weighed upon him night and day, for he was seldom or never without a crowd around him. They dumped into his lap everything—their complaints, their hopes, their troubles, their longings, their struggles, and their sins. The Indian often says to you when he comes with a request: "You are my Ma-Bap—my Mother-Father." Gandhiji was the mother-father to a whole subcontinent. It was a serious business to be looked upon to solve the troubles of one-fifth of the human race. And yet amid it all he was cheerful and at times playful. Lord Curzon said of Bishop Lefroy: "He had the zeal of a crusader, the spirit of a boy, and the heart of a woman." Mahatma Gandhi had all three, especially the spirit of a boy. Each evening at Sabarmati he would take an evening walk toward the jail a mile away with a troop of children around him and some of us older ones trooping behind. He played a game with the children of seeing who could touch the jail gate first. And yet those of us who knew how events were shaping knew that he would soon be in that jail, or a similar one, as a prisoner. He made a joke of it! At evening prayers the little children would crawl all over him and hang about his neck while he was talking. It didn't seem to embarrass him the slightest, nor did it embarrass the rest of us, for he too seemed to be as simple as a child, and a child about his neck was as befitting as a beautiful ornament around the neck of a beautiful woman. They coincided. And yet he was a very wise child, for he was talking very profound things.

When I wrote to him that I had been at Sabarmati after an absence of twentyfive years and raised the question of his coming back to the *ashram* in a national pageant, he wrote and reminded me that the thing I had missed most at the *ashram* was a mirror (something I had forgotten!), and then went on and talked about the suggestion of the pageant and what he was doing in Bihar, namely calling a nation to repentance. Laughing over the absence of a mirror in the midst of that! But that mirror held a mirror to his spirit: he was serious, and he was playful. But that playfulness was the expression of the rhythm of his spirit; he was so adjusted and harmonious that everything was a play spell to him. That is real mastery.

Another pair of opposites came to a combination and blend in the Mahatma: he was a combination of stubbornness and yieldingness. He was a man underneath whose gentle ways was an iron will. When once he had made up his mind, nothing could deflect him from the course mapped out. Again and again he would say on reaching a decision: "Please do not try to dissuade me. It is settled." He wanted to save his followers and himself from futile discussions. When he started fasts, there would be a flood of telegrams and letters asking him to desist and using every possible plea. But it was all a breaking of waves against a Gibraltar. He would never desist until he felt the purpose was accomplished. Jails could not bend or break him; he went straight as an arrow to his goal, the most stubborn of men.

And yet he was disconcertingly yielding when he saw reason to yield. He took the breath out of his followers when he called off the Noncooperation Movement when twentyone policemen were killed by a mob at Chauri

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Chaura, saying that this was "a Himalayan blunder." They felt he had let them and the movement down, for they had forsaken all to follow him and go to jail. But again the Mahatma was right. He called off the movement for the time being to discipline his forces and get them ready for a more purified advance that would send them forward. Had he not called off the movement temporarily, it would have degenerated into physical violence; and the movement that was done, that moment its appeal and power were gone. He knew when to yield and when to compromise. He was a very rare combination of stubbornness and yieldingness.

This leads me to give another combination in the Mahatma: he was a combination of poise and power. This is a rare combination. Those who seek poise usually do it by reducing contacts with the world. They keep the world out to keep poise within. And then there are those who exert power to change outer environment, and they rarely have poise. The Mahatma had both poise and power. He could be very, very stern. It was disconcerting the way he would rebuke those who seemed to him to be in wrong. He was no man-pleaser. He did not try to win people by being pleasant to them for the sake of winning them. He could be as cutting as a surgeon's knife—and as healing. For he never cut for the sake of cutting, for the sake of getting the better of an argument. He cut only out of what he considered necessity. And yet he did it so gently that one did not realize till afterward how deeply he had cut. He spoke the truth, but always in love. And the love was a kind of general anaesthetic that made the cutting painless.

In addition to this quality of speaking the truth in love, he had learned to be inwardly quiet amid a multitude. A cyclone has a center of calm amid a fierce whirl around that center. The Mahatma was the center of calm amid the cyclone of happenings in India during the last thirty years. But the power of the cyclone resides in that center of calm. Gandhiji was the center of calm and the center of power. He was seldom or never ruffled, never hurried, never stormy, and yet he generated movements that shook the whole social system amid which he lived. He was the terrible freak. And his calm was a terrible calm—terrible yet tender. He moved from conference to conference—conferences which had the destiny of millions bound up in them—but he was always calm and unruffled. His life was like a goldfish in a bowl—no privacy from the multitudes—and yet he learned to live an inner life amid these turbulent sorroundings.

There was another pair of opposites meeting in the Mahatma: humility and self-assertiveness. He took himself very seriously, so much so that a great many thought him pontifical. He was. For he had a detached sense of mission. He looked on himself as an instrument of God. One of Gandhiji's companions in jail, a revered teacher, begged of him to eat more food and be careful about his health, and the Mahatma replied: "I am taking good care of my body. I feel as responsible as a pregnant woman. God in his infinite mercy has chosen, it seems to me that I be instrumental in bringing forth India's freedom. I, therefore, cannot afford to die as yet." A Congressman told me that, when the crowds were pressing him, he said to those around him: "You are coming and going. If something happens to this body of mine, it will be the country's loss, not mine. So if you want to help the country, give me fifteen minutes rest." His self-assertiveness came out of the fact that he felt he was an instrument of God to bring about the deliverance of his people. But his humility came out of the same fact of having a sense of mission. Personal considerations were relegated to the rear; nothing mattered except the chosen mission. So he could talk about himself as though he were talking about another person. His humility was born of a sense of consciousness of greatness of mission. There was a dignity in his humility. He spoke humbly and yet with an amazing sense of self-assurance.

But none of the above contrasts meeting in Gandhiji explain his greatness without this pair of opposites: he was the meeting place of a person and a cause. The person had the significance of the cause which he embodied. That cause was the cause of India's freedom. It came to embodiment in Mahatma Gandhi. As a person, taken just as a person, he was not particularly significant. Of him it could be said as it was said of Paul: "His bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible." He had no commanding presence such as we associate with

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greatness. Close-cropped hair, large ears, teeth gone in front, nothing but a short loincloth, a pair of rough sandals, sometimes a shawl around his shoulders in colder weather, and a very plain face surmounted by large hornrimmed spectacles. Gandhiji's bodily presence was weak, and his speech was contemptible. He was no orator, never lifted his voice above the conversational when talking to a multitude, and there was no attempt at producing an effect. Then why did the multitudes hang on every word as upon an oracle?

It was because they knew that when he spoke the cause of India's freedom spoke. That cause looked out of his eyes, stretched forth its hands as he stretched forth his hands, and suffered as he suffered. He had the significance of the cause with which he was identified. People in the West—and East—often through the years would say to me: "Isn't Gandhi a spent force; hasn't he played out?" My invariable reply was: "How can he be played out? He represents a death less cause—the cause of India's freedom. As long as he is identified with that cause and is the embodiment of that cause, he is deathless." The reason we as Americans look on Lincoln as the greatest American is we see in Lincoln the cause of democracy come to embodiment. Democracy looks out of his sad eyes, touches us with his rugged hands, and speaks in his voice. Lincoln has the significance of the cause with which he was identified—the cause of democracy. The word of democracy became flesh in him. In Gandhi the word of freedom became flesh. When he spoke, freedom spoke. Gandhi was India.

That has to be corrected: Gandhi is India. It was no mere chance that his ashes were scattered in the 114 rivers of India. For he belonged to all India—was bone of its bone, blood of its blood, and is now ashes of its ashes. In Gandhi an ancient civilization, bound and clamped by cramping custom and mental and physical chains, came to renaissance, a new birth, and was free. When men saluted Gandhi, they saluted the new India.

Gandhiji seemed very simple, and yet he was very complex. He was a meeting place of East and West, and yet represented the soul of the East; he was an urban man who became the voice of the peasant masses; he was passive and militant, and both at one and the same time; he was the ascetic and the servant, aloof from and yet with the multitudes, and with them as their servant; he was the mystical and the practical come to embodiment, the man of prayer and the man of the spinning wheel and ten thousand other practical things connected with economic redemption; he combined the Hindu and the Christian in himself, a Hindu at the center of his allegiance and yet deeply Christianized; he was the simple and the shrewd, the candid and the courteous, he combined the serious and the playful, a man who could shake empires and could tickle a child beneath the chin and gain a laugh and a friend; he had poise, but not the poise of retreat and aloofness; he had power to change situations by a deep identification; he was strangely humble and strangely self assertive; and last of all, and perhaps the most important of all, he was a person who embodied a cause—the cause of India's freedom.

This combination of qualities made the Mahatma strong. Without those opposite virtues, held in a living blend, with his great drive he would have been a fanatic. But he was not a fanatic. No fanatic plays with children, and children do not love a fanatic. He was a man in whom opposing virtues and interests were held in a living tension and reconciliation. In the South Sea Islands there is a flower, perhaps the largest flower in the world, but its odor taken by itself is putrid, and yet mingled with the scents of the jungle its odor is rather pleasant. Had these virtues and interests in Gandhi not been balanced by opposite virtues and interests, they would have tended to stink in the nostrils of the world, but blended they give a sense of fragrance. You cannot think of him without a sense of inner pleasure and gratitude. The incense that rises from the memory of his life is "a sweet savour." But while the savour is sweet, the preponderating impression he leaves is not sweetness but strength.

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Western nations are groaning today under the heel of the monster god materialism. Their moral growth has become stunted. They measure their growth in dollars. . . . American wealth has become the standard, rather than truth, kindness, generosity, love, sensitivity, and sharing the experiences of life freely and fully.

—Gandhi

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american tributes to Gandhi 1950-69

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Mahatma Gandhi once advised us always to assume in our opponents the highest motives capable of explaining their actions. This was not goody-goody advice but hard political sense.

—Stringfellow Barr (1897—)
American educator, writer, historian.

TRIBUTES

In the summer of 1953, I had the rare good fortune to discuss with Jawaharlal Nehru some of the implications of the Gandhian *Satyagraha.* He spoke with me, not as the Prime Minister of a great State, but as one who had "grown up in this strange complex of ideas and action which Gandhi let loose in India." He went on to express to me the difficulties which Indians have in viewing objectively the Gandhian experiments—Indians have been too close to the greatness of the man to view his works dispassionately. The Westerner who has the temerity to undertake the task of interpreting Gandhian thought can perhaps best do so by searching for its meaning in terms familiar to the West. At least, so it has seemed to this Westerner whose basic predispositions are rationalist and humanist and who shares with some of Gandhi's severest critics an abiding suspicion of religious systems and of obscurantist approaches. It is the unsystematized and often inconsistent jungle of Gandhi's writings that makes it difficult but tempting to others to formulate a "Gandhian Philosophy." . . .

Those who would explore further may have an interest in the words penned by Jawaharlal Nehru at a time when, truly, he was pressed by the searching, weighty problems which beset the statesman. As he wrote to me a few days after our brief discussion, he had stolen the moments to set down these thoughts because he wished that people might be brought to understand Gandhi's ideas about *satyagraha.* The following paragraphs were addressed to my original manuscript, "Gandhian *Satyagraha* and Political Theory: an Interpretation." "To many of us," he wrote, "it is not a new field . . ."

We were hardly in a position to exercise a dispassionate judgment about them, for we ourselves became integral parts of these processes which changed us as individuals and changed the history of India. And yet, in some ways we were entitled to a hearing and our views may have some value, though they might not be expressed in the language of the scholar. We were not only intellectually in touch with these dynamic ideas but were emotionally aware of many things, which cannot easily be analysed or put down on paper. It is nearly three and a half decades now that I first came in contact with his strange personality and his strange ideas. The effect was almost instantaneous, as if an electric shock went through the system. And yet, the shock was a soothing and, at the same time, an enlivening one. The mind struggled with these new ideas often put out without much method or logic. But the whole system reacted to them and grew under their impress.

Was it the personality of Gandhi that did this or the force of the ideas that he represented and that he translated into action? Was it the rare spectacle of a man whose thought and word and act were so closely correlated as to form one integrated whole?

The man has gone, though he lives vividly in the memory of those who knew him, and innumerable legends have grown up about him. The story of his deeds has become a part of the history of India. Many people swear by his name and exploit it for base purposes. The noble doctrine of *satyagraha* is debased and used for wrong ends.

I suppose all this is inevitable. The truth or reality in the idea that he

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IN BRIEF

represented will no doubt survive and, I am sure, influence men's minds more and more.

In this age of uttermost violence, it is strange to think of the man who talked always of nonviolence. In this age of consuming fear, this absolutely fearless individual stands out. He demonstrated to us that there can be a strength far greater than that of armaments and that a struggle can be fought, and indeed should be fought, without bitterness and hatred.

In the realm of political thought it is substantially easier to say what Gandhi was than what he was not. He was in one sense a conservative, in another a philosophical anarchist; he was on the one hand a socialist, and on the other, a capitalist; and yet again he was a primitive communist. For each of these assertions some evidence can be culled from his writings and speeches. He belongs at once to all these camps and to none of them. For whatever else may be said of him, Gandhi was not a political theorist. He entered the practical realm suggested by one political creed only to make his own constructions and move into the next. It is as inaccurate as it is insufficient to infer that he wished only the idealization of a system. He had no time and but little patience with theoretical formulations. That he had scant interest in academic analyses was borne home to me in 1946 at the outset of my exploration—and academic analysis—of *satyagraha*. For when I explained my purpose, during a brief talk with Gandhi at Sodepur *ashram*, he directly responded: "But *satyagraha* is not a subject for research—you must experience it, use it, live by it."'

—Joan V. Bondurant
Political Scientist, University of California, Berkeley.

If a new Carlyle were today to write a new *Heroes and Hero Worship*, his outstanding hero would not—or should not—be a Frederick the Great, who left his country a heritage of militarism culminating in the criminality of Nazism, but the humble, saintly figure of the man who won the freedom of a nation not by war but by the moral sovereignty of peace, who proved that the most challenging of the sayings of Jesus is true—that the meek can inherit the earth. The normal triumph of Gandhi is all the greater when we recall his physical handicaps: a figure that entirely lacked the dignity of a great personality, a dark-skinned little man with wizened face flanked by large ears, with kindly eyes and humble bearing—until confronted with the moral issues of his time and people, and then capable of the flash of command and the sense of spiritual power. To his India, the loin cloth woven at his loom or those of his village neighbors became almost a regal garment, the symbol of the triumph of a great ideal, that of freedom won by the simple life and by the arts of peace. Fortunately, we may know him well and intimately for his autobiography ranks alongside that of St. Augustine in the revelation of his inmost thoughts and acts and passes an equally severe judgment on them. Then we have his writings and speeches, almost a library in extent. One collection, his contributions to the periodical *Young India* during the fateful years 1919-1922 (when he was imprisoned), reaches almost twelve hundred pages. The editor, one of his intimate disciples who was destined to become the first President of the Republic of India, Rajendra Prasad, compared its papers with those of the American *Federalist* for its influence in the formation of a nation's outlook. The title itself was a challenge; it was not "Mother India," cherishing an ancient heritage (although that sentiment was not lacking), but *Young India*, of the new world of freedom.

—James T. Shotwell (1874-1965)
American historian, author, university professor.

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It is the personal element that counts, and in that personality it is saintliness which the Indian seeks. Gandhi has it, among other qualities. He is profoundly religious. His private life is utterly simple and blameless. There is genuine, natural kindliness and humor about him which endears him to children and adults alike.

During the First World War, when influenza swept over India and hundreds of bodies polluted the sacred River Ganges at Benares, Gandhi personally organized and took part in burial parties, which was something unheard of in India, where to touch dead bodies of low-caste Hindus or untouchables is pollution. His belief in the sacredness of all life is religious. So is his shrinking from violence.

—*Herbert L. Matthews, Correspondent,* The New York Times.

The man we honor today spoke briefly and simply and I shall try to do the same. We are gathered here today on the occasion of the 11th anniversary of India's Republic Day to do honor to the memory of Mohandas K. Gandhi, through the issuance of Champion of Liberty postage stamps bearing his likeness. For the first time as Secretary of State, I am privileged to participate in a ceremony honoring a great hero and patriot of a sister nation. One of the unforgettable evenings in my own life was an evening spent with a few dozen undergraduates at Oxford (in 1931) in company with this great spirit. The memory of the nobility and long-suffering patience of Gandhi will live for ever. His clear vision, untiring efforts and perseverance brought independence and liberty to India, establishing it as a respected member of the world community of nations.

India and the United States have much in common. They are the two most populous democracies in the world. Both countries hold infinite respect for the dignity of the individual and both are composed of many different ethnic groups. As Gandhi once said, "I want the culture of all lands to be blown about my house.... It has room for the least of God's creations." This we believe also, and we wish to work with the peoples of India for the betterment of mankind.

We are grateful to India for this great contribution to all of mankind throughout the world.

—*Secretary of State Dean Rusk on occasion of ceremony dedicating Gandhi Champion of Liberty postage stamp, January 26, 1961, Washington, D.C.*

For an age that places so much of its hope in science and whose preoccupations are wealth and weaponry, it is astonishing how much of our history is being made by religious men. Three of the most politically influential leaders of this century have been mystics. One of them, Dag Hammarskjold, said, "In our era, the road to holiness necessarily passes through the world of action." The other two—Gandhi and Pope John XXIII—were also deeply involved in the world of action, yet personal holiness is what they sought.

Gandhi died 18 years ago, but the political weapon he invented to win freedom for India is still proving its potency on other social battlefields, notably the American South. The weapon is *satyagraha*, or nonviolent resistance. As Gandhi showed and Martin Luther King is showing, it can effect degrees of social change that once would have meant war but now need not. Gandhi said, "Nonviolence is the law of our species as violence is the law of the brute"; and while this is only half the truth about human nature, it is so much the more hopeful half that it must always make oppressors uneasy in a world where conscience and H-bombs have to coexist.

Gandhi died by violence, but he forged his mighty weapon in a lifelong quest for peace in his own soul. He believed in nonviolence as an end, not just a means; unlike some of our civil rights demonstrators, he respected the law even when disobeying it and never resisted arrest. His quest for peace was that of a saintly ascetic who learned to chasten his own behavior before he sought influence over others.

—*Editorial,* Life *Magazine, April 16, 1965.*

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If there were only one book I could recommend for reading in the Christmas season, that theoretical time of peace and goodwill, it would be Louis Fischer's biography, *The Life of Mahatma Gandhi*.

It is ironic—and perhaps it largely explains our tragedy—that in our age the man who most fully practiced the Christian message of turning the other cheek was not a Christian, but a Hindu. And this same man, who has already exercised enormous influence on world history, did so without firing a shot or occupying a public office. He was a poor, private citizen, armed only with moral and spiritual power....

Gandhi's influence, even upon this bloody and bitter generation, has been immense—beginning with Fischer himself, who was a dogmatically pro-Communist writer until he delved into Gandhi's creed of nonviolent resistance. No less surprising, when the book first came out, was the statement from that professional fighting man, Gen. Douglas MacArthur, who said: "In the evolution of civilization, if it is to survive, all men cannot fail eventually to adopt Gandhi's belief that the process of mass application of force to resolve contentious issues is fundamentally not only wrong but contains within itself the germs of self-destruction."

We are learning, slowly and painfully, what Gandhi always taught—that violence is always futile, that no wars are really won, that the human race must unify or perish utterly. Not since Jesus has there been so vivid and concrete a reminder of the power of moral force over material force.

And, nowadays, the lesson of Gandhi needs even more carefully to be studied by two opposing groups: by those activists who seek to change the social order, and by those who defend the status quo. The activists who forsake Gandhism for violence are cutting off their own lifelines to civilization; and the defenders of the status quo, by resisting and rejecting dissent, and merely lending ammunition to the violent extremists in the ranks of the dissenters.

Neither black nor white nor red nor any other kind of physical power can rule the world of the future; only the power of unifying ideals and creative ideas can turn Christmas from myth into reality.

—*Sydney Harris*,
Newsday *columnist*,
December 26, 1967.

Gandhian philosophy postulates a universe very different from that governed by the law of the fish. History is as much the record of harmonious adjustment as it is the story of conflict. The technique for adjusting and reconciling differences, a method on which Mahatma Gandhi's fame must ultimately rest, assumes the moral potential of the wrongdoer, the possibility of reasonableness in the adversary. In his political theory Gandhi concentrated on the means of achieving political ends to a degree uncommon in the history of Western thought. If there is a single theme in his philosophy it is that the character of the means determines that of the results.

—*Charles Drekmeier*,

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Harris Wofford, Jr., former associate director of the Peace Corps, was recently named president of the State University of New York's new liberal arts college in Old Westbury, Long Island. The new college, scheduled to open in September, 1970, will seek out students who have interrupted their education to serve in the armed forces, the Peace Corps, any of the special social service agencies, or to work at a job for a year or two.

As associate director of the Peace Corps in Washington, D.C., Mr. Wofford was also chairman of its Education Task Force which coordinated educational work and designed new programs for training and for continuing education overseas. He served on the 1961 task force that recommended the original Peace Corps legislation and has continued to play a leading role in its creation and administration. He was a member of President John F. Kennedy's White House Staff and chaired the President's Subcabinet Group coordinating the civil rights work of all federal agencies. Prior to that he had been consultant to the Federal Commission on Civil Rights. He directed the Peace Corps' work in Ethiopia as the Special Representative for Africa, in Addis Ababa, from 1962-64. In 1965, he served on President Lyndon B. Johnson's Smithsonian Task Force that drew up a proposed new international education program.

Mr. Wofford spent a month in India when he was 12 but his real exposure came in 1949 when he received a study fellowship to India under the auspices of the Foundation for World Government. As a result of that experience, Mr. Wofford and his wife Clare co-authored a book, India Afire, *published in 1951. Ambassador Chester Bowles read the Woffords' book while in India and was so favorably impressed that he asked the young Mr. Wofford, just out of Yale Law School, to join his staff as special assistant from 1954-1955.*

Mr. Wofford has worked with Ambassador Bowles on many other assignments since then. In 1957, he accompanied Ambassador and Mrs. Bowles on a world tour which included a month's stay in India.

In 1955, Mr. Wofford addressed a group of lawyers at the Hampton Institute on the subject "Gandhi the Civil Rights Lawyer." In this speech, Mr. Wofford proposed that the white and black communities of the South try the Gandhian way in their struggle for equal rights. At the time, American advocates of Gandhi's nonviolence were extremely skeptical about its appropriateness to the racial situation in the United States. "A respected Negro leader who had known and loved Gandhi and who had tried to spread his message to America told me," said Mr. Wofford, "that he had just about given up hope. The American Negro, everyone seemed to say, does not have the Gandhian dimension in him."

Mr. Wofford's proposal, however, was brought to the attention of some of the prominent leaders of the Negro struggle. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., was one of those who read and studied the text of Mr. Wofford's thesis. In 1956, the Negro community of Montgomery, Alabama, led by Dr. King, joined together in a 382-day-long boycott of the city buses, which did not permit Negroes to occupy seats at the front of the bus. Their Gandhian method resulted in a change of law. "The Montgomery bus boycott was the most exciting and most significant thing that has happened in this country for a long time," wrote Mr. Wofford. "New dignity was added to the fight for civil rights....The words of the court took on substance and life...because they were part of a human dialogue...a deep human response."

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PRAYERFUL ACTION

CLARE AND HARRIS WOFFORD

This is essentially the century of world social revolution. Is Gandhi not the main modern example of a democrat who successfully waged social revolution? He is the very embodiment of the democratic process and spirit. With his methods of constructive work and nonviolent direct action, the two sides of *satyagraha*, even our Western parliamentary politics might become less hollow and easily collapsible under totalitarian pressure.

Freed from the restrictions of being practical in the world's way, let us picture dimly Gandhi's way; then, back as the world goes, something of that pattern may remain in our minds, to haunt and to guide.

Hindus believe their souls return to this world in other beings; Gandhi said that if he came again he hoped he would be born as an untouchable. His headquarters would be some village of frightened Moslems. If he were again in India, his course today would be certain—social revolution in India would create a new force in the world, and Sevagram would soon rival Moscow in the struggle for men's minds. But since Gandhian socialism is coming alive in India, our question should be, what of the West?

If Gandhi were an American, he would probably be found in some small, poor community, and he would certainly be accepting the challenge of America's social frontier which runs roughly through the millions of Negroes, unorganized southern workers, and landless farm laborers.

He would shock and perhaps transform most American liberals, for rather than those who promise high but produce little, Gandhi would any day prefer Boss Flynn and his colleagues, who at least take care of the kids on the corner, bring sick voters to the clinics, supply turkeys to the needy for Thanksgiving. He would operate *satyagraha* according to America's political traditions, starting perhaps with the often neglected New England Town Meeting. He would find in the federal idea—which, after all, was once the ordering principle of the American Union—a method for the decentralized, varied local action of his dreams.

Gandhian efforts on some issues, such as against segregation in the South, could easily lead to jail. The value of courting prison might at first seem new and too martyrish to American democrats, who do not yet see prison as a useful step in the democratic process of persuasion, but it would be in the American line. When Thoreau went to jail over slavery, he posed his question so vividly that no matter how much Emerson asked, "Why are you inside?" Thoreau was saying to all Americans, "Why are you outside?"

Gandhi often said that from jail he could see more of the world than from any where else; but even at Sevagram his vision tried to reach round the earth. He put Sevagram last on the list of seven hundred thousand Indian villages needing electricity, yet if his turn even came he would probably point to over seven hundred thousand other South Asian villages outside India which needed light and power more than Sevagram. "There is no limit to extending our service to our neighbors across our state-made frontiers," he

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said. "God never made those frontiers." Wherever Gandhi lived his supreme loyalty would be to humanity. "The very right to live accrues to us only when we do the duty of citizenship of the world," he wrote to UNESCO shortly before his death, suggesting this as the cardinal principle for a world declaration of human rights.

Gandhi did not live to read the Universal Declaration of Human Rights adopted by the United Nations, but each article would be like a roll call which demanded an accounting of duty done.

Article 1: All human beings are born free and equal.

Article 18: Everyone has the right to freedom of thought, conscience and religion.

Article 23: Everyone has the right to work....

Article 25: Everyone has the right to a standard of living adequate for the health and well-being of himself and of his family....

If an American, Gandhi would see a special duty under Article 25. Since most of the industrial productive power in the world rests in the West's hands, the rapid fulfilment of a decent standard of living everywhere depends on the use of machines of the West.

According to his way, Gandhi would urge something more than United States Government aid; he would call for a great unofficial campaign of direct aid by citizens and their organizations. CARE has started sending ten-dollar plows to India, and Gandhi would say that this is a religious enterprise which churches ought to support and extend.

Louis Fischer, Gandhi's chief Western biographer, applied some of the Mahatma's spirit to the Point Four problem. After reading about an Indian village that badly needed a tractor, Fischer asked himself, "Why don't I get that tractor for them?" After pushing the idea to the back of his mind several times, he finally decided that such procrastination is too often the policy of liberals; so he wrote a letter-to-the-editor to raise from the public the two or three thousand dollars necessary. With some effort, he collected the money and informed a friend in India, asking where to send the tractor. To his surprise, the report came back that, on consideration the village did not really want a tractor. How could they run the machine without expensive oil and gas from America? How could the village afford spare parts? They would go in debt to the American tractor company! Furthermore, the local moneylender would soon own the machine and charge a terrible price for its use. And finally it would put many villagers out of work. Instead they could make better use of small modern hand tools and animal-drawn plows to replace their poor wooden instruments. They even specified from an old International Harvester catalogue just what tools they desired. Fischer, who had by then learned something more about economic development in India, willingly preferred to send them the money in the form they chose, only to find that some years back production of that kind of plow had been stopped. However, suitable tools were finally sent, and some Indians learned a little about the motives of many Americans.

The American Federation of Labor sent to India a representative, Richard Deverall, who arrived just before we left. His purpose was to assist in the development of free trade unions by teaching American union techniques. Within two weeks, we found Deverall being eagerly questioned by the Hind Mazdoor Sabha organizers. Later, when Bombay textile workers were undergoing a protracted strike, hundreds of food packages were sent by A.F. of L. unions. This is the kind of cooperative undertaking Gandhi would like to see multiplied a thousandfold. Such effort would teach the meaning of world citizenship to all those involved.

Gandhi would also be sure to see great action required to establish the "international" order which Articles 28 of the United Nations Declaration promises. When the United Nations was founded in 1945, Gandhi pointed to Congress' fateful Resolution of August 8, 1942, which pledged that "Independent India would gladly join a world federation of free nations."

Such a world federation would ensure the freedom of its constituent nations, the prevention of aggression and exploitation by one nation over another, the protection of national

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minorities, the advancement of all backward areas and people, and the pooling of the world's resources for the common good of all.

Before his death Gandhi reiterated that this was "the only way the world can live."

Using the UN Bill of Rights as a standard, democrats could carry out a world program of reform and development. Many vital UN projects in the fields of food, health, children's aid, economic construction and human rights are merely waiting to be taken up by the people. The UN staff has been frustrated by the national governments' lack of support. Gandhi would ask why the great non-governmental organizations of democratic citizens could not supply the power to start motion on these problems. Why could these groups, representing millions, with their vast resources, not become the gear connecting the UN directly with the people of the world?

Today the UN is only a weak skeleton of a world federation. By putting it to work, adding to its powers, and breathing faith into it, we might bring it light with the flesh and blood and muscles of a genuine popular government.

Democrats everywhere need such a world program. Perhaps if representatives of such democratic and world citizen forces from all continent assembled in Sevagram to plan a common strategy, they would imbibe some of the Mahatma's spirit. At least a World Congress or the UN itself, meeting in the middle of village India would be faced with the terrible problems facing Asia.

The United Nations needs such a challenge. Just as Gandhi said that the British would never give India self-government if Indians didn't take it for themselves, so the diplomats are not going to give the world's people a common government for their common problems unless the people demand it themselves.

"Stop this dream!" interrupts the practical man. The trouble, he thinks, is not that Gandhi is gone but that Russia is ever present. What can anyone do with Russia?

Gandhi's answer would probably be simple: take your eyes off Stalin for a while and shift your focus to the rest of the world: then you would see what ought to be done.

Almost as a cobra hypnotizes its victims by weird swaying motions, so the Kremlin seems to hold the West at bay. It is not the Russian veto that is blocking action toward peace, but the lack of sufficient democratic leadership.

How could Russia possibly stop the rest of the world from going ahead inside or outside the United Nations? Americans ought to be ashamed of their inadequacy if they admit that the Soviet one-third of mankind is able to prevent them from working together with the remaining two thirds. What disgrace is more sickening and shocking than this—that the West at the height of its powers, producing most of the world's wealth, is losing in an ideological struggle with a weakened, invaded, devastated, backward country only one generation out of feudalism? Historians a century from now will probably puzzle over our decade as a time of unprecedented opportunity for America, which was wasted for no good reason.

Gandhi would insist that we develop programs which we believe are right, and then carry them out. He, of course, would never reconcile himself to any division in the world, any more than he ever accepted the division of India. He would always leave vacant chairs for whatever section of mankind did not choose to unite, and he would constantly propose constructive efforts to reach those people.

He would act on Willkie's words that "the best answer to communism is a living, vibrant, fearless democracy—economic, social, and political." He would understand that the reason the world is producing so many Communists is because democrats are not meeting the world's main challenges. By tackling world social revolution boldly, democrats might cause Communists to listen.

Gandhi was not blind to the difficulties. When a Polish friend recounted to him the stories of Communist ruthlessness he answered sadly:

> I know, I know so well their devastating activities. But you remember, Uma, we can win not by actually fighting them, but by constructive methods emphasizing the power of love, of respect for individuals—so disregarded by them by working for real freedom, by serving God.

If someone told Gandhi that the non-Communist two-thirds of mankind could not proceed with world development and world unity because of the Red Army, it would

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remind him of all those who insisted that Indian *swaraj* could not be achieved against the force of the British Army and Navy.

If democrats work for world *swaraj* in the Gandhian way, and if Stalin refuses to relinquish his national sovereignty, he will look like the world's number one reactionary. Democrats will then have hold of an idea whose time has come; and there is no force on earth more powerful. Gandhi would have faith that ultimately Stalin would either change his mind or the Russian people would find a way to change their leaders.

Shortly before his last prayer meeting on the day of his death, Gandhi discussed the atom bomb with Margaret Bourke-White. How would he meet the danger of atomic war, he asked? "Ah, ah! How shall I answer that?" He thought for a while as he busily turned his spinning wheel. "I would meet it by prayerful action." She remembers how he emphasized the word "action." Soon afterward Gandhi walked out to greet his assassin.

Even if Gandhi were still in this world, he would provide no easy answers, no map for world citizens. He would, of course, tell us all that we have come to the end of our speech-making. He would show why this world revolution belongs to all of us, and how by welcoming it and guiding it peacefully we can yet make this the greatest century of democratic accomplishment.

All that he would ever give us is what he has already given—an example. And if we sought to ask him for some message, he would challenge each of us, as he did a group of Indians, with the answer which in the end we each must make: "My life is my message."

Gandhi, India, Asia, this hour in history join in summoning our lives to prayerful action.

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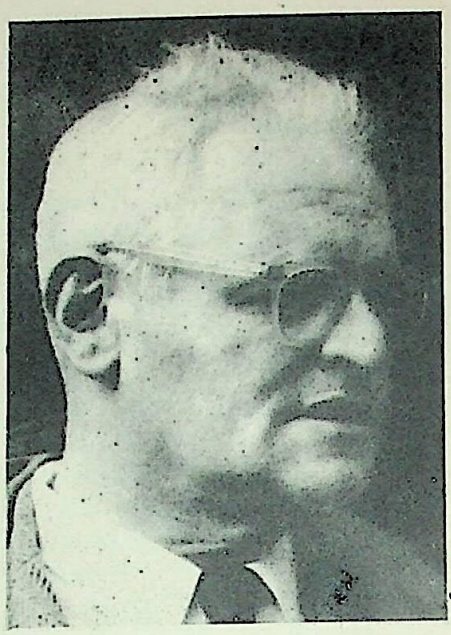

Homer Jack is probably one of the most vivid examples of the new American churchman—a minister who is also a man of public affairs, whose pulpit is the world, around which he is almost constantly moving like a roving correspondent. His context is a spiritual one but the medium he chooses for his message is not confined to the church. His habitat is wherever history is in the making. Dr. Jack was one of the few Westerners to be in Goa when Gandhian techniques were used in the first international confrontation in 1955. (His reports of that incident appeared in The Hindustan Times, *edited by one of Gandhi's sons, Devadas.) Other events at which he has been a personal observer include the Asia-Africa Conference in Bandung in 1955, and the various disarmament meetings at Geneva and elsewhere. He is prominently identified with the cause of peace, often in a leadership role. From 1960-1964, he served as executive director of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. Since 1964, he has worked for the Unitarian Universalist Association in the United States as director of their Division of Social Responsibility.*

In preparation for the editing of his two Gandhian anthologies, The Gandhi Reader *and* The Wit and Wisdom of Gandhi, *Dr. Jack*

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SOME THOUGHTS ON GANDHI'S WIT AND WISDOM

HOMER A. JACK

spent six weeks in South Africa and three months in India, gathering biographical material and talking to Gandhi's close associates. He also lived in Durban with another of Gandhi's sons, Manilal.

Dr. Jack has long been active in the American Negro's struggle for civil rights. In 1942, he was one of the founders of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), which applied Gandhian techniques to the racial scene. He was a colleague of Martin Luther King, Jr., and participated in several of Dr. King's campaigns, beginning with the Montgomery boycott in 1956. When Dr. King's body lay in state in Atlanta, Georgia, following his assassination, Dr. Jack was a member of the honor guard.

Dr. Jack is a regular contributor to the Gandhi Foundation's periodical, Gandhi Marg, *and, as a member of the American Committee on the Gandhi Centenary, contributed to the Gandhi Centenary volume edited by Dr. S. Radhakrishnan. He served as joint secretary of the International Inter-Religious Symposium on Peace held in New Delhi in 1968, and co-sponsored by the Gandhi Peace Foundation. He is also joint secretary of the Interim Advisory Committee for a World Conference on Religion and Race.*

Gandhi could write (and speak) English with great facility, but preferred on many occasions to use Gujerati as part of his campaign for the use of indigenous languages. John Haynes Holmes observes of his writing: "Gandhi was not distinguished as a writer... He touched no heights of eloquence and beauty. For one thing, he was concerned not with style but with meaning. Writing to him was not an art, but rather a practical medium of expression. He had something to say, and he must say it as quickly and clearly as possible."

Gandhi, for all the grim battle he was waging, combined wit with his wisdom. If humor and satire were not exactly full-fledged weapons in his nonviolent arsenal, they were often used in his personal relations with friends. He could frequently see humorous situations in his own life and would seldom hesitate to point these out to others. In his *Autobiography* he recalls how, after surreptitiously tasting goat meat as a boy, he dreamed that evening of goats bleating in his stomach! He also wrote that "the woes of Mahatmas are known to Mahatmas alone." Once he revealed to Louis Fischer for his mystical practice of a weekly day of silence: "I was working very hard.... I wanted to rest

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for one day a week. So I instituted a day of silence. Later of course I clothed it with all kinds of virtues and gave it a spiritual cloak. But the motivation was really nothing more than that I wanted to have a day off."

Gandhi was not always consistent in his speeches and writings. Much has been made of this apparent inconsistency. Yet what appears to be an inconsistency may be the treatment of a subject from a different point of view—or it may represent a growth in time. Louis Fischer, after spending a week with Gandhi in 1942, observed the ease with which "Gandhi can be mischievously misquoted out of context"; and he recounted the many facets in Gandhi's thinking: "Part of the pleasure of intimate intellectual contact with Gandhi is that he really opens his mind and allows the interviewer to see how the machine inside works. When most people talk they try to bring their ideas out in final, perfect form so that they are least exposed to attack. Not so with Gandhi. He gives immediate expression to each step in his thinking.... Actually, he thinks aloud, and the entire process is for the record. This confuses some people and impels others to say he contradicts himself. Maybe he is too old and impersonal and not of this world to bother about the impression he makes."

But Gandhi was human enough to answer his critics occasionally. Once he admitted: "I have never made a fetish of consistency." Elsewhere he stated: "My aim is not to be consistent with my previous statements on a given question, but to be consistent with truth as it may present itself to me at a given moment. The result has been that I have grown from truth to truth; I have saved my memory an undue strain, and what is more, whenever I have been obliged to compare my writing even of fifty years ago with the latest, I have discovered no inconsistency between the two. But friends who observe inconsistency will do well to take the meaning that my latest writing may yield, unless, of course, they prefer the old. But before making the choice, they should try to see if there is not an underlying abiding consistency between the two seeming inconsistencies."

Gandhi's insistence on truth permeated his whole existence. Not by accident did he entitle his autobiography *The Story of My Experiments with Truth.* In the early Twenties he stated that "my uniform experience has convinced me that there is no other God than Truth." In 1931, he asserted: "Truth is God." Truth and non-violence constituted "the essence of his faith—twin suns round which all the lesser planets of his life and thought revolved."

The wit and wisdom of Gandhi is for us to live by and not merely to quote. In 1940 Gandhi said: "If Gandhism is another name for sectarianism, it deserves to be destroyed. If I were to know, after my death, that what I stood for had degenerated into sectarianism, I should be deeply pained.... Let no one say that he is a follower of Gandhi... but fellow students, fellow pilgrims, fellow seekers." In fact, Gandhi wished that his "writings should be cremated with my body—what I have done will endure, not what I have said and written."

The wit and wisdom of Gandhi can be lived not only by saints, but also by sinners, by those of us who are average, as Gandhi insisted he was average: "I have not the shadow of a doubt that any man or woman can achieve what I have, if he or she would make the same effort and cultivate the same hope and faith. To those who felt overwhelmed by his divine standards, Gandhi warned that "to dismiss my evidence as useless, because I am popularly regarded as a Mahatma, is not proper in a serious inquiry." And yet to those who automatically accepted his standards, Gandhi had the last word when he warned: "Never take anything for gospel truth even if it comes from a Mahatma."

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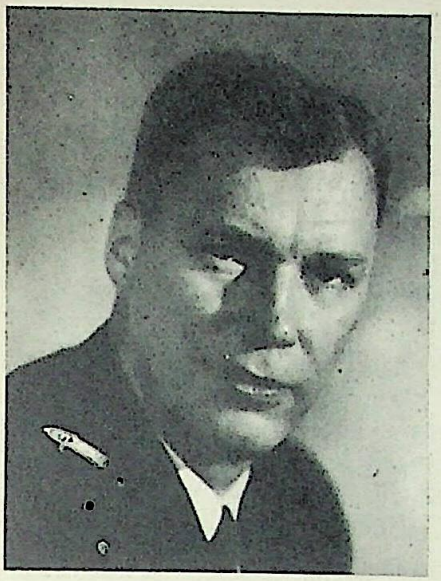

IF GANDHI HAD COME TO AMERICA

DONALD HARRINGTON

Few men have walked more consistently or magnificently in the footsteps of their idols than has Donald Harrington. He succeeded John Haynes Holmes as minister of the Community Church of New York in 1949, but the succession involved much more than religious matters. All the public concerns with which Dr. Holmes had been so luminously associated became the province of the young minister. In fact, within a few years after Dr. Holmes' retirement, Donald Harrington had won a national reputation for the clarity and force of his views. Like Dr. Holmes, he was strongly identified with Gandhi and Schweitzer, He filled his role not just as John Haynes Holmes' disciple but as a supreme individualist who stood tall in his own right and in his own light.

Mr. Harrington is at present co-chairman of the American Committee on Africa; honorary vice-chairman and past president of the United World Federalists, an organization dedicated to the preservation of peace through world law; a member of the American Association for the United Nations' Commission to Study the Organization of the Peace; and chairman of the Liberal Party of the State of New York. He is also co-chairman of the Conference for Quality Integrated Education in New York City and is a member of Mayor John V. Lindsay's Anti-Crime Council.

I found myself pondering a few weeks ago what Gandhi would have said if he had come to America, and what he would have done, Of course, the first fact that we must face is that he did not come, though often invited, and indeed, urged to come and press India's case with the American people. Somehow or other, he always refused, and I think there must have been good reasons why. In the first place, of course, he had work to do in India. He saw very early that one lifetime was not going to be enough to do all of the work that he wanted to do in India. His great work was in the villages, teaching the people the cottage industries, teaching them ways of helping themselves, giving them a sense of self-respect, teaching them the power of the force of the soul. "When you cease to think of yourselves as slaves," he

*Preached at the Community Church, January 27, 1952.

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said over and over again to the peasant people of India, "it will become impossible for anyone to enslave you." Looking back upon Gandhi's life, many feel it is too bad that he was so often diverted from the great, constructive work he wanted to do in the villages of India, by having to do the negative job of destroying the British Empire's hold upon her, thus bringing emancipation to his people. There are many today who feel that in a sense a large part of Gandhi's life was taken up in negative tasks when, as a matter of fact, he always believed himself that the positive work in the villages of India was the really important work to be done. Be that as it may, the important point here is that Gandhi had a great work to do in India, and realized very early that one life time would be too short to accomplish the goals that he had set for himself.

In the second place, I think that he did not come to America because he realized from the very beginning that he must not come begging to America and that India must not come begging to America. He believed that India could and must help herself, and that only as she found the discipline, insight and the strength within herself to lift herself up could she really rise. The psychological process of picking herself up he felt to be absolutely imperative for the development of India's soul, for her sound, spiritual morale. It was not that he refused help, but rather that he put stringent spiritual conditions upon it.

It is interesting to discover that as long ago as 1936, Gandhi wrote in his newspaper, *Harijan*, these words, "When Americans come and ask me what service they can render, I tell them, if you dangle your millions before us, you will make beggars of us, and demoralise us; but in one thing I do not mind being a beggar; I would beg of you your scientific help. You can ask your engineers and agricultural experts to place their services at our disposal. But they must not come to us as our lords and masters, but rather as voluntary workers." It is interesting that now that we have actually begun a great program of help to India, we are working on this basis, although I do not believe that reference was made back to Gandhi in the working out of this program, except insofar as it might have been done by the leaders of India. But the leaders of India have insisted that any program of uplift for India must be one in which India has a full share, both in the administration and in the putting up of the money to do the job. They have insisted that as India helps herself, she will be ready to accept help from others. They have asked primarily for men rather than dollars, fellow human beings who care about India and her people to come and help her master her technical problems.

In the third place, I think that Gandhi perhaps did not come for some of the same reasons that Henry David Thoreau refused to travel around the world when he was urged to do so by Thomas Carlyle. You will remember that Carlyle, when he visited Thoreau and had an opportunity to talk with him in Concord, felt that Thoreau really ought to travel and see something of the world. In response to his repeated urging, Thoreau finally remarked, "I've traveled a good deal—in Concord." And then when Carlyle began to dwell upon the glories of the beauties of Paris and to urge that Thoreau must go to Paris, he responded, "The only reason I would go to Paris would be to learn how to live better in Concord, and somehow I am not convinced that Paris could teach me that." Gandhi had seen the Western world at close hand; he had lived in London; he felt that he knew something of Western ways and ideas, and he just doubted that London, or New York, for that matter, had very much to teach him about how he could live in India. Being a very busy man, he saw no reason for wasting his time. In other words, perhaps he just didn't come to America because he just didn't feel that there would be very much for him to learn that would be helpful to him in the great tasks of his life.

Or fourthly, when I think about why Gandhi never came, I wonder if it was because he suspected that there was little likelihood that he had anything to give America which America was likely to be in a mood to accept. We were already far advanced in our materialism, our souls virtually surrendered to the machine, our minds corrupted by the expediencies necessitated by our position in the world, too far gone to be likely to listen to the voice of morality, to the voice of non-violent resistance to evil, to counsel for the development of soul force for the solution of our problems. In *Harijan*, again, in 1942,

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Gandhi wrote these words about the Americans. "Americans," he said, "do not listen to others. They lionize people but they go their own way. It is difficult to wean the golden calf from the worshippers of mammon." So I am afraid the Mahatma didn't think much of his chances of success in giving his particular message to the people of America. Unfortunately for us, he never felt that he had the time to try. It was not, I emphasize, that Mahatma Gandhi did not like the American people. To E. Stanley Jones, the Christian missionary, leaving India, in 1948, he said these words, "I have not seen the American people, but give them my love." I think that was characteristic of his feeling, expressed many times, for the American people; but he knew us pretty well, and he was humble about his own powers.

For all of these reasons, Gandhi never came to us. I wish he had not been so humble, for I feel he might have helped us very much. Just a few weeks ago, I began to wonder what if he had acceded to our urgent request? What if Gandhi had come to America? The moment I entertained this supposition, certain questions flashed across my mind. If Gandhi had come, why should he have come? What reasons would he have given? What would he have done? Where would he have stayed? Where would he have gone? What would he have said? How would he have been received? How would he have benefited from his visit? How might we have benefited from this close contact with him? I am going to try the audacious experiment of trying to answer some of these questions, in the form of a fantasy, imagining, for just a moment, that Gandhi actually did come to America, during the year, let us say, 1947, and did spend some months upon our shores.

America will not soon forget the flurry of excitement caused by Mahatma Gandhi's casual announcement one afternoon in May 1947 that he expected to leave India for a three month's visit to the United States. His reasons for going, as he expressed them, were very simple. He explained, first of all, that his American friends had long been urging him to come—especially John Haynes Holmes, Louis Fischer, Vincent Sheean, E. Stanley Jones, A.J. Muste, and the leaders of the India League. He felt a sense of obligation to them, as a debt yet unpaid, and wished before anything happened to him, to have an opportunity to discharge it. Then, in the second place, he had become increasingly aware of the influence of American civilization, of its machines, its standards, its economic practices, and materialistic philosophies upon all the rest of the world, including his own beloved India, and wanted to see this America at first hand, to discover if he could, how India could adopt the best in America to her uses, without suffering the same social evils, agonies and dislocations that seemed to be a part of American life. In the third place, he recognised that India needed technicians. He wanted to appeal for the right kind of specialists and tools, for the specialists who not only knew their mechanical and technical skills, but who also were skilled in human relations and had a love for humanity. He wanted to try to help the American people to understand that they shouldn't try to make India over in the American image along with their help to her. In the fourth place, he hoped that he might help America to see the dangers into which her civilization had fallen with the decline of morality and the increasing dominance of the machine. Finally, and fifthly, he wanted to urge upon America that she offer great moral leadership to a confused and badly divided world. America, he said, was now the leader, the possessor of the greatest influence of any nation in the world, a democracy, guardian of the high ideals and principles of individual freedom, civil liberties, self-determination of peoples and of federal union. But already he seemed to see her, in the name of expediency, playing power politics in the most cynical manner, supporting the return of the old colonial powers in many parts of Asia, supporting Chiang Kai-shek and his reactionaries in China and Franco in Spain. He saw America offering no clear moral vision, no great dream, no clearcut goal for peace to be confused and struggling nations of the world. Perhaps, just perhaps, there might be a few in America who would listen, and truth, he reminded, needs no majority to be victorious. Thus, for all of these reasons, did he decide to come.

Gandhi came by plane, not having time for the long journey by boat. Every place his plane stopped to refuel, vast crowds gathered to catch a glimpse of him. At Karachi in Pakistan, at Cairo in Egypt, at Rome, Paris and

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London. The United States of America and the people of America watched his progress across the world with curiosity and expectancy, half-skeptical, yet in a deeply reverent mood, confused, not knowing quite what to expect, not quite sure whether they were receiving a king or a crackpot, a curiosity or a saint. No sooner had it been announced that Gandhi was coming than invitations had been sent to him to stay at the White House, and after a few days at the White House at Blair House in Washington, but these he politely refused. He had not decided to come, he said, primarily to see the politicians, but rather to see the people, and to meet the American people face to face. He would make his headquarters, he said, in New York City. Then there came forth immediately more invitations, to stay at the Waldorf-Astoria and at Gracie Mansion, but these Gandhi also refused. He said they were more pretentious than he was accustomed to enjoy. He said that rather he had in mind taking a simple room at the *ashram* in Harlem, on 5th Ave., near 123rd St., which was, as some of you may know, an interracial cooperative, under the leadership of a former disciple of his, J. Holmes Smith. Some of you may know this place, a shabby old building, up at 123rd St. and 5th Ave., but clean inside, close both to the 125th St. station for his travels and to the people of America that Gandhi wanted to meet. He ridiculed every suggestion of a formal reception with a motorcade up Broadway and a dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria and asked simply to be driven from the airport to the Indian embassy, where he wished to greet his fellow countrymen on the staff, and then to be taken directly to the *ashram* up in Harlem.

No one will soon forget, the day that he arrived. The great four-motored plane landed smoothly and taxied to the ramp. Gandhi was the first to appear in the doorway. Thousands of New Yorkers had journeyed out to Idlewild to catch a glimpse of him, and when his bent, brown familiar form appeared in the doorway of the plane, a great roar went up from the crowd. Gandhi, eagerly looking around him at the new country, waved to the multitude and they waved back to him. Then he descended to the ramp, and leaning on his son's arm, spoke into the microphones that had been assembled. "I am glad to be in America," he said. "I have long wished to visit your country and to meet you at first hand. I bring you my love and the affectionate regard of all my people." He was then greeted by a great many dignitaries who had journeyed out to the airport to meet him, and whisked away in his car, into the city. The route that his car took was lined deep with people. Some cheered, others stood in a kind of awed silence. There were those who wiped tears from their eyes, moved by the simplicity of his bearing, the charm of his smile, and the benediction of his greeting of clasped hands.

When his car arrived in Harlem, 5th Avenue was blocked by the masses who had gathered to meet the Mahatma. As a matter of fact, there were so many people gathered in the streets that it was necessary for him to abandon his car four blocks away from the *ashram* and to push his way with others through the dense crowds. Mothers lifted up their babies to touch him. Grown men pressed forward to touch the hem of his loin-cloth or of his shawl. No sooner was Gandhi established at the Harlem *ashram* than immediately there began a great procession of visitors. The great and the wise, the poor and the simple. People waited patiently in line for hours, the well-known beside the nameless. Never had that poor place seen such an assembly of the high and mighty and of the poor and the downtrodden. Of course, there were hundreds and even thousands who wanted to see him, and his secretaries were quite in despair at his firm determination to see everyone who wished to speak to him, and thus the great visit began.

Every morning Gandhi rose, as was his wont, at three o'clock, before the sun was up, while the streets were still dark, and as the first glimmer of light began to come over the horizon, walked for some twenty blocks to get his early morning exercise. It was my great good fortune to be one of those invited to walk beside him on one of these early morning journeys through the streets of Harlem, and to talk with him about the problems of the world and the concerns of the spiritual life. Never have I known a soul so joyous and carefree on the one hand, so full of humor and jokes and laughter, and at the same time, so burdened with the sorrows of the world. He never let us forget our duties to our fellow men, and most

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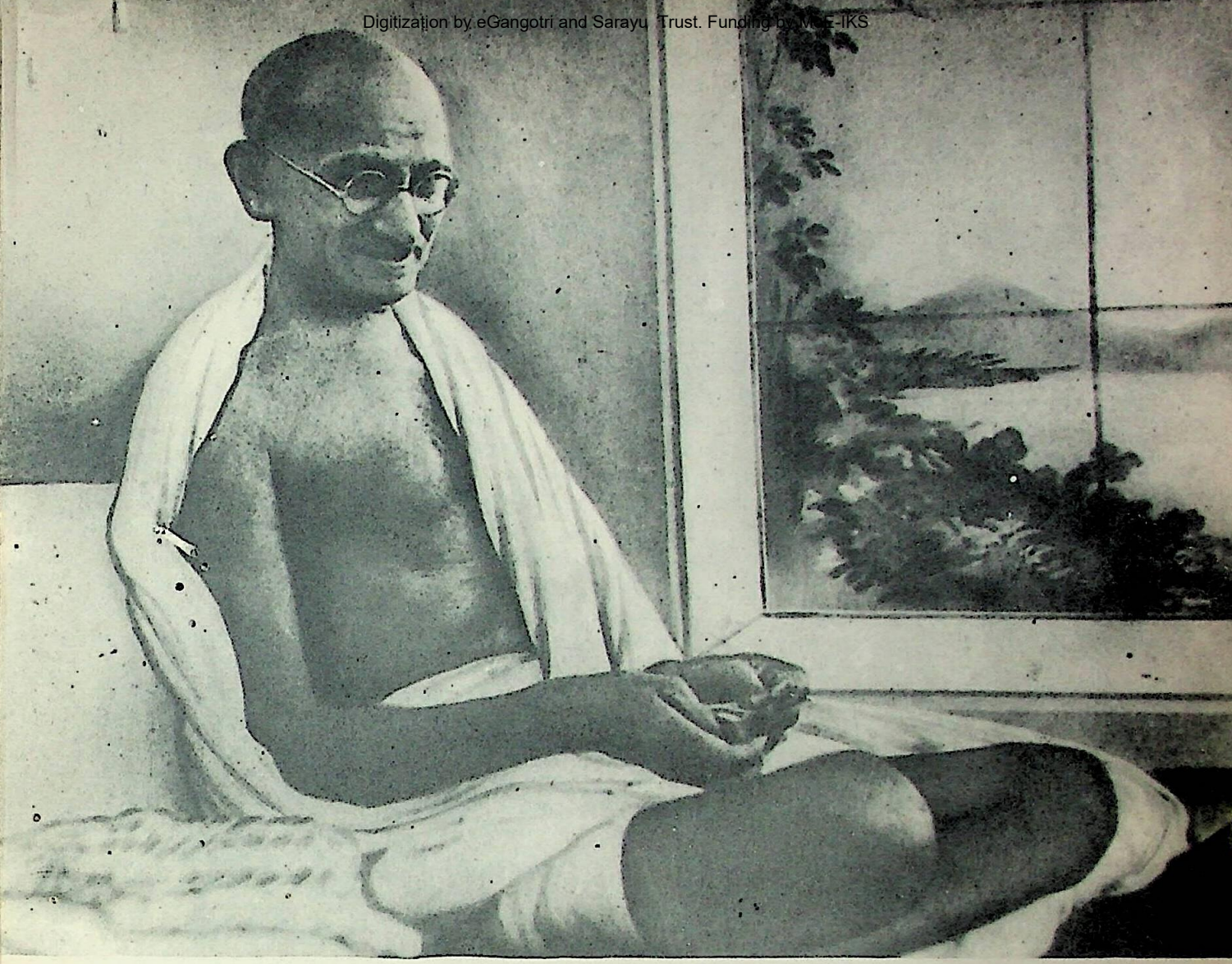

especially to the humble and the poor and the downtrodden. I well remember one of those early mornings, as we walked through the bleak Harlem tenement areas, the Mahatma and some of us, shall I say, well-heeled liberals. He did not criticize us directly. He just commented in words which were general but which had barbs to sink home into our hearts. "We are all thieves in a way," he said, "if I take anything I do not need for my own immediate use and keep it, I steal it from somebody else. It is the fundamental law of nature, without exception, that nature produces enough for our wants from day to day. If only everybody took enough for himself and nothing more, there would be no pauperism in this world. There would be no men dying from starvation in this world," and then looking at some of us, he said, "you and I have no rights to anything until the millions are fed and clothed better. You and I, who ought to know better, must adjust our wants, even undergo voluntary starvation at times, in order that they may be nursed and fed and clothed."

Gandhi took a lively interest in the affairs of the people of Harlem. Every day he went out upon the streets and visited in the homes, climbing tenement stairs, talking with women and children, fathers and mothers and every day huge crowds gathered out in front of the *ashram* to hear what he might have to say to them. In talking to some of the crowds on an

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empty lot one day, he told them that they could never expect help out of their miserable circumstances unless they learned to work together and to help themselves. "Why don't you establish block committees," he said, "to keep things clean here? Why not offer mass resistance to the poor services offered by your city? Why not pool together your capital resources to build cooperative houses throughout this area? Don't wait for someone else to lift you up. Lift yourselves up! This is the way to advance." He was very much concerned with the problems of the area in which he was living; and he talked about them constantly, not only to the people in Harlem, but to the people in various other parts of the city. Thus, for example, he was invited one day to speak to a select group of executives at the Bankers' Club. He spoke of the concentration of Negroes in the Harlem area as a reproach to the white community and to the American pretension of democracy, and suggested to the gentlemen gathered around the table that the quickest way to effect change would be for some of them of the white community to move upto that area. He said he thought that the change would then be very rapid indeed.

Every morning at five o'clock punctually he emerged from the *ashram* door and set off at a brisk pace down Fifth Avenue to Central Park. There, in one of the spacious meadows, there had been set up a stand and a loud-speaker system and Gandhi, surrounded by curious crowds, spoke briefly, led the people in singing and answered some of the many questions that were thrown at him from those who had gathered to hear him speak. His talks covered a vast multitude of subjects from those relating to the complexities of the international situation on the one hand, to questions of personal health and well-being on the other. All the questions that were asked he answered easily and spontaneously as from an inexhaustible wealth of spiritual assurance.

There is no time to go into the story of all of the things that Gandhi did, or to tell of all of the places that he went to see, the many parts of the country he went to, the great industrial areas, the farms that he visited. I well remember the day he came to gaze upon the Empire State Building, and said that perhaps its one justification was its exquisite beauty, wondered how much greater good might have been done with the same amount of money invested in fine housing in the slum areas of the city. I well remember his visit to the South when he quite upset all the Jim Crow laws by riding in the Jim Crow cars, and so many white people wanted to see him that it quite upset all the regulations. I remember his traveling about to many parts of our land and his sharing his thoughts with us as to how our social life might be improved.

But perhaps the greatest day of all was the day nearing the end of his visit, when he went to visit President Truman and to address the American Congress. His address was a long one, and he discoursed upon many matters. Above all he suggested that the time had come when America should try to stand off a little and look objectively at her life, when America should, looking at herself closely, see where she was going and what was happening to her society, as the small towns and villages poured their finest talents into the great cities, to ask whether the greatest values of which human beings were capable were being preserved in the great cities or not. He suggested that a planning commission of the very finest and most sensitive spirits which could be found in American life should be set up to study American civilization and make suggestions as to how strength and positive character could be built back into it, that trends which were turned toward disaster in the long run, might be reversed. In his concluding paragraph he said: "You here in America have the power to lead the world forward step by step, to freedom, to brotherhood, to prosperity and peace. Never has any nation had such power as you, such a background of idealism. Never has any nation enjoyed such universal goodwill on the part of the other peoples of the world. But before you can lead America, you must first discipline yourselves. No one can help others who does not know where he himself is going. No one can give freedom to others until all of his own citizens enjoy it. No nation can preach brotherhood successfully until it practices it at home. Share with us your technical knowledge, but help us to avoid the worst mistakes that you have made which have made your men the slaves and the tenders of your machines. Lead

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the world toward the building of a great federation of friendly, interdependent states, and you will find less urge to resort to force and the powers which make for war." "Then," he said, "shall your culture live on for ever and your country be regarded as a blessed brother by all of the other nations of the world who need your help."

Finally, the great day for his return came. There was sorrow in America, for never in our history had any foreign man found his way so deeply into the American heart. A new moral standard had appeared to a generation previously lost in the morasses of expediency. There was a new vision, a sense of new enthusiasm, a new glimpse of the dream that America was four generations ago and that America could once again offer to the world. For just a moment we all felt that we had stood in the presence of true greatness and had weighed ourselves in its balance. And as the plane bore him aloft and off toward home, there was an aching sadness in our hearts at his departure, and, at the same time, a burning joy at his love for us. And this told everyone of us that we would never be the same again, but always different and better because he had been here. And we remembered his parting words as he mounted the ramp of the plane. He turned to us and spoke into the microphone, "I have not the shadow of a doubt that any man or woman can do what have I done and achieve what I have, if he or she will make the same effort and cultivate the same hopes and faith. May such a destiny be yours and all of yours. God bless and keep you all," and he was gone.

Well, thus might the great Mahatma have come and dwelt among us, and gone on. He did not come. It may very well be because we were unworthy. But his spirit is here, in his books, in his many messages to us, and in all who remain true to the greatness which we glimpsed within his life. May his spirit dwell with us this day and every day, and through us bring a new and radiant hope to a confused and sorrowful world. . . .

. . . We do not need to proselytize either by our speech or by our writing. We can only do so really with our lives. Let our lives be open books for all to study.

—Gandhi

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Almost no woman in American history had a greater claim on the affection of her fellow Americans at her death in 1962 than did Eleanor Roosevelt. What made this veneration all the more remarkable was that it was in such marked contrast to the widespread criticism of her shortly after she came to the White House with her husband in 1933. At that time, she was a favorite target of cartoonists and columnists, especially. Despite this torrent of vilification, she continued to champion the underprivileged people—not just in America but throughout the world. She strengthened her husband's support of these causes and advanced them all in her syndicated newspaper feature, My Day. During President Roosevelt's four terms in the White House, she moved freely throughout the world, eschewing the garden parties that until then had been the high-water mark of public activity for many First Ladies. While some statesmen spoke impersonally, she spoke directly to the people, communicating her concern as one human being to another. Her interest in her fellow human beings took her from the coalmines of West Virginia, to the Army bases in the South Pacific during the Second World War. After her husband's death in 1945, she emerged as an even more familiar and knowledgeable figure in the world arena. She was a delegate to the General Assembly of the United Nations and chairman of the Human Rights Commission.

It seems somewhat incredible that this itinerant ambassador of goodwill should never have met Mahatma Gandhi. Many world personages were graced by her visits—from Queen Elizabeth to Emperor Hirohito to Nikita Khrushchev—but her first visit to India was not until 1952. Her tribute to Gandhi upon this occasion is brief, but with it she brings a courage and vision which, like Gandhi's, inspired love and admiration far beyond the national borders of her country. As Mrs. Roosevelt's most recent biographer, James R. Kearney, wrote of her, she was "the personification of a virtually unblemished kindness, generosity, and—in the best sense of that overused word—goodness."

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AT GANDHI'S SHRINE

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

The morning after my arrival in India, I went to place a wreath on the memorial of a man who stood for peace in a way few men have. Gandhi's *samadhi* is on the site of his funeral pyre at Rajghat, a large open space near the Jumna river, about five miles from Delhi. Here there will someday be a park, and here the various nations have planted trees that will in time give shade to those who want to walk there and think about what Gandhi meant to the world. It occurred to me that instead of simply planting an Indian tree, we might try to find in our own country a tree that might become acclimated to India; I think it would have more meaning coming from the soil of the land that donated it. Since my return I have learned that some countries have done just that. Greece planted an olive branch there, and Japan two rare varieties of cinnamon and camphor, specially chosen as suitable for the climate of Delhi.

Gandhi gave up his considerable income as a lawyer and everything he had and chose instead the simple and austere life of an *ashram*. The people loved him for his sacrifice and renunciation; it was, largely, the secret of his enormous influence with them and was what made it possible for him to become a national leader.

In my mind's eye I saw a picture of the home for untouchable boys that Gandhi had founded on the outskirts of New Delhi and of the bare little room on the second floor that he used when he went there to stay with them. I saw the room when we were in New Delhi, and I stood at the entrance awed by the thought of the power of the man who had lived there. All there was in that room is still there—a rug, a rolled-up pad that was used at night as a bed, a pillow. People who came to see him sat cross-legged on the floor before him, as I should certainly have had to do had I ever had the good fortune to be received by him. I suppose if you have done it from birth, squatting on your heels is very comfortable and you can do it even in your old age. I myself find it practically impossible, and it irritates me that I have let my knees grow stiff.

We in the West do not demand or expect such austerity and self-denial in the lives of our public men, and though we might respect them for it, it would not greatly enhance their influence. But the hungry people of India were won by Gandhi's life of voluntary renunciation and service, and they followed him as long as he lived.

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Mrs. Roosevelt and Ambassador Bowles at Raighat, February 28, 1952.

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KEY TO REVOLUTIONS

CHESTER BOWLES

Chester Bowles needs no identification to India. He has twice served as U. S. Ambassador—first as Ambassador to India and Nepal (1951-53) under President Harry S. Truman, and then again beginning in 1963. Ambassador Bowles did not wait for India to come to him. He sought out its leaders, its problems, talking with innumerable groups of students, scientists, and businessmen. He went out into the countryside and walked through villages, talking and listening to the people. On one trip from Delhi to Kathmandu in Nepal he went part of the way on pony back in order to get closer to the country and its people. Mrs. Bowles, too, has traveled indefatigably, visiting American aid projects and getting involved in the work of all-India women's organizations and of the various charitable, missionary and semi-missionary groups. As Eleanor Roosevelt wrote, speaking of the Bowleses, "their life and their ways were not those of the average diplomatic couple." They moved into a smaller house, they sent their five children to the Indian public school instead of the school usually attended by diplomats' children. Moreover, their children were not driven to school, but bicycled, along with their Indian friends. "I think that the impact of the Bowleses on India was made largely by the warmth they brought to diplomacy," Mrs. Roosevelt observed during her visit to India. "They lived as they do at home, and approached people in the same friendly manner as they would their friends in Connecticut. By their essential democracy, by being themselves, they have made friends for America."

In 1948, Ambassador Bowles was elected Governor of the state of Connecticut, at which time he introduced improved welfare and children-care programs, broadened labor legislation, and a sweeping reorganization of the state government. His association with the United Nations began formally in 1946 when he was sent to Paris as a delegate to the first conference of the U. N.'s Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization. In 1947, he was appointed a special consultant to the U. N. Secretary-General, and a few weeks later he became International Chairman of the U. N. Appeal for Children.

Early in President John F. Kennedy's Administration, Chester Bowles was Under-Secretary of State, and the President's special representative for Asian, African and Latin American Affairs. He is the author of Ambassador's Report; The New Dimensions of Peace; Ideas, People and Peace; *and* The Coming Political Breakthrough.

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One of the first things that I wanted to do as Ambassador to India was to visit Rajghat, the memorial park on the banks of the Jumna river where Mahatma Gandhi was cremated. Soon after our arrival I went there to lay a wreath alongside the simple floral offerings of countless men, women and children who daily pass by the cement slab inscribed with Gandhi's last words, "He Ram" (Oh, God).

We walked through the garden to the memorial; later we planted a cypress tree from Arkansas in a grove nearby. It was more than a diplomatic act on my part, for the murder of this extraordinary man of peace had brought grief even to faraway America.

"To understand India today you will need to know the India of the Gandhian age," an Indian friend had told me years ago in America. In my first two weeks in India I had seen enough pictures of Gandhi hanging in little mud huts, decorated with a string of flowers like a Hindu god, and I had noticed enough reverence and melancholy in Nehru's voice whenever he mentioned the leader of India's great nonviolent revolution, to guess that this was true.

Gandhi was also a key to the revolutions of our time. Of all the revolutionaries who have dominated this century's stage—Lenin, Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin and Mao—Gandhi alone offered hope for reform without destruction. It seems no less important to understand his history than to study the course of fascism and communism.

Our five-mile drive from New Delhi to the Jumna river followed the route traveled by Gandhi's funeral procession almost four years before. "More people probably came to say farewell to Gandhi than ever assembled before in the world's history," an Indian newspaperman once told me. Millions lined the road, weeping, as the body slowly passed on a flower-decked motor vehicle, on which Nehru and his chief ministers were sitting.

Today, more than any place in India, Gandhi's spirit lives in Sevagram. "Find me the poorest village in the poorest part of India," Gandhi once said to his followers. There he would make his home and prove that he could bring about a new life for the villagers. He found a miserable malarial spot, where untouchables predominated, and there he built his hut, established a "basic education" school for neighboring children, and named the place Sevagram—Village of Service.

Independence for India, he often said, meant primarily independence for the villager, which required that "even the poorest Indian should get enough milk, vegetables and fruit. Today the villages of India are dung heaps. Tomorrow they will be like tiny gardens of Eden where dwell highly intelligent folk whom no one can deceive or exploit."

For all his determination not to live better than the masses of his people, for all his opposition to what he called the West's "craze" for material luxuries, he always added, "but neither do I want poverty, penury, misery, dirt and dust in India."

Sevagram is not yet a garden of Eden, but it is clean, healthful and full of purpose, and I always came away refreshed and invigorated. It is a place where peace is natural and human dignity is fully recognized. Above all, human labor has become dignified and creative.

Mrs. Bowles and I visited Sevagram several times, observing the Gandhian institutions at work, and it is a place we hope to return to one day. It was hard to realize that our friends the Aryanayakams, who direct the school, and live cheerfully in utter austerity, had come from the world of city wealth.

The food was simple, strictly vegetarian and uninspired. Nor did the flat wooden tables which go under the name of beds encourage one to sleep long after dawn. She confesses that on her second visit she fortified herself for those bed tables with a sleeping pill.

The simplicity of Sevagram made complete sense in the light of Indian conditions. After walking through miserable villages and seeing the faces of emaciated hungry children, I knew what Gandhi meant when he said that "to partake of sweetmeats and other delicacies, in a country where the millions do not even get an ordinary full meal, is equivalent to robbery." And after observing the frightening gap almost everywhere in the country between the educated rich and the village poor, which is so similar to that which existed in Czarist Russia, I was able to appreciate Gandhi's grim prophecy that "a violent and bloody revolution is a certainty one day unless there is a voluntary abdication of riches and the power that riches give and sharing them for the common good."

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Not only did I admire the Gandhian volunteers, who had abdicated their soft city life, but I also sensed that they were happier than most of their countrymen. Gandhi said, "The real secret of my health" was "that my body happens to be where I have set my heart."

Gandhi's hut of mud and bamboo, which is preserved just as he left it, is now a shrine. With Sally, Sam, and my married daughter, Barbara Coolidge, I stood silently in the tiny room. "This was the unofficial capital of India," a friend remarked. Although Sevagram was in the very center of the subcontinent, and a long journey from any of the great cities, this was the place to which the leaders of India, including a British viceroy, came for consultation. This was the spot where historic decisions were announced.

Gandhi's bed was a straw mat with a board which he propped behind his back when he worked. Beside the mat was a small writing table, a waste basket and a spinning wheel. There was a paperweight with the inscription "God is Love." And the three familiar monkeys. "Hear no evil; see no evil; speak no evil."

On two shelves were a few books, including the *Bhagavad-Gita*, *Life and Teachings of Jesus Christ* and the *Gospel of St. John*. On the wall hung a sign: "When you are in the right you can afford to keep your temper, and when you are in the wrong, you cannot afford to lose it."

At first I thought how uniquely Indian, or Asian, all this was. Gandhi was a Mahatma—Great Soul—in the line of Buddha in the Eastern tradition of worldly renunciation. In India, the route of a leader was not log cabin to White House but mansion to mud hut.

Yet worldly renunciation, fasting and poverty were also in the tradition of Christian saints. And although nonviolence and non-possession were mainstays of Jainism which Gandhi learned from his mother, he himself credits Tolstoy and the New Testament with his conversion to nonviolence. Nor was he at all otherworldly. Coming from the caste engaged in business, he above all prided himself on being a practical man.

Gandhi said that from the English he learned among other things, "punctuality, reticence, public hygiene, independent thinking and exercise of judgment...." His punctuality alone, in a land which boasts of timelessness, gave a new efficiency and drive to Indian politics. Once when a political meeting commenced fortyfive minutes late, Gandhi consulted his dimestore watch sternly and remarked that independence would also be delayed by fortyfive minutes.

The prayers we heard at Sevagram reminded me how universal was Gandhi's religion. At dawn and at sunset the community, made up of Moslems, Christians, and Hindus, high caste and untouchables, assembles to meditate, to sing a hymn from the *Gita*, to read the Christian Lord's Prayer in Indian language and a section from the Koran....

I began to see that Gandhi's revolt had not only overthrown an empire but had laid the foundations, in the minds and habits of the people, for democracy. A faith in the possibility of persuasion and confidence in the judgment of the people is the precondition for democratic politics, and such a faith was the very cornerstone of Gandhi's philosophy.

"A superficial study of British history has made us think that all power percolates to the people from parliaments," Gandhi had written. "The truth is that power resides in the people." Could this truth produce democratic power, particularly in Asia, where in so many countries parliaments were either nonexistent or powerless?

Communists, of course, ridiculed Gandhi as a compromiser, who would never change the status quo. Gandhi replied, "I believe myself to be a revolutionary, a nonviolent revolutionary."

"Have you heard of the time when a militant young Communist came to Sevagram to convert the 'old man' to a more 'radical' program?" I was asked by a friend, who told me the story. After this young man had spent an hour with Gandhi he came out of his mud hut and said somewhat sheepishly to his waiting friend, "What fools we can be!"

They inquired what had gone wrong. "Nothing," the young Marxist replied, "but that little man is the only true revolutionary in our country. We spend ourselves in talking and shouting, and he acts."

Gandhi had probably suggested that if the young man wanted revolution, he could begin by revolutionizing his own life: by going to the villages, by undertaking constructive work, by doing the scavenging work of the untouchables.

Gandhi welcomed the revolutionary age in which he lived and sought to turn it into cons-

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tructive and nonviolent channels. "The cataclysm that is sweeping over the earth today is a great sign," he said. "As a chaotic force it is pernicious, but it has at its back a noble object ... it desires reform, it seeks the reign of equity and justice."

Yet to believe that out of concentration camps and secret police could ever come equality or brotherhood seemed to him like "saying that we can get a rose through planting a noxious weed."

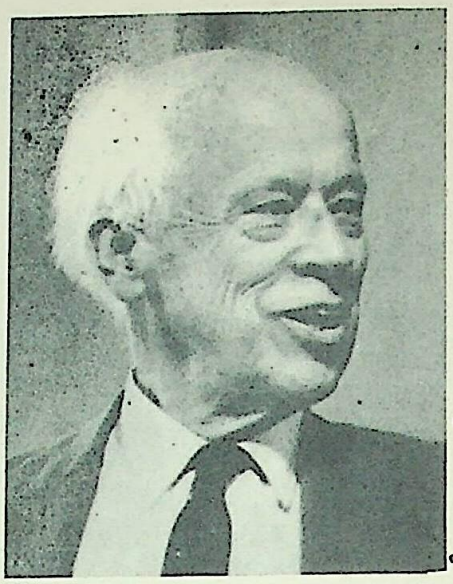
"Some say that there is ruthlessness in Russia but that it is exercised for the lowest and the poorest and it is good for that reason," he wrote many years ago. "For me it has very little good in it. Some day this ruthlessness will create an anarchy worse than we have ever seen."

One hot night at Sevagram I could not sleep and I walked out into the moonlight glistening over the rice paddies in the fields beyond Gandhi's hut. I wondered again what would be the ultimate fruit of this amazing man who had created a free nation, armed only with a deep faith in mankind. The seed he planted was surely not a noxious weed, but would it produce the "rose" that Gandhi wanted?

His hut was not watched by the powerful searchlights which guard the Kremlin walls and it lacked the shining splendor of the Viceregal Palace but was there not a kind of light radiating from Sevagram?

On the night of Gandhi's death, Nehru said that he was wrong to say "the light has gone out." Rather he predicted, and from Sevagram it seems like a safe prediction, that "a thousand years later that light will still be seen in this country and the world will see it and it will give solace to innumerable hearts."

O O



At the age af 84, Norman Thomas, the elder statesman of American socialism, has served for more than 40 years as an outspoken critic of the shortcomings in American society and as champion of unpopular causes. Trained in the ministry, Mr. Thomas resigned from his church responsibilities in 1918 in order to devote his fulltime energies to a variety of activities which were to engage him ultimately in six presidential campaigns as candidate of the Socialist Party. World War I turned Mr. Thomas toward Christian pacifism and socialism. During that time, he helped form the American Union Against Militarism, along with Roger Baldwin and John Haynes Holmes, which subsequently became the American Civil Liberties Union. After the death of Eugene Debs in 1926, Mr. Thomas gradually came to assume leadership of the Socialist Party. In his campaigns for the Presidency during the Thirties, he publicized the hardship of the Southern sharecroppers and played a leading role in organizing the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, which was to eventually become the Agricultural Workers' Union of America. He was also an active leader against the Ku Klux Klan in 1935. Once, during a textile strike, police turned off all the lights in the meeting hall. Thomas calmly lit a candle, and proceeded to read the Constitution.

During World War II, the Socialist Party adopted a policy of "critical support" toward

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GREAT DISSENTER

NORMAN THOMAS

the war effort; in this role, Mr. Thomas expressed strong indignation at the internment of Japanese-Americans on the West Coast. The advent of nuclear weapons strengthened his quest for universal disarmament after the war.

In an interview in 1961, Norman Thomas said, when asked what he considered to be his achievements over the years: "I suppose it is an achievement to live to my age and feel that one has kept the faith, or tried to... to be able to sleep at night with reasonable satisfaction... to have had a part... in some of the things that have been accomplished in the field of civil liberties, in the field of better race relations, and the rest of it."

As one to whom dissent is second nature, Norman Thomas has a claim to address himself to the "great dissenters" of history. As he writes, "My choice of great dissenters of the past has been personal and, if you like it, a bit arbitrary. I have not chosen them for infallibility or on a rigid scale of relative greatness, but because of their significance as dissenters. They might not all thank me for this. They were concerned as all worthwhile dissenters have been, not with dissent for its own sake, but only as necessary to advance the truth to which they were devoted." Foremost among Mr. Thomas's "Greats," of course, is Mahatma Gandhi.

The more I reflect upon the course of events and Gandhi's tactics, the more I am amazed by his combination of boldness and caution, of defiance of British authorities with personal courtesy and even friendliness in dealing with them. It is hard for me, as indeed it sometimes was for his friends and associates, to understand his political use of fasting—which he said he never intended as a kind of blackmail—or his choice of occasions for it. (He was a practising believer in and, to some extent, an advocate of the personal values of occasional fasts, religious rather than political in inspiration.)

One cannot look back on the record and find in it an infallibility to which Gandhi would be the last to pretend. It must be taken as a whole. As such it is a record of an astute politician, a great leader of men, little concerned with his own power, not afraid of the compromises inevitable in cooperative action, but never compromising his profound dissent from the political theory that political society is essentially amoral if not immoral, and that the success of a good cause may be achieved by means which starkly contravene its goodness. *Swaraj*, Gandhi believed, would be almost the automatic consequence of the self-purification of India....

Gandhi was more accurately called a saint than a "holy man" of a sort all too common in

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India. He was a saint with a humility, a sense of humor and love of human beings which appealed to the West as to the East.... He never achieved, perhaps he never sought, the inhuman detachment which even the *Gita* praises.

There can be no doubt that Gandhi was a devoted Hindu, and a philosophic Hindu can be at home with many religions, as Gandhi notably proved. He admired and used much of the Bible and many Christian hymns. He rejected, however, the orthodox Christian notion of redemption by the sacrifice of Christ on the ground that God was too good to require the sacrifice of His son as a condition of forgiving erring human beings. But one of his favorite hymns was "When I survey the wondrous cross."...

The beloved Mahatma was as little of a systematic economic or political scientist as he was a theologian. His appeal was to personal virtue in social life, to voluntary renunciation and collective life, by no means always in *ashrams*. He would have welcomed his disciple Bhave's campaign for land gifts but he told Louis Fischer in 1942 that in a free India he thought that the peasants would take the land.

He did not scruple to accept money for his causes from the rich—even textile manufacturers, when he was preaching the virtues of *khadi*. In India in 1951 my Socialist and labor friends gave me a rather bad account of G. D. Birla, principal owner of textile mills and much more besides, in respect to his relations with his workers. The Tata family (Parsis) were accounted far better. Yet Birla was Gandhi's great benefactor. It was on his grounds that the prayer meeting was held at which Gandhi was shot.

Gandhi was not a Marxist, not a believer in class conflict, but in his later years, Fischer's account of their conversations as well as his own writing warrant his biographer's description of his ideals for India as a kind of religious socialism.

We do not, however, turn to this saint who was at once dissenter and builder for economics and politics in any other sense than we may turn to Jesus of Nazareth. He was and is our conscience and our inspiration.

In this century of monstrous violence, it was and is our extraordinary good fortune that Gandhi lived. From a virtually unanimous acceptance of Machiavellian practical politics, from the notion of a necessarily amoral, if not immoral, society, he was the great dissenter. At a time when violence is being armed with weapons of annihilation, he showed us that there may be a way of nonviolent resistance to evil, a way of enormous power. Devotion to it gave him no infallibility of judgment, assured him of no complete and final triumph of right. *Satyagraha* brought only partial victory to India; it bowed before ancient bigotries and hates and men's immemorial addiction to violence as supreme arbiter in their quarrels.

Yet Gandhi's quiet voice still speaks amidst the violent passions of our times. In our own country neither Martin Luther King and his associates in Montgomery, Ala., nor later the Negro students who were compelled to develop some form of direct action against racial discrimination, were at first directly inspired by Gandhian example; but in the development of their movement, they have consciously turned to him and his methods rather than to the violence and sabotage which have so often marked direct action against an unjust social order. If ever men achieve a world peace, to no single man will it owe a greater debt than to Mohandas K. Gandhi.

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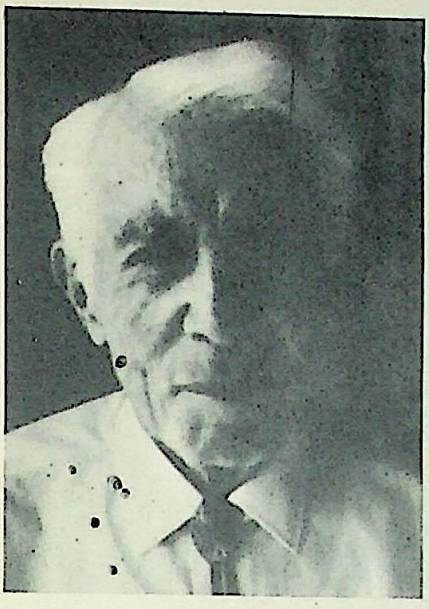

THE POWER OF GANDHI'S NONVIOLENCE

RICHARD B. GREGG

In 1923, Richard Gregg, graduate of Harvard College and Law School, and practicing labor relations lawyer, became so impressed by Gandhi's revolutionary way of handling conflict and securing justice that he wrote to the Mahatma, asking permission to witness his methods first-hand. Gandhi replied affirmatively. Two years later, Gregg sailed for India, and for seven months lived in "wholly Indian fashion" as a student at Gandhi's ashram. *Following this apprenticeship, he re-remained in India for three years to teach in a village school in the Simla hills.*

Mr. Gregg's interest in India lasted a lifetime and he corresponded with Gandhi up until Gandhi's death. He went to India frequently—sometimes as traveler, sometimes as teacher—in the various Gandhian training schools. In 1934, Mr. Gregg wrote The Power of Nonviolence, *which he describes as "an attempt to explain in Western terminology and concepts the psychological and moral reasons for the power of Gandhi's methods." This book, also published in England, Germany, and Argentina, is still in print (in revised editions) in the United States and India, and has served throughout the racial turmoil in America as a much sought-after handbook of civil rights for students and workers. Since 1934, Mr. Gregg has written and spoken extensively on Gandhi's ideas and practices, and several of his books have been published by the Indian press.*

Now 83 years old, Mr. Gregg reflects: "When I went to India in 1925, I had no idea of writing any book or article about what I might find there. I went to learn and that was all. But contact with Gandhi and his ideas so impressed me with the importance of the method that I felt I had *to try to explain it in Western terms."*

When people get to talking about nonviolence they readily admit that in Gandhi's hands it did have power, indeed great power. Then they usually say, "But he was a saint, and I am not." Or, "I haven't such courage or selflessness or strength." Or, "That is asking too much of the average man."

In pondering on this, consider Prime Minister

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Disraeli's reported saying that "anything you truly believe in is practical" and Gandhi's frequent statement that successful nonviolent resistance requires a firm belief in God. From his firm belief in God came his firm belief in nonviolent resistance.

People who do not believe in God or who dislike references to what they call supernatural should know that Gandhi said that God is another name for Truth. Truth and God, he said, are the same. Instead of Truth, some people would prefer the term Ultimate Reality or Unity or Spirit. Moslems would prefer the name Allah; Hindus might use the name Brahma or Shiva or Rama; Buddhists of different schools might use still other names or no name at all. We need not quarrel over the name. We know that Gandhi was referring to a supreme intangible Power, and that success in nonviolent resistance requires a firm belief in such a Power.

How are firm beliefs acquired? One method is through prolonged experience. We all believe, for instance, in the force of gravitation. We all begin experiencing it as soon as we are born. When each baby lies on its back and waves its arms and legs around, it is experimenting with the force of gravitation. Later, when it tries to walk and finally succeeds, it is experimenting with and learning about that force. When it plays with stones or blocks and learns to put one object on top of another, it learns more about the power and constancy of gravity. As a result of all this, everyone of us believes in the force of gravity and always tries to act consistently with it in every movement of his body.

There is another way to get firm belief—by a deliberate planned series of experiences. This is the scientific method of experimentation with careful control of conditions and recording of results. The application of scientific method always begins with a hypothesis, a conscious guess or question, followed by experiments to test its truth or validity. Sometimes it is a rationally conceived possible correlation. When the scientific method is carefully carried out and tested by many observers, it usually ends with an equally firm belief. An instance is the present-day belief in the reality and the usefulness of radio waves.

Most scientists restrict their experiments to the material world of space and time. Gandhi extended the use of the scientific method to the realm of intangible, subtle human relationships, the realm of morals and of what is called spirit.

He had a hypothesis, an assumption, an intuition, that the spirit or essence of human unity—or if you prefer the name, God—exists, is present always and everywhere in all human hearts as well as transcending the whole world, and that it is supremely powerful. He proceeded to test this hypothesis every day, and year after year. He stated his belief that truth and God are synonymous. He entitled his autobiography, *The Story of My Experiments with Truth*. He might have called it "My Experiments with the Divine Spirit," or "My Experiments with Human Unity." The result of his incessant experiments was an unshakable belief and trust in God, and in the power of God acting in all men, and hence in the power of nonviolence.

One essential feature of the scientific method is that the experiments must be capable of repetition by any other scientist who is willing to follow the same conditions, and the results must be substantially the same.

Gandhi's application of scientific method was in the realm of living forces. One of the features of living forces, what might almost be called a law, is that all life responds to suitable stimuli, and that the kind of response called growth depends on many, many, many repetitions of stimuli that are tiny—what in the moral realm we would call gentle. Gandhi recognised and practiced this law. For over fifty years all his teaching and action consisted of many, many repetitions of gentle, loving stimuli to the spirit in the hearts of all men, including his opponents. He thus caused the seed of the spirit in the hearts of almost everyone to sprout and grow and finally in many cases to govern their actions.

It is true that there were some apparent failures. That happens in laboratory experiments, too. But the successes were so many and so striking that all those who are sensitive to the development of fine human relations have been deeply impressed.

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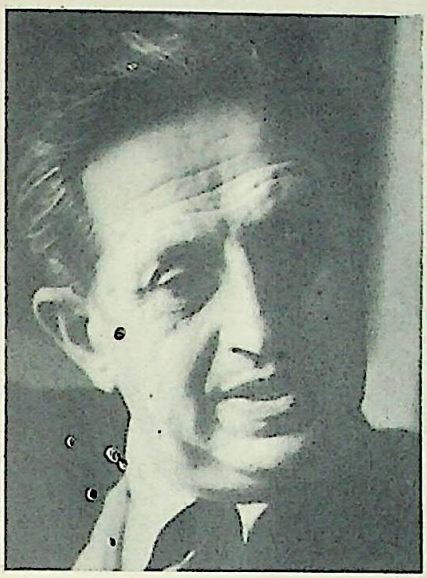

CHANGING HISTORY WITH A WORD

LEO ROSTEN

Author, editor, humorist, Leo Rosten received his Ph. D. at the University of Chicago, and studied at the London School of Economics. He was visiting professor of political science at the University of California at Berkeley and is at present a faculty associate at Columbia University. As an author, Mr. Rosten is especially well-known for his two classic books of humor, which grew out of his experience in teaching English to foreign students and adults in a Chicago night school: The Education of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N *and* The Return of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N, *both of which were recently reissued in one volume under the title of* The Complete K*A*P*L*A*N. *His novel,* Captain Newman, M.D., *was a bestseller and popular motion picture, starring Gregory Peck. Among his more serious and penetrating books are* The Washington Correspondents *and* Hollywood : The Movie Colony. *He knows both cities well—in Washington, during the war, he was Deputy Director of the Office of War Information and special assistant to the Secretary of War, the National Defense Advisory Commission, and the Executive Offices of the President. In Hollywood, he wrote twelve movies. Mr. Rosten is also the author of* The Many Worlds of Leo Rosten, *a collection of his writings, and editor of* A Guide to the Religions of America.

Mr. Rosten is now special editorial adviser to Look *magazine. In 1955, he edited* Look's *celebrated "The Religions of America" series, which won for him the George Polk Memorial Award for the finest magazine article of the year. He also wrote* Look's *"They Made Our World..." series, from which his tribute to Gandhi is reprinted here. Mr. Rosten's most recent book,* The Joys of Yiddish, *is an 800-page combination of scholarship and story-telling on the English language; or, how the English language has been affected by and incorporates words from Yiddish.*

India—March 12, 1930. The wizened, toothless, half-naked little Hindu had walked 200 miles to the sea, enlisting volunteers for a *satyagraha* ("insistence on truth") demonstration against British rule. Now, at the sea's edge, he picked up a pinch of dried salt—calmly breaking the law that made salt a government monopoly. As his followers surged forward, native policemen "rained blows on their heads with steel-shod lathis," reported Webb Miller.

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"Not one of the marchers even raised an arm to fend off the blows. They went down like tenpins.... The waiting marchers groaned, sucked in their breaths at every blow, (then) marched on until struck down.... The police kicked (them) in the abdomen and testicles.... Hour after hour, stretcher-bearers carried back a stream of inert, bleeding bodies."

This terrible scene climaxed but one more passive-resistance crusade led by the man millions called Mahatma, "Great Soul" or "man of God." To the British, he was a mystic rabble-rouser, a preposterous gnome in an immaculate white *dhoti* (a diaper, they sneered) who toured the engorged cities and squalid villages to preach love, self-purification and civil disobedience—leading a goat, whose milk, unlike the cow's or buffalo's, he drank. He was a strict vegetarian, befitting his caste, and lived on fruit and nuts. He addressed meetings of hundreds of thousands, or sat silent, crosslegged, on a platform before them—and they remained silent, too, transfixed.

This Gandhi held no office, commanded no soldiers, yet paralyzed India with a word: Men simply stopped work, crippling the offices, factories, mines, railways, ignoring the courts, paying no taxes, inviting arrest by tens of thousands, filling the jails until there was no room for more. The proud British Sahibs imprisoned him again and again, but it did not help. "Jail is jail for thieves.... For me, it (is) a palace." He spent over 2,000 days in prisons, reading, meditating, and drove the British frantic with his final, bloodless weapon: fasting. Nothing so haunted Whitehall as the nightmare of what might happen in this idolatrous land if the "seditious fakir," as Churchill called him, died in a protest fast....

Gandhi set up an *ashram* (retreat) of ascetics devoted to prayer and meditation, in a search for godliness. Later, he left his lucrative law practice, returned to India and established a Tolstoyan retreat to which he admitted untouchables—horrifying even his Hindu wife, who warned that a place so defiled would fail. When funds finally ran out, Gandhi said, "We shall go to live in the untouchable quarter." He was often stoned, vilified, almost lynched.

His moral severity alienated his four sons. He set out to become a Brahmachari ("godlike") and at 37 took a vow of celibacy. He held the New Testament as sacred as the *Bhagavad Gita* and regarded all men as equal. India's future lay in education, sanitation, self-discipline: "It is not so much British guns that are responsible for our subjection as our ... cooperation." He angered his countrymen by denouncing the caste system and child marriages, and by advocating birth control through continence. Converts flocked to him from all India, Europe, America. To them, he was a Mohammed or Jesus. To gibes that he was a saint meddling in politics, Gandhi replied, "I am a politician trying ... to be a saint."

He asked his disciples to love those who hated them: "It is not nonviolence if we merely love those that love us." He long refused to call the British enemies, because he admired them for "ideals (I) love.... If we are just to them, we shall receive their support." Despite the religious and caste hatreds that split India into impassioned and irreconcilable fragments, he became its undisputed leader. "All India is my family."

With Jinnah, the Moslem leader, and Lord Mountbatten, he framed India's independence in 1947, desperately opposing partition into Hindu and Moslem (Pakistan) states. When hideous fighting broke out, he toured the Bengal villages, pleading for an end to bloodshed. At a great prayer meeting in New Delhi, he was assassinated—by a Hindu fanatic who blamed him for India's partition. The irony was as supreme as the injustice.... This skinny, fearless little man was "a moral genius," a triumph of sheer character and will. He sounded the death knell of colonialism. Soon, darkskinned masses in Africa and the Middle East and Mississippi were using their bodies as unprotesting instruments of protest—in marches, boycotts, sit-ins—acting out a Hindu-Christian drama that still disorients the modern world, refuting power with the ageless dream of dignity and freedom blind to color.

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BEN FRANKLIN AND GANDHI

SUSANNE AND LLOYD RUDOLPH

Susanne and Lloyd Rudolph have successfully combined marriage and children (three under seven years of age) with a professional life that is interlocked and enriched by a mutual field of study, the social and political sciences. Since 1964, the Rudolphs have held faculty positions at the University of Chicago—Lloyd Rudolph as asssociate professor of political science, and Susanne Rudolph as associate professor of the social sciences and political science in the College, the University of Chicago.

On three occasions over the past decade, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph have done field work in India. From 1962-63, for example, they were senior research scholars in India under a Fulbright fellowship. In addition, from 1964-65, both served with the Peace Corps in Washington, D.C., in anticipation of expanded volunteer programs for India; from 1956-67, they participated in the Foreign Training Program (Indian) of the Ford Foundation. Susanne Rudolph is also a former faculty fellow at the American Institute of Indian Studies.

Many of the Rudolphs' scholarly writings and researches have been collaborative and co-authored. Their most recent book, The Modernity of Tradition: Political Development in India, *shows in the section on charismatic leadership, how Gandhi was able to regenerate the spirit of a people whose confidence had been weakened under imperial rule. The following excerpt is taken from that book.*

Gandhi approached his public work with the frame of mind of those modernizing men who confront all tasks with the calculation of the metronome and the balance sheet. While Max Weber and contemporary social psychologists associate industriousness and the economizing of time and resources with achievement drives rooted in "Protestant" character, Gandhi came to them through familial and religious socialization in the Vaishnavite and Jain traditions of Gujarat. His life course does not support Weber's belief that "it could not have occurred to a Hindu to prize the rational transformation of the world in accordance with matter-of-fact considerations and to undertake such transformation as an act of obedience to a divine will." The disposition to work, save, and rationally allocate time and resources in order to realize given goals is not necessarily modern. It appears, for example, among religious orders, both East and West, where self-control and asceticism in the service of spiritual ends find expression, as they did for Gandhi, in strict observance of schedules, hard work at physical, intellectual, or spiritual tasks, and the practice of thrift. Traditional merchant castes, too, such as Gandhi's, the Modh Banias, exhibit such psychological dispositions and habits. But it is also true that the elevation of these characteristics to universal virtues is particularly

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associated with the emergence of modern entrepreneurship and scientific technology and the expectations they raised that men could master their material and human environment. In the West, the preaching of these characteristics as virtues and attempts systematically to include them into emerging generations through sermons, aphorisms, penny pamphlets and public education began in the eighteenth century and peaked in the nineteenth.

Much in the petty details of Gandhi's life corresponds to the practice of those eighteenth and nineteenth-century figures in Britain and America whose lives and teaching popularized the Protestant ethic and applied technology. Pre-eminent among them in America was Benjamin Franklin. In Poor Richard's Almanac the inventor, peoples's philosopher, and statesman offered practical advice to the modernizing and mobile youth of a bustling, ambitious new nation. Some might boggle at the attempt to bracket Franklin and Gandhi, one a herald, the other a critic, of industrial civilization. At certain fundamental points, indeed, the two men undoubtedly were poles apart. Gandhi would not have enjoyed Parisian life, as did Franklin. And Franklin's attitude was highly instrumental toward the practice of virtue. Gandhi would never have congratulated himself, as Franklin did, by saying: "I cannot boast much success in acquiring the reality of (pridelessness) but I had a good deal with regard to the appearance of it." And Gandhi would have been scandalized by a similar Franklinism: "Nothing (is) so likely to make a man's fortune as virtue." For Franklin, a practical man, moderation—in food, drink, and venery—was a virtue. For Gandhi, a religious who refused to separate means and ends, and found the passions a permanent threat, moderation in these areas of life was a shortfall from virtue. Food should be taken like medicine, privately and sparingly, not for pleasure but to sustain life. Celibacy was too serious to be treated with "moderation." For Franklin, virtue was useful: for Gandhi, it was self-justifying.

These are important differences but they should not be allowed to obscure what the two men held in common; by exploring the points of congruence, Gandhi's contribution to Indian modernity can be better understood. Gandhi and Franklin subjected their environment to rigorous calculations that linked psychic and material expenditures to their returns. And, despite Franklin's contingent view of virtue, they shared a propensity to invest with moral, not merely utilitarian, implications the observance of certain "Protestant" habits. Silence, order, resolution, frugality, industry, cleanliness, and chastity are seven of Franklin's virtues about which Gandhi would have been enthusiastic. However differently they viewed their ultimate fate, neither man proposed to let the control and mastery of his worldly environment escape him.

It is no accident that a large watch was among the few effects Gandhi valued in his lifetime and left behind at his death. Gandhi was extremely meticulous about time, as it was measured by the clock, the more so as he found a good many of those about him indifferent to its compulsions. He employed his watch as a species of tyrant to regulate his own affairs and the lives of those associated with him. Arrivals and departures frequently were crises; Gandhi considered the normal practice of great public figures, to keep their audience waiting, a transgression. Many were the arrangement committees and colleagues whom he upbraided for failures on this score Introducing the venerable B G. Tilak. who was late, to a conference in 1917, Gandhi remarked: "I am not responsible for his being late. We demand *swaraj*. If one does not mind arriving late by threequarters of an hour at a conference summoned for the purpose, one should not mind if *swaraj* too comes correspondingly late." Once, in his earlier work in 1917 among indigo workers in Bihar, when it became apparent that a decision to move himself and his coworkers would not be carried out by the end of the appointed day, he picked up his bedroll at ten o'clock at night and began to move his effects. His associates, for the most part from the upper castes and classes and accustomed to be waited on by servants and to adjust to their inefficiencies, were obliged willy nilly to move themselves also.

The timetable he blocked out for his first Indian *ashram* is faithful to his own schedule and recalls a similar affection for orderly schedules in Franklin. Their respective schedules read as follows:

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The Lloyd Rudolphs with Mrs. Indira Gandhi.

Gandhi		*Franklin*
4 a.m.	Rising from bed	5 Rise, wash and address *Powerful*
4.15 to 4.45 ,,	Morning prayer	6 *Goodness!* Contrive day's business, and take the resolution of the day; prosecute the present study and breakfast
5 to 6.10 ,,	Bath, exercise, study	7
6.10 to 6.30 ,,	Breakfast	
6.30 to 7 ,,	Women's prayer class	8 Work
		9
		10
		11
7 to 10.30 ,,	Body labor, education, and sanitation	12 Read, or overlook my accounts,
10.45 to 11.15 ,,	Dinner	1 and dine
12 to 4.30 p.m.	Body labor, including classes	2 Work
		3
		4
		5

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4.30	to 5.30	,,	Recreation	
5.30	to 6	,,	Supper	
6	to 7	,,	Recreation	
7	to 7.30	,,	Common worship	
7.30	to 9	,,	Recreation	
9			Retiring bell	

Note: These hours are subject to change whenever necessary.

6	Put things in their places. Sup-
7	per, music or diversion or con-
8	versation. Examination of the
9	day
10	Sleep
11	
12	
1	
2	
3	
4	

Franklin's timetable differs from Gandhi's mainly in less picayune calibrations and in allowing more time for dining.

Gandhi took the timetable most seriously: "All members," runs the first rule of the *ashram*, "whether permanent or otherwise, will turn every minute of their time to good account." A few days after Kasturbai died in jail in 1944, his morning meal was served at 11.45 rather than at 11.30; those responsible for the meal were lectured: "You know she never sent me food late, even by one minute." Any item included in his schedule was ruthlessly attended to. In late 1946, when Hindu-Moslem disturbances had broken out in Bengal and Gandhi at seventyseven went to Noakhali district to try to restore peace, he began his day at 2.30 and took up Bengali. Manu Gandhi's diary records: After taking fruit juice, he began to pore over his Bengali primer. While doing so, he dozed off for about ten minutes.... At 7.25 we started on our day's march, reaching... at 8.25 a.m. after a full one hour's walk. Immediately upon his arrival there, he again sat down to do his Bengali lesson. His secretary Pyarelal reports that, no matter how late the hour or how heavy the pressure of work, the Bengali lesson was never missed. Manu Gandhi's diary entries, precise to the minute, stand witness to the microscopic relentlessness with which the Mahatma imposed on himself and those around him the discipline of calibrated time.

We can only win over the opponent by love, never by hate. Hate is the subtlest form of violence. . . . Hatred injures the hater, never the hated.

—*Gandhi*

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SATYAGRAHA

PAUL ROCHE

Paul Roche, poet, Greek scholar and translator, is the sole English contributor to this volume of American tributes to Mahatma Gandhi. Born in India, where his father was a captain in the Royal Engineers, Mr. Roche was about eight years old when Gandhi visited Shingar, a hill station a few hours' drive from Poona and a favorite hot-weather resort of his family's. The story of his encounter as a small boy with Gandhi has been published only once before, and then in the American New Yorker *magazine. The story is reprinted here because it was so well received in the United States.*

Writes Mr. Roche: "Most of the facts in this story are true, though the governess he describes is not the one who was then looking after the Roche children . . . but a previous and less popular lady who once took her place. The spinning wheel which Gandhi gave the little boy came with him to England and remained in his possession for many years until a foolish housekeeper (while he was at college) sent it to the jumble sale in a spring purge."

Paul Roche lives with his American wife and four children in the heart of Berkshire, England. His translations of the Greek and Latin classics are used by many colleges in America and England. Universal Pictures produced a film treatment of his Oedipus the King, *shot on location in the ancient Greek Theater of Donona. Mr. Roche's most recent book of poems is* All Things Considered.

I don't know why Gandhi should have visited Shingar. The place was only a collection of huts and whitewashed bungalows, high up on a tableland some thirtyfive miles from Poona. When it rained, the bungalows, which had mud walls, smelled of the fields, and their tin roofs thundered. Living in the huts were the families of coolies, who cultivated barren little plots of *jowari* and kept a few goats or a pampered cow. Only a handful of hot-weather visitors came there; a band of lady missionaries, who ate on the floor like natives; the Dorabjees, an elegant family of Parsis, who played croquet; a rich Hindu, named Krishnaji Ananta, who owned half the hill and was said to be looking for buried treasure; and a lone English family, consisting of my mother, my brother David and me, and our governess, Miss Tatlock. Except for Krishnaji Ananta, we had all come for the same reason—to escape the impossible heat of

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the Deccan and to avoid the crowded and fashionable hill stations of Matheran and Mahabaleshwar. My father, a captain in the Royal Engineers who did construction work for the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, with headquarters at Poona, spent the weekends in Shingar.

One morning, David and I were sitting on top of a ruined wall that skirted one side of the hill....

David was thirteen, and I was not quite nine. Suddenly he said, "D'you know, Paul, Gandhi's coming here. Isn't that cheek! This is *our* place, our own hill station, for the hot weather—Mummy found it." He was poking a stick among some loose stones, hoping that a lizard or a krait would come out. "We're heading for another Indian Mutiny," he went on. "Did you see that Gandhiite spit straight at us outside our gate the other day in Poona—just as we all came out for our pony walk to the gymkhana?"

"All Indians spit," I said. "Far and straight and red." As I spoke, my right forefinger and thumb were fumbling with a strand of wool I held in my left hand. That spring, my uncle, who was an officer of the Royal Navy, had visited us in Poona and had taught me to crochet. I was trying to crochet now, using my finger and thumb in place of the long hooked needle.

"It was brazen cheek," said David.

"I wish I could spit red," I said. "Palm leaf doesn't do the trick."

"Betel nut," said David. "For red spit, you need betel nut."

"Was this Indian's spit red?"

"What do I care? He was a Gandhiite, that's all!"

"How do you know he was a Gandhiite?"

"Because he had a Gandhiite cap on his head—one of those white, tight peaky things. They make their own beastly little caps, you know."

"What?"

"Yes, they make all their own cloth at home—on spinning wheels."

"Spinning wheels?"

I looked at David to see if he was pulling my leg, for I had quickly become fascinated. I was myself sitting at a spinning wheel, turning out reels of homespun, then crocheting it into suits and dresses for the family—even exporting it to Lancashire, which I knew, from Miss Tatlock's geography classes, was the center of the cotton trade.

"Why do these Gandhiites spin?" I asked.

"It's one of the silly ideas of Gandhi," said David, who always warmed to any talk of politics. "Old man Gandhi thinks it's good for Indians' souls. Besides, they won't have to buy cloth from the English and we'll all have to go back to England."

"Why does he stop eating sometimes?"

"Oh, that's nonviolence. They call it *satyagara*, or something."

"But what's it for?"

"To get what he wants out of the Viceroy and the British Government."

"Doesn't he eat anything at all—not even chapatties?"

"Not even a small chappatty made without any ghee."

"How does that move the Viceroy and the British Government? They ought to be delighted."

"It terrifies them. Gandhi sits on a charpoy all day, getting thinner and thinner. His friends, and plenty of newspaper reporters, are all around him. When he can't sit up any more, he lies down. Then just before he dies, the English send him a telegram giving him everything he wants. So he sits up again, and a nurse drops orange juice, drop by drop, into his mouth, from a baby's bottle. Of course, he gets as strong as ever."

"Why don't we just let him die?" I asked.

"You don't understand. He'd be a martyr or a hero, or something."

I was silent. All at once, the idea of Gandhi's coming to Shingar seemed to me exciting. What did it matter if the Viceroy and the British Raj didn't like him? Silly old Miss Tatlock didn't either; I'd often hear her say, "We"—she always used the majestic plural when she thought of herself as the British Government—"we should never have let that man out of prison years ago." Yes, what it did matter? Someone who could get his way not by biffing people about but just by not eating must be a wonder. Someone who could actually spin, who could turn rough cotton into thread—thread for weaving, thread (yes, why not?) for crocheting... Then I asked, "The English wouldn't

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have got an empire without eating, would they?"

"No."

"I bet we eat twice as much as any Indian."

"Oh, I don't know," said David. "Ganapati is a very fat god. And the rich Brahmans are as round as balls." He noticed a boulder at his feet and with his stick pried it loose from the wall.

"There's a scorpion underneath," I said, "Look!"

We saw one huddled in the hollow where the stone had been. I teased it with a stick, and it raised its stinger tail challengingly, walking round in circles.

"I'm going to kill it," David said. He lifted his stick.

"Why kill it?" I said. "This scorpion isn't preaching nonviolence. You ought to be fond of it. Offer it your finger, and it will give you a nice juicy sting."

Before he could decide what to do, I found a leaf and, using a twig, pushed the scorpion on to it, and then threw the whole thing among some stones; the scorpion scuttled away to safety.

"You fanatic!" David said, brandishing his stick at me. Jumping off the wall, I ran away down the hill toward our bungalow.

During tiffin that day, we all seemed to be restless—my mother, Miss Tatlock, David, and I. We sat at a large table in the center of the dining room, talking desultorily and eating without appetite....

Suddenly a little gecko lizard jumped several inches along the white wall opposite me and gobbled up a fly. I clapped. The talk turned to lizards, and then David mentioned that we had come upon a scorpion that morning, and I added defiantly that I had saved its life.

Miss Tatlock stiffened. "So Paul saved it? Fine! If a scorpion stings me here at Shingar, I'm going to give Paul all the mountains, lakes, and rivers of England to learn by heart."...

Then Miss Tatlock, with genteel precision, took a fig and began to peel it with her knife and fork. It was evident from her rather tightlipped expression that she had not yet finished delivering her rebukes. "Why didn't you kill it, Paul?" she asked me.

"Kill what?" I said.

"That scorpion."

"The Little Thing doesn't believe in violence," David said. '*Satyagara*!' he added contemptuously.

"If you're talking about "*satyagraha*," said she, "you ought to know that it means much more than 'nonviolence.' It means, 'noncooperation,' too, and that is quite insidious. Paul had better go and hear the arch-practitioner when he visits Shingar this afternoon. I understand that Krishnaji Ananta has invited all his shady political friends from Poona."

My heart leaped. Did she mean Mahatma Gandhi—the mysterious man who hated violence and believed in spinning wheels? If he was actually a friend of Krishnaji's, why shouldn't I go and hear him? Why shouldn't I even speak to him? David and I were on good terms with Krishnaji and played in his garden. I took a chance. "I'm going to see the arch-practitioner," I said boldly.

There was a silence—a silence, obviously, of shock.

"See Gandhi?" David exclaimed. "You're mad!"

"I have an urge to see him," I replied sedately.

"Mummy, tell him not to be a nitwit," David said.

"Only Indians will be going," said Miss Tatlock. "It is unthinkable!" Born in India of parents who had never seen England, she spoke as imperially as Queen Victoria. She went on to say she thought it a disgrace that Gandhi had not been hanged years ago, that his visit to Shingar was a personal affront to our family, that on no account must I be allowed even near Krishnaji Ananta's bungalow while the visit was in progress, and, finally, that "wild horses"—a favorite expression of hers—would not drag her there herself.

"Oh, don't be so Bolshy, Priscilla!" said my mother, who had a way of turning her brown eyes on people with a warmth and a mischief that charmed them into agreeing with her.

"Mummy, please may I go?" I asked.

Now she turned her eyes on me, laughing. "He's only a bony toothless old man, darling, with a towel wrapped round his tummy. What do you want to go and see him for? Let's all go and play croquet after tea with the Dorabjees."

"He spins," I said.

"But you won't even get near him. You'll be

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in the middle of betel-nut-spitting Indians, like—like a white mouse among crows."

"I don't care," I said. "I'm interested in spitting, too."

"Yes, he's a little animal," David broke in, "a muskrat. Well, I refuse to go with him. That's flat. He's a traitor."

My mother rose from the table. It was the end of tiffin. David and I were dispatched to the veranda to take our siestas. We did not speak to each other, or, as usual, romp from bed to bed. Instead, we both lay down, willing to sleep. But, secretly, I wanted to talk about wool, cotton, and spinning, and *satyagraha*. I wanted to know what would be the right questions to ask Gandhi, for I was determined, now, to see him.

Five minutes went by; then David, who invariably gave way to me, if I sulked long enough, remarked, in a conciliatory tone, "Well, if the Little Thing is dead set on seeing Gandhi, I suppose I'll be idiot enough to take him!"

About the middle of afternoon, Miss Tatlock, David, and I were sitting on our veranda waiting for a reply to a message my mother had sent to Krishnaji Ananta asking if my brother and I could come to the meeting. Presently, our *chachera*, or houseboy, arrived with a note. It read, "The boys are welcome, though I should warn them the talk is not exactly going to be on *Treasure Island* (which he knew we were reading). Never mind! The Mahatma loves children and has been known to do the most extraordinary things for them." Miss Tatlock, as I had expected, at once decided that she would accompany us. She said she felt it was her duty, but I could tell from the way she kept on cracking the joints of her fingers that she was really excited; she would, I thought, probably try to stage some little personal affront to the man who was ruining her India.

We soon arrived at Krishnaji's bungalow It was the largest in Shingar and had a portico of rough, square pillars, and a compound that made some pretension to being a garden, with pomegranates, fig trees and even a circular bed of red and yellow cannas. Krishnaji's houseboy, a courteous old man of about sixtyfive, received us at the portico and led us through the veranda down a corridor, and into a large room in the back part of the house, which was the coolest; the room was filled with people, all of them Indians—all, that is, except a band of lady missionaries, five of them. They had apparently declined to sit down—there was a row of empty chairs at one side of the room—and were standing, like the Indians. Miss Tatlock, nose in air, steered a passage to the chairs, and we three sat down.

"My only justification for coming," she said, "is to report on that man's lies." . . .

An old man in spectacles was talking, a small, fragile old man who sat crosslegged on a charpoy in the middle of the room, with a rough white gown of homespun loosely covering his scarecrow shoulders. Krishnaji, who stood near him, leaned over and whispered to him as we took our seats, and, without interrupting his discourse, he bowed slightly and smiled.

So this was Gandhi! It was the smile that first caught my fancy; it was a sad smile. Yet it was not weak. Had I been capable of analyzing it, I might have discerned that its strength came from inner resignation and utter clearsightedness. I watched his face—the triangular thinness of it, the deep, masklike lines, the long tapir nose and saucer ears—and I tried to think what little animal he reminded me of. Could this be the man who had shaken the British Raj to its foundations and whom Miss Tatlock regarded as the devil?

I listened. He spoke softly, and in beautiful English. There did not seem to be anything revolutionary in what he said—hardly even anything political. It seemed more like a sermon to the Indians on how to live frugal, self-supporting, contented lives. There was no sound but Gandhi's voice and the muffled swish of a punkah overhead.

Gradually, I began to feel disappointed. This was not the kind of man who could spin. Gandhi had not said a word about spinning. He was a man of letters, surely; perhaps a kind of saint. I could not picture him sitting by a spinning wheel. David had made the whole thing up! Yet as I looked at the Indians standing around the room, I saw that almost all of them, even the rich Krishnaji Ananta, wore the same roughveined white cloth, which looked homemade. And David certainly had not invented the fasting; this old man was thinner than a tonga horse. His hands, when he held them up, were as pale as ash, and the light seemed to shine through them.

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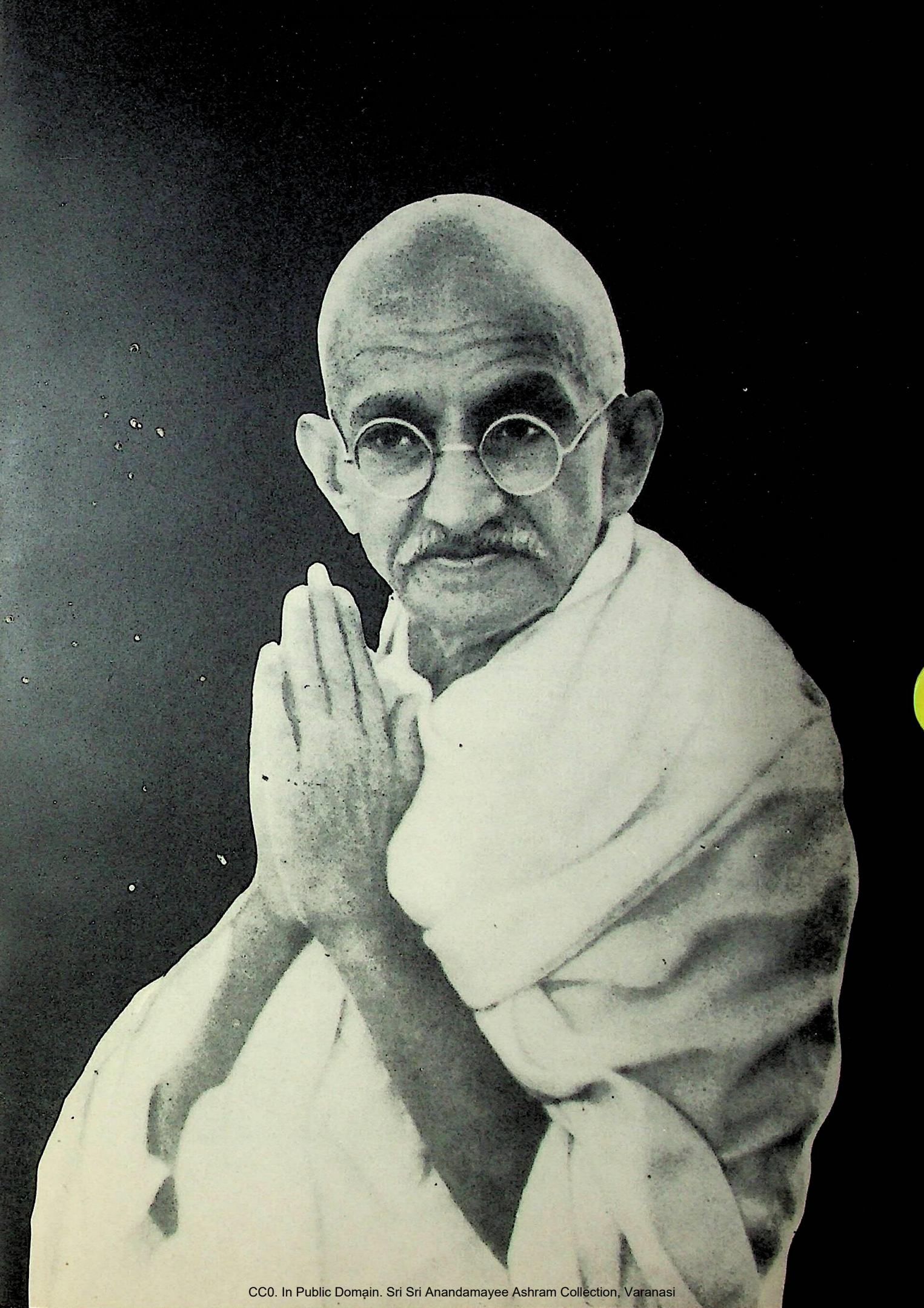

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Abruptly, Gandhi stopped talking. Krishnaji Ananta, in a rich and smooth voice, asked the audience if it had any questions to put to the great preacher. No one stirred. I glanced at Miss Tatlock; she sat on the edge of her chair looking at some black clouds outside the window. At any moment, it might rain. I glanced at David; he was twiddling a loose button round and round on his jacket. Then, hardly knowing that I spoke, I blurted out, "Please, Mr. Gandhi, tell me about spinning wheels."

He turned his head. All the other people in the room turned their heads. The Indians began to smile. Gandhi then looked round the room. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings!" he said, smiling. "Come up here, little boy. I shall talk to you about spinning wheels."

I stood up, hesitating. Miss Tatlock was not smiling. Should I go up to the old man or should I not? She gave me no help.

"The rain's about to break," she said, under her breath, to my brother. "Come along, David!"

I looked at her pleadingly.

"We'll send the *chachera* for you later," she said, and, with David stomping rather guiltily behind her, she swept toward the door.

The Indians looked at them and back at me, and now I was blushing. Gandhi held out his hand to me. "So you want to know how to spin?" he said. I moved toward the charpoy on which he sat. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Miss Tatlock and David disappearing down the corridor.

Gandhi was still smiling, and I noticed how few teeth he had. Now he took my hand, and I was struck by the lightness of his touch. He looked much older than he had from where I sat—and even more shrunken and small. But the look in his eyes was, if anything, livelier and gentler. A delicate sprinkling of gray touched the back of his bald head. His eyebrows were bushy, yet sparse. I saw now that he wore nothing under his rough white gown but a simple *dhoti*, such as the coolies wore, twisted round his loins.

Gandhi, watching me, pulled up a corner of his *dhoti* and held it against his gown. "You see," he said, "this is the kind of cloth we make from our spinning. Nothing more than this rough stuff—full of lumps and ridges."

I began to feel embarrassed, and looked away out the window.... The old man still held up the cloth. Then I murmured, in a voice audible only to him and to Krishnaji Ananta, "I, too, should like to spin, sir."

He smiled again. "You shall," he said. "Now, come up here and sit by my side."

I sat down beside him, and he took my hand. Then, as a heavy rain broke over the house, I suddenly felt alone, and ashamed. Here I was deserted by the others, making a fool of myself. I had asked a childish question. And I was disgracing my caste. What business had I, son of a captain in the Royal Engineers, to be sitting on a charpoy at Gandhi's side? And yet, the man who should be an anathema to me was holding me by the hand, interested and kind. I was confused. I did not know what to say; I wanted to escape. The Indians were now thronging around Gandhi, salaaming and asking questions. He let go my hand to shake the hands of others. I began to edge off the charpoy. Now Krishnaji Ananta was speaking. I sidled away through the crowd.

And then I was outside the bungalow and running—I hardly knew where. Tears of humiliation mingled with the rain that streamed down my face. The lightning cracked. I was already drenched, but I did not take the path home. I could not face the others.

I tried not to think of a new shame that overtook me. Gandhi would look round for me and find me gone. Another blunder! He would take it as personal rudeness—or, worse, race rudeness. At that, a kind of terror struck me, and I ran shouting. For now dusk was coming on. Then I stopped. Voices were calling. I stumbled onward, shouting "Here I am... here!" I saw three figures—my mother and Miss Tatlock, both in oilskins, fighting through the deluge, and, behind them, Mohabodi, the cook, struggling to hold up an enormous croquet umbrella. The *chachera* must have gone back to our bungalow and reported me missing....

"We'll give him a hot mustard bath at once and put him to bed," my mother said.

"And I'll read you the next chapter of *Treasure Island*, Paul—if you like," said Miss Tatlock, making it clear that she waived my task of learning all the countries of England by heart, and that neither of us need refer

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again that day to Gandhi or to *satyagraha.*

That night, the rain thundered on the tin roofs, and when I awoke, in the early morning, I remembered, with a start, the episode of the day before. I hardly dared think of what Krishnaji Ananta, and, still worse, Mahatma Gandhi must think of me. And I was weighed down by disappointment, too. Now I should never know spinning—never.

At breakfast, I sat down without speaking, and hoped that David would not begin teasing me. Miss Tatlock was unusually talkative. Several times I noticed my mother looking at me.

All at once, David said, "There's somebody at the door."

Mohabodi, the cook, stood in the dining-room doorway, looking perplexed. "Mem-sahib, there is a man here with a big parcel," he said.

"Bring it in, Mohabodi. Does he expect an answer?"

"No, Mem-sahib. It is for Chota-Sahib—Paul."

I jumped up from the table. A moment later, Mohabodi was carrying in a heavy bundle, about four feet long and wrapped in bands of sacking. He put it down on the floor and I began tearing off the bands. David got up from his chair, but I wouldn't let him help me. All of a sudden, as I pulled away one of the last strips, I saw Miss Tatlock straighten up. There it stood revealed; simple, primitive, made of very dark wood and low enough to be used by a person sitting on the floor—a real native spinning wheel. From a little box at the end where the spindle was, long tufts of already carded cotton burst out. And on one end of the spindle itself a card was impaled. I took it off. There was writing on it, in a neat, almost precious hand.

"Krishnaji Ananta will show you how to use this," the card read. "I should so much have liked to do that myself. Don't forget India when you grow up. We'll always need good Englishmen. Your friend: Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi."

I stood there amazed. My mother took the card from me and read, and then handed it to Miss Tatlock. Miss Tatlock looked at it, first one side and then the other and slowly her prim pursed lips gave way to a smile.

"What is it, Miss Tatlock? What is it?" I asked.

"You haven't read it all, Paul. Get out your Latin books."

"Oh, come on, Miss Tatlock, please!" I said.

"Listen, then: '*Niger sum ego sed pulcher.*' The Song of Songs, I think. 'I am black but beautiful.'"

You Americans amuse me. You eat too much, and then in order to correct this, take medicine to get rid of it.

—*Gandhi to Bishop Frederick Fisher*

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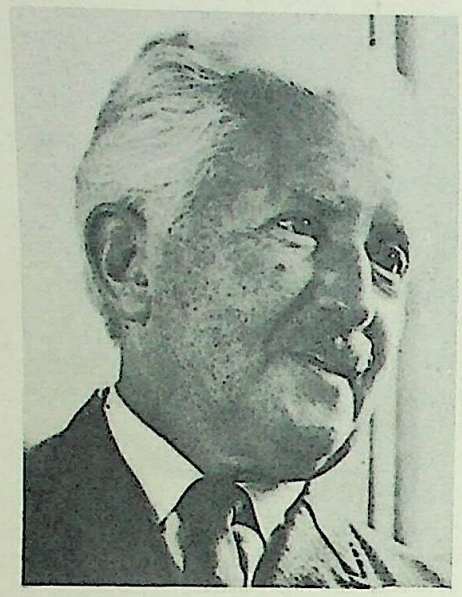
GANDHI'S



The name of Erik Erikson, one of the leading figures in the field of psychoanalysis and human development, is synonymous with the theory of the identity crisis. *His clinical practice has been directed to the treatment of children; in particular, the process of growing up in a variety of cultural and social settings. Born in Frankfurt, Germany, in 1902, Professor Erikson came to the United States in 1933, upon graduation from the Vienna Psychoanalytic Institute. In 1960 he was awarded an honorary degree from Harvard University, where he is now professor of human development and lecturer on psychiatry. He is also a member of the editorial board of* The American Scholar.

Professor Erikson's books include Childhood and Society; Young Man Luther; Identity and the Life Cycle; Insight and Responsibility; *and* Youth, Change and Crisis *(editor). In each book, Professor Erikson is concerned with the concept of identity which he believes is characteristic of all human beings and with the sense of identity which young people especially play out on a dramatic scale. In the course of his researches, writings, and lectures, Professor Erikson has traced a prolonged and aggravated state of identity confusion in creative men as well as in alienated groups and in young persons with marked psychiatric problems. The identity crisis emerges, in Professor Erikson's observations, as a normative stage in man's historical and social revolution as well as in the individual human life cycle.*

As Professor Erikson himself writes in the following article, a shortened version of a section from his most recent book, Gandhi's Truth, *now in press, "the reconstruction of the childhood of leaders has become an inescapable pursuit." In keeping with that pursuit, Professor Erikson looks in his book at the phenomenon of Gandhi on two levels: through a psychoanalytic biography of Gandhi from his childhood up to 1919, the year before he became the Mahatma; and through a psychological discussion of Gandhi's first full use of the method of militant nonviolence in India, as exemplified in the textile strike in Ahmedabad in 1918.*

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY: THE LEADER AS A CHILD

ERIK H. ERIKSON

When one hears his clear, calm and maternal voice on a noisy old record or sees him move gaily in a jerky amateur movie, one realizes how little the "presence" of Mahatma Gandhi does come through in the printed word, least of all in what he is reported to have said about himself. His autobiography was written in his native Gujerati. For the vast majority of Indians it had to be translated into other regional languages. For us it was translated into an English which often sacrifices to literal fidelity much of the passion, the poignancy and the humor that shines through in Gandhi's Gujerati as well as in his own use of English. This accounts for some, but not for all, of the haze surrounding the intimate events of Gandhi's first fifty years which are recorded in his autobiography, the standard history of his beginnings. Out of this text has emerged a stereotyped Gandhi who is almost too open to a hasty interpretation while in many ways he fails to make psychological sense.

In studying an event in his middle years, I have tried to visualize him and to "hear" him just before he became the Mahatma. In what I have perceived he stands out almost hauntingly as a man who while small and ascetic was also of infectious agility and energy, totally serious and yet of a pervasive gaiety, always himself and yet attuned to each counterplayer, and most of all utterly and always there. Such a man, of course, can on occasion also be demonstratively tired and desperately sick; and those who dislike him, do so "with a vengeance."

I have also to visualize the child who was to be that man, and have been moved by stiffly posed photographs depicting little Moniya or young Mohandas. One senses that he was ever so much more exquisitely put together than the sum of the stories told about him would suggest. Who can describe, who can "analyze" such a young man? Straight, and yet not altogether rigid; shy, and yet not really withdrawn; fearful, and yet determined; intelligent, and yet not bookish; wilful, and yet not stubborn; sensual, and yet not soft; all of which adds up to an integrity that is, in essence, unexplainable, yet without which no evaluation holds. But it must be granted that his own references to himself as a child often seem deadeningly repetitious to the Western ear. He was, we are told, not a good student, but somehow did quite well without half trying. Most jealously watching his own character, he became tearful when doubted. Very shy and seemingly uncritical of elders, he was intensely aware of their foibles, and attached to them his wish to serve them. Not given to playful levity, he preferred fantasies and stories extolling

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devotion to parents. Married at thirteen to a girl who would not be taught by him to read and write, he made her accept him as a husband driven by carnal desire of an alleged magnitude that might have debilitated them for life. He tried desperately to reform his friend and "evil genius," a Moslem boy who went to unbelievable lengths to counter-reform him in the worldly ways of meat-eating and prostitution. Two scenes stand out: a formal confession made to the ailing father and an account of the death of the father whom the boy had nursed passionately. Depending on what one reads into all this, it can be enormously suggestive on many levels of concern; but to many a reader, it remains a highly stereotyped record.

Since the "reconstruction" of the childhood of leaders has become an inescapable pursuit, I propose to reevaluate Gandhi's own version of his childhood and youth. I must try to trace indications that such a leader started to develop his singular effectiveness as well as his great concerns rather early in life, and that attempts to reduce the quality of these concerns to earlier as well as bigger and better childhood traumata —as is the wont of clinical interpreters—is wrong in method and perhaps evil in influence. Just because the time has come when man must understand the nature and the danger of what he calls greatness, it is not enough to equate that phenomenon with some extraordinary defect.

Our first concern must be with the stage of life in which an autobiography has been used to retell or reactivate an earlier stage. For autobiographies recreate a man's life in terms of what he has become. At best, memories connect meaningfully what happened once and what is happening now. If they are painful, they at least recover from the defeats of the past the remnants of unlived potential. All confessions want to settle a curse.

First, then, we consider Gandhi's autobiography as an event in its own right. *Experiments with Truth* was written for *Navajivan* as a series of weekly "columns" over several years. Each column concludes with a moral, the full meaning of which could be grasped only by a reader who knows how Indian elders speak (and spoke) to youth and how the young are inclined to react.

Gandhi, at the time, was approaching sixty, and was, perhaps somewhat precociously, speaking out of a stage of life that has (or had) a definite connotation within the Hindu life cycle: "What I want to achieve—what I have been striving and pining to achieve these... years... is self-realization, to see God face to face, to attain *moksha*." Only against this background can we search these confessions for hidden revelations. And never assume without good reason that a man like Gandhi is revealing "unconsciously" what is welcome evidence to the spying modern eye. It is, for example, futile to think that one can "expose" feminine conflicts in a man who says with an utterly relaxed smile that he aspires to being "half a woman"—and who remains a leader of men and women.

But autobiographies are also written at specific periods of a man's public life. In 1925 Gandhi was "politically silent." His career was then at best a plateau reached after a steep ascent and now stretching toward a nebulous horizon: whether there would be another ascent was then hard to know. He had witnessed the danger of redoubled violence in the wake of hastily applied nonviolence and wanted to work his way into the people's hearts "silently so far as possible, even as I did between 1915-1919."

The relationship of each instalment of the *Experiments with Truth* to the detailed course of (inner and outer) events will undoubtedly be clarified when the monumental publication in chronological order of "Gandhi's Collected Works" includes that stage of his life. In the meantime, the general mood of that period should caution us against accepting at face value the memories concerning the child who became that man. The peculiar mood of many of the chapters must also be clarified because some monotonous references to asceticism may create a barrier between the originator of *satyagraha* and today's and tomorrow's fighters for peace. What is at stake is the future of what he called "truth-force" in a technological world predictably more affluent and less ascetic, and the relationship of a more sovereign sensuality (including its more sovereign sacrifice) to creative peacefulness.

In those years, then, Gandhi consolidated the Mahatmaship exactly midway between the creation of a new secular religiosity, and a fresh political beginning, this time on the more solid basis of a wide appeal to the masses. And while at the conclusion of the autobiography he

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had reached the end of the plateau and saw that a new ascent was ahead of him, he ended with words reminiscent of the beginning: "I must reduce myself to zero." To those who would take out of such a context any scene either as a historical fact or as a wilful or unconscious distortion of memory, one is inclined to recommend a psycho-historical rule. An item in an autobiography should be judged for its meaning in the stage of the reporter's life, and, in fact, in his whole life history. At the same time it must be seen in the context of contemporary history, and in the historical process: for an autobiography of this kind was certainly a new kind of public act in India.

In looking back on his childhood, does the aging Mahatma make his childhood conform to the needs of his old age? Or do the old man and the child now meet each other in a mutual recognition which may be an intrinsic potential of the human life cycle? If Gandhi was an existential experimentalist all his life, this propensity also must have had precursors suited to the capacities of a little boy and of a young man; and indeed there seems to be a plausible developmental continuity between little Moniya's gay experimentalism, young Mohandas' experiments with sin, and Mr. M. K. Gandhi's and the aging Mahatma's pervasive testing of men and events. Here, it is important to take the time to visualize the actual setting of childhood events. And here the world owes a lasting debt to Pyarelal (Nayar) whose *The Early Phase* has recently been published (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad, 1965). It contains some vivid descriptions which have the ring of plausibility.

Like many great leaders, Gandhi was born on the periphery of his future "domain," and in a setting that would provide a strong regional identity to build on. Kathiawar was a fisherman's and a sea trader's world, renowned for its toughness and shrewdness, for from here, as from the larger port of Cambay, the ships went back and forth between India and Arabia and the east coast of Africa—down to South Africa. Gandhi grew up in a three-storied ancestral house which his father shared with his five brothers and their families. One of the most instructive passages in Pyarelal's book characterizes the life of a joint family "where so many people with diverse tastes, habits and temperaments are cooped up day and night in a narrow space, from week to week, month to month and year to year." Along with the virtues of such a family life, which are easily overlooked by both the devotees and the victims of small families in the West, Pyarelal points to sources of bitter ambivalence: "Little things assume big proportions; the slightest suggestion of unfairness or partiality gives rise to petty rivalries, jealousies, and intrigues. To smooth them requires infinite patience, resourcefulness and knowledge of human nature." All of this must underscore for us the special arrangements any sensitive and self-willed creature must make for some privacy and for some right to move around idiosyncratically.

The mother, Putali Ba, was an ideal mother of a joint family: "She never made any distinction between her own children and other children in the family..." Likewise, the prime minister, as the head of the family, looked after the well-being of every member of his clan well into their adult lives. However, in giving to all, the parents, and particularly the mother, may give too little to each, and this may well constitute a style of parenthood responsible, in many, for a sulking and angry insistence on being granted, some time by somebody, an exclusive relationship of preference or of mutual fusion. A Westerner rarely visualizes the Eastern wish to be isolated (in lonely spots or in the middle of a crowd) against the background of the unavoidable (if often joyful) total immersion in "folks." Life, then, can become a very special arrangement of parallel isolation and of detached fusion.

Pyarelal's account permits us to see how the little boy and youth survived both an early scrupulosity and a large family with the integrity and the energy we know him to have possessed later. Moniya, who "had a cheerful sweet face and lovely eyes" (Pyarelal omits mention of the improbably outstanding ears), had a quality of tenacious and clever attachment which, so it seems, made his parents feel that their relationship to him was a special one, and made him, in turn, feel that his was the fate of an elect being. For the nature of his early relationships one word suggests itself which expresses the infantile and playful side of what the aging advocate of *moksha* calls "experiments with truth." The word is "testing." For

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the little boy was driven to test people around him by a resourcefully varied number of methods, and his parents seem to have had enough humor to agree to being teased rather than to punish him for the naughty stubbornness and the occasional cruelty that are common ingredients of all provocation. Outstanding, also, throughout his life, was Gandhi's locomotor restlessness, a not uncommon characteristic of great men. Paired with insatiable curiosity, this provides energy for testing the unknown. But it also "tested those who were supposed to keep an eye on him while his mother was busy; and an older sister describes him as a mercurial teaser. He would try to make friends with animals, sometimes by "twisting dogs' ears," (as later he would love to tease children). It was good to get Moniya out of the house for when his father was not there he would usurp sacrosanct rights, for example, by removing the image of the ruling prince from a stool and seating himself in its place. He also used to scatter the utensils of worship and to "write" on the floor. When his mother tried to forbid this, he (in Pyarelal's words) "stoutly dissented." (Was this the ontogenetic origin of the sitdown?) On the other hand, he strongly dissented also from any necessity of being watched out-of-doors. So his sister was told to keep out of sight when watching him, a consideration at variance with the suggestion that the father wanted to squelch his adventuresomeness—at least in childhood.

If this teasing, testing and experimenting is a trait that meets our developmental criteria since it does find a "higher" form on each level, it must also be seen as a personalized form of a relevant cultural pattern. And, indeed, mutual teasing holds a prominent place among those more or less spontaneous ritualizations that make life in the joint family bearable and enjoyable. If, then, the teasing of people and of animals in childhood was one of the outstanding ways in which Mohandas tested his family and the world of Porbandar we will recognize many somberly reported stories of his later life as, in fact, animated by a gay teasing obvious to all those present at the time. And, to reach far ahead in his life's history, we may recognize a personal inner triumph as well as a peacemaking gesture in the famous story of how the Mahatma teased the Viceroy in his own place. It was after the inspiring and brutal events of the Great Salt March, that (as the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, has described it) "the most dramatic personal encounter between a viceroy and an Indian leader" took place. When Gandhi was handed a cup of tea, he poured a bit of salt (tax free) into it out of a small paper bag hidden in his shawl and remarked smilingly, "to remind us of the famous Boston Tea Party."

Such a teasing attitude, to be historically relevant, must obviously be more than a gratuitous quirk; it must be endowed with a quality indispensable in a man's influence on the very people with whom he shares the actuality of an historical situation. Teasing is one of those spontaneous ritualizations that wilt when the teaser becomes sadistic or the teasee masochistic or angry. Seasoned playfulness is long in developing, and I think that in Gandhi's life it can be shown to have alleviated his moral precocity and to have added a significant dimension to his evolving personal and political style. It even seems to be an essential ingredient in nonviolence. If one watches a moving picture of Gandhi's *satyagrahis* marching to the sea, it is, as it were, physiognomically obvious that they express a certain "teasing" attitude toward the British authorities, implying that, surely, the English could not make a bloody issue out of a people's determination to scoop up the salt out of their own sea. That the British (and the Indian constabulary) eventually did react with a brutality multiplied by a sense of being taunted and of "not being able to take it" cost them much of their inner authority in Indian eyes as well as in their own. So even though the march did not lead to immediate and complete formal success (as, indeed, many of Gandhi's campaigns did not) his very method of testing an adversary marked a declaration of equality such as is expressed in all successful teasing.

Teasing and testing of course, are only two of the many ingredients (but I emphasize, only two) of those early encounters with mother and father, child-wife and boyhood friend that Gandhi makes so much of in his autobiography. Pyarelal says that Gandhi's mother gave him the ideal of "living not only for mankind but in mankind" and that his father provided the "meticulous regard" for the "littlest of the little things" and "perfection in performance." He emerged from his relationship with his

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mother as one given to one intense relationship at a time, and this a relationship of ceaseless testing as well as of service to, and even salvation of, the other. When he ran to his mother, it was to serve her, and when he confessed a theft to his father, the father became a better man for his son's confession. In Mohan's youth, doubtlessly, a scrupulosity developed which is typical for a *homo religiosus*; and like all great self-confessors Gandhi reveals underlying motivations for which only his contemporary Freud has provided the necessary concepts. Yet each confrontation avidly sought by the young experimenter showed him the limits of his power, and yet confirmed the direction of his moral genius. When, at the end of his childhood, Gandhi describes himsef as having despaired of the possibility of combining the business of salvation with his intense kind of intimacy, he concluded that "He who would be friends with God must remain alone or make the whole world his friend." Thus, bettering the mother of a joint family, he adopted all of humanity, and greater than a prime minister in Kathiawar, he made himself meticulously responsible for India and the empire. But all this is not a mere matter of projecting the conflicts of his childhood on a widening world of concerns—a crank, a fanatic and a psychotic could manage that—but one of a minute and concrete interplay, perfected on every step of a long life, a craftsmanlike series of "experiments" with historical actuality in all its political and existential aspects.

Modern civilization as represented by the West of today in my opinion has given matter a place which by right belongs to spirit. It has therefore put violence upon the throne of triumph and held under bondage truth and innocence.

—*Gandhi*

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Lead, Kindly Light

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on:
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. NEWMAN

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Gandhi's legacy to america– nonviolence and civil rights

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THE CONFLUENCE OF TWO MINDS

M. K. GANDHI AND MARTIN LUTHER KING, Jr.

A civilization is to be judged by its treatment of the minorities.

—Gandhi

We (must) meet their ungodliness by godliness. We (must) meet their untruth by truth; we (must) meet their cunning and their craft by openness and simplicity; we (must) meet their terrorism and frightfulness by bravery and patient suffering.

—Gandhi

I tell the British people that I love them, and that I want their association (but this must be on conditions not inconsistent with) self-respect and . . . absolute equality.

—Gandhi

Violence is bred by inequality, nonviolence by equality.

—Gandhi

I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.

—Martin Luther King, Jr.

If we are arrested every day, if we are exploited every day, if we are trampled over every day, don't ever let anyone pull you so low as to hate them. We must use the weapon of love. We must have compassion and understanding for those who hate us. We must realize so many people are taught to hate us that they are not totally responsible for their hate. But we stand in life at midnight; we are always on the threshold of a new dawn.

—Martin Luther King, Jr.

The Negro needs the white man to free him from his fears. The white man needs the Negro to free him from his guilt. A doctrine of black supremacy is as evil as a doctrine of white supremacy.

—Martin Luther King, Jr.

We will return good for evil. We will love our enemies. Christ showed us the way, and Gandhi showed us it could work.

—Martin Luther King, Jr.

King family at home.

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Jesus Christ, Daniel and Socrates represented the purest form of passive resistance or soul-force. All these teachers counted their bodies as nothing in comparison to their soul. Tolstoy was the best and brightest (modern) exponent of the doctrine.

—Gandhi

In nonviolence, the bravery consists in dying, not in killing.

—Gandhi

No man, if he is pure, has anything more precious to give than his life.

—Gandhi

If I am to die by the bullet of a mad man, I must do so smiling. There must be no anger within me. God must be in my heart and on my lips. And you promise me one thing. Should such a thing happen, you are not to shed one tear.

—Gandhi (to Rajkumari Amrit Kaur)
New Delhi, January 28, 1948.

I believe in my soul that unmerited suffering is redemptive and if something happened to me, may be something else would come of it.

—Martin Luther King, Jr.

If someone pushes you, don't push back.... We must have the courage to refuse to hit back....

—Martin Luther King, Jr.

My husband often told the children that if a man had nothing that was worth dying for, than he was not fit to live.

—Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Well, I, don't know what will happen now. We've got some difficult days ahead. But it really doesn't matter with me now. Because I've been to the mountain top. I won't mind.

Like anybody, I would like to live a long life. Longevity has its place. I'm not concerned about that now. I just want to do God's will.

And he's allowed me to go up to the mountain. And I've looked over, and I've seen the promised land.

I may not get there with you, but I want you to know tonight that we as a people will get to the promised land.

So I'mhappy tonight. I'm not fearing any man. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.

—Martin Luther King, Jr.
Memphis, Tennessee,
April 3, 1968

I have met Lenin, Churchill, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Wilkie, Stalin, Litvinov, Attlee, Einstein, Lloyd George, Eleanor Roosevelt and many other famous people. I have never met a more remarkable person than Gandhi.

—Louis Fischer

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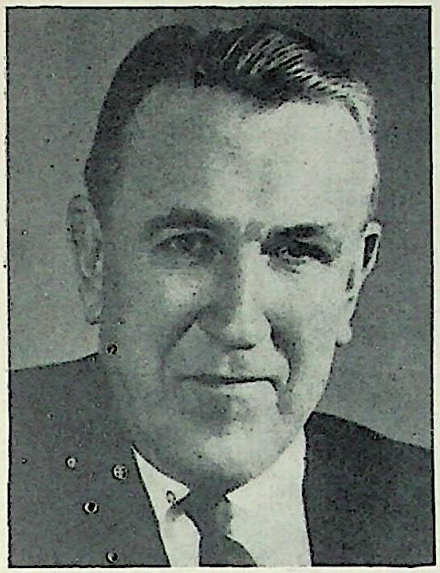

WHAT WE CAN LEARN FROM GANDHI

CHESTER BOWLES

"Now let's practice it again," the Negro preacher said to members of his congregation. "I'm a white man and I insult you, I shove you, may be I hit you. What do you do?"

Their answer was ready: "I keep my temper. I do not budge. I do not strike back. I turn the other cheek.'"

It was a December evening in 1956. After a year of walking to work and of riding in hundreds of cars organized in general pools the 42,000 Negroes of Montgomery, Alabama, had established their constitutional right to ride in nonsegregated buses.

With the beginning of the next workday the new bus rules would go into effect. Now they were patiently going through demonstration sessions in their churches, pretending the pews were bus seats, learning how to apply their Christian principles to this most explosive of all problems in human relations. "Now remember," their ministers advised them, "don't crow. Don't lord it over the white riders. Show patience and respect. Do unto them as you would have them do unto you."

In the following weeks, white extremists fired shots, hurled bombs and subjected the Negroes and their leaders to a barrage of threats and insults. But they stood their ground, firm and dignified, without arrogance or bitterness.

When their victory was finally won, many white citizens who had been active in organizing resistance to bus desegregation said grudgingly, "We didn't know the Negroes had the stuff to do what they've just done. We never thought we'd respect them, but we have."

Just how had this practical, latter-day demonstration of the Sermon on the Mount been achieved? What were the techniques which made it possible?

The Montgomery program had deep spiritual roots, not only in Christianity but in the ancient religions of Asia. Martin Luther King, the twentyseven-year-old Negro minister who more than any other individual was responsible for its success, says frankly that he borrowed his techniques directly from Gandhi, who used them brilliantly to bring freedom to nearly 400,000,000 Indians.

Gandhi in turn was stimulated by the views of the Russian writer, Tolstoy, and by the American, Thoreau, who was sentenced to serve in a Massachusetts prison because of his "peaceful protest" against the Fugitive Slave Laws. Indeed, it was from Thoreau's essay, *Civil Disobedience*, that Gandhi borrowed the phrase widely to describe his program.

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Thoreau himself was influenced by the writings of the forest wisemen of India who wrote the *Upanishads*. These ancient Hindu writings were translated into English in the early 1800's. Thoreau read and pondered them in the Harvard College library. Thus this political technique of boycott and nonviolent protest has already crossed and recrossed the ocean to strengthen hearts and to influence minds in South Asia, South Africa and, in Alabama, USA.

Many Americans who consider themselves hardheaded may discount the happenings in Montgomery as a special situation and scoff at the suggestion that such techniques could, in fact, ease the explosive racial antagonism that plagues so many American communities. But one thing is sure: their skepticism is no greater than that of Gandhi's contemporaries a few years before his final triumph.

When this little man in a loin cloth said, "I believe it is possible for a single individual to defy the whole might of an unjust empire, to save his honor, his religion, his soul, and to lay the foundation for that empire's fall or its regeneration," there was general merriment in British and Indian ruling circles. But even the most skeptical ultimately came to honor him.

After years of jail-going in resistance to unfair laws and years of hard constructive work to create the conditions of justice among the Indians themselves, he demonstrated the political power of his religious faith. By bringing that faith shrewdly and courageously to bear on the intolerable institution of colonialism he freed the Indian people. In so doing, he laid the groundwork for the fall of the British colonial empire and for its regeneration in the British Commonwealth of Nations—exactly as he said he would.

There are suggestive parallels between the Montgomery boycott and the beginning of Gandhi's struggle. The movement in Montgomery started from an incident which blossomed into a crusade.

A quiet Negro seamstress, Mrs. Rosa Parks, had been forced many times to give her bus seat to a white person. But one day, for some reason that she herself does not fully understand, she suddenly decided not to move. When the driver threatened to call the police, she said, "Then you just call them."

Mrs. Parks was arrested. Negro religious leaders called for a one-day citywide boycott of the buses. When white extremists reacted vigorously, the protest grew until it covered the entire city bus system and involved almost every Negro family in Montgomery.

The Gandhian movement which ultimately freed India from foreign rule started in about the same way; in his case the spark which set it off was struck on a train in remote, race-conscious South Africa in 1893.

Gandhi had begun his adult career a year or so earlier as an insecure, inarticulate young attorney. While studying law in England he wore a high silk hat and took dancing lessons. In India he was so shy and frightened that he lost his first case, involving a ten-dollar claim, when he began tonguetied before the judge and was laughed out of court.

To help him build confidence in himself, his relatively well-to-do family arranged for him to handle a lawsuit between some Indian merchants in South Africa. In Africa's fiery racial furnace something happened that transformed this twentyfour-year-old failure into an architect of history.

When Gandhi arrived in South Africa, 100,000 Indians were living there, most of whom had been recruited as cheap labor for the European plantations and mines.

A few hundred chosen Indians had been given a right to vote, but otherwise all were second-class citizens. These were called "coolies" or "sammies" and suffered segregation. On the statute books they were described as "semi-barbarous Asiatics." Into this situation came the proud young British-educated Gandhi, insisting on his first class ways.

The right of his first ride in South Africa, Gandhi was ordered to leave the compartment reserved for whites. When he refused to do so, he was pushed off the train at the next station stop.

As he stood shivering there in the dark, his overcoat and baggage still on the train now fast disappearing down the tracks, Gandhi asked himself the fateful question, "Should I fight for my rights here or go back to India?"

"I came to the conclusion," he recounts, "that to run back to India would be cowardly." The "golden rule," he decided, "is to dare to do the right at any cost."

When he took the stagecoach for Pretoria he

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was addressed as "sammie," ordered to sit outside on a dirty sackcloth and beaten by a burly white man. When he arrived in Pretoria, the hotels refused to give him a room. It was an American Negro who befriended him and somehow found him lodgings.

The next day he invited the Indians of Pretoria to a meeting at which he proposed that they stand up and fight the discrimination against them and that the fight be conducted with new, constructive methods. This time the words came easily.

The end they must seek, Gandhi said, was a community of true neighbors. Therefore, the means must be those of persuasion and not of violence. Members of the Indian minority must forego hatred. They must respect their white neighbors as fellow human beings even while opposing their unjust discriminatory laws. They must prepare themselves to endure blows and prison without flinching and without resort to counterblows or insults. They must persuade, but only through words not through their lives. Their words must become flesh.

"Let us begin," he suggested, "by considering the grievances held against us by the white people. Let us see if the reasons or rationalizations which the whites give for discriminating against us are justified."

"Then," he continued, "let us put our own house in order, even now while fighting for our civil rights, even before they grant the reforms we ask, even poor as we are."

Many of the Indian merchants who came to hear him were known for slick dealings and sharp bargaining. Gandhi proposed that they stick rigidly to the truth and that they show a new concern for their responsibility to the community.

All Indians, he added, must do something to improve the unsanitary conditions in the Indian slums. Why wait for legal victories "for the necessary drain cleaning?" he asked.

"We can't blame the whites," he continued, "for all our troubles, nor can we by ourselves end all the poverty in which our people are trapped. But we can begin to clean up our homes, to teach illiterate Indian adults to read and to provide free schools for the children of the poor."

By trial and error, Gandhi devised a political-action program with dramatic new dimensions. Instead of working just through the law—by appealing for an end to restrictive legislation in parliament and by seeking court of electoral victories—Gandhi showed the Indians how to combine peaceful resistance to discriminatory laws with constructive community services.

When the Boer War came, his followers urged him to step up his resistance program. The whites, they said, had their backs against the wall and now was the time to put on the pressure.

Gandhi rejected this proposal as unfair. Instead, he called off his political campaign, organized an Indian volunteer ambulance corps of 1,100, and led them wherever the fighting was heaviest. For valor under fire he and thirtysix other Indians received Empire war medals.

When the war was over he renewed his program of nonviolent pressure on the government and the conflict again became intense. At one point the whites tried to lynch him, and he heard the mob singing, "We'll hang Gandhi from the sourapple tree."

Yet Gandhi did not flinch. He led tens of thousands of Indians in a peaceful march across the state, deliberately violating the segregation laws. Hundreds were struck down by the police and thousands went to prison.

When Jan Christian Smuts, the harried leader of the South African government, offered a civil rights compromise, that seemed honorable, Gandhi accepted it despite the violent opposition of militant Indians who asserted that this was a "betrayal."

Compromise and trust, he argued, is the essence of nonviolent struggle. "Even if the opponent plays him false twenty times," he said, the civil resister must be "ready to trust him for the twentyfirst time—for an implicit trust in human nature is the very essence of his creed."

Later, as white pressure to reject all compromise on discrimination mounted, Smuts went back on his word, as Gandhi's response was to start the struggle anew. Again the jails were filled with hundreds of Indians who refused to obey discriminatory laws, but who also refused to exchange blows or insults.

Eventually, Prime Minister Smuts decided that there was no practical alternative but to reach a fair settlement with Gandhi. "You can't put twenty thousand Indians in jail," he said.

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To Gandhi himself, one of Smuts' secretaries added, "I do not like your people and do not care to assist them at all. But what am I to do? You help us in our days of need. How can we lay hands on you? I often wish you took to violence like the English strikers; then we would know at once how to dispose of you. But you will not injure even the enemy.... And that is what reduces us to sheer helplessness."

Before sailing home to India to apply his newly tested methods there in behalf of independence, Gandhi reminded the South African Indians that their victory was only half won. To Smuts, as a farewell present, he sent a pair of sandals that he had made while in jail as Smuts' prisoner.

Twentyfour years later on Gandhi's seventieth birthday, in 1939, Smuts, as a gesture of friendship, returned the sandals Gandhi had given him, to show that he had cherished them through the years. "I am not worthy to stand in the shoes of so great a man," wrote the first official to send Gandhi to prison. "It was my fate to be the antagonist of a man for whom even then I had the highest respect."

In Africa, Gandhi and the Indians were outnumbered ten to one. In India the situation was reversed. If 400,000,000 Indians learned to say "no" and mean it, Gandhi knew that they could end the domination of a few hundred thousand Englishmen.

But here as in South Africa, the "no" which Gandhi taught them to say was not that of violent revolution or subversion or anarchy. Rather it was a method which taught respect for law even while resisting particular unjust laws. Peacefully, cheerfully and massively, he and his followers accepted jail as the penalty for disobeying them.

In India, as in Africa, Gandhi's program went far beyond the struggle against British domination. His goal was to build an India that could govern itself. Therefore he spent as much time training his countrymen in constructive work in the villages as in the effort to achieve national independence.

His thirteen-point program for Indian development included the end of untouchability within Hinduism, the establishment of Hindu-Moslem unity and brotherhood, and improved methods of agriculture, diet, education and public health in the 5,00,000 villages where most Indians lived.

Gandhi's political genius enabled him to select and dramatise issues which the people understood. In 1930 his famous Salt March focused the whole independence fight on a simple demand of the Indian villager: an end to the hated British tax on salt and their prohibition of homemade salt.

When Gandhi announced that he would walk 200 miles to the shores of the Arabian Sea and make salt out of God's ocean in defiance of man's largest empire, India was electrified. Millions of peasants gathered along the roads to cheer him as he strode quickly by.

On the night of April 5th he reached the sea. "God willing," he said, "we will commence civil disobedience at 6.30 tomorrow morning." At sunrise he held his usual prayer and, at the appointed time reached down to raise his first handful of salt from the salt beach.

As the news was flashed across the country the excitement became intense, reaching into the most remote villages. Nehru and nearly 100,000 others were arrested.

Then Gandhi announced that he would lead a nonviolent march of protest on the government salt depot. Although he, too, was promptly arrested the raid was carried out by 2,500 Indians pledged not to raise their hand or voice against the police.

Although hundreds were struck down, there was no resort to counterviolence. When Gandhi in his cell heard that even the fierce Pathan Moslems from the Northwest Frontier had maintained their self-discipline he was overjoyed. Indians everywhere began to stand a little straighter, and for the first time to feel that they, as individuals, had rights, responsibilities and a future.

Gandhi chose for his home the poorest village in the poorest part of India, where untouchables predominated. His associates protested, saying that he would bury himself there. Yet, Sevagram was soon accepted as the vital center of all India, the actual capital of this ancient nation in the course of its rebirth.

When I visited his mud hut there in 1952, it was exactly as he had left it. Among his books were the *Life and Teachings of Jesus Christ* and the *Gospel of St. John*. Gandhi had often said that his aim in life was to live the Sermon on the Mount.

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On the wall over Gandhi's simple bed hung a sign: "When you are in the right you can afford to keep your temper; and when you are wrong you cannot afford to lose it."

For thirty years, Gandhi, with brilliant political timing and a resolute belief in ultimate victory, applied his revolutionary new technique of peaceful political action to the creation of a free and socially awakened India.

Independence finally came, on August 15, 1947. Throughout India wildly cheering crowds gathered for the celebration. Massed Indian and British army bands played their respective national anthem, the Union Jack came down from the flagstaffs and the new flag of independent India proudly rose in its place.

What a strange and magnificent climax to an anti-colonial revolution! Four hundred million people had won their right to rule themselves. Miraculously, they had won it without bloodshed or rancour.

Because the British yielded gracefully, the basis was laid for a new relationship of equality and mutual respect within the British Commonwealth.

As in Montgomery, Alabama, nine years later, there was grudging admiration even from the diehards: "Say what you will, you have to give these people credit."

Gandhi's chief lieutenant, Jawaharlal Nehru, went from being the king's prisoner to the king's first minister of his largest domain. And Lord Mountbatten went from being the last Viceroy of the Emperor of India to the first Governor-general of a free commonwealth selected for this honor by the very people who had fought British rule most of their lives. British governors who had sent thousands of Indians to jail suddenly found themselves showered with garlands and goodwill.

No thoughtful person can deny the practical effectiveness of the Gandhian approach in India or even in Montgomery, Alabama. But can it work in Little Rock, Chicago, Levittown, and New Orleans? Can it free Americans—North, South, East and West—from the suffocating burden of racial prejudice and fear accumulated in 300 years of largely unconscious compromise with Christian principles?

To answer these questions we need to consider why Gandhi's political techniques set India free and paved the way for her emergence as an effective new democracy. The explanations of Gandhi's closest associates, including Nehru, agree on all the essentials.

The prime condition for the success of Gandhi's way of fighting injustice, they say, was that it took place within a legal system administered by people who professed a democratic creed and who permitted a large measure of free speech and a free press.

The British national conscience was stirred by the Gandhian struggle because the British are a deeply democratic and peaceful people. His techniques were effective because the free institutions of Britain enabled Gandhi's views and the story of his own and his followers' sacrifices to reach the people.

Dozing consciences were thus awakened, deep religious chords were struck and an atmosphere of respect and support for India's cause gradually was created.

As a trained lawyer, Gandhi never lost his respect for the majesty of law. He called for the acceptance of the state's right to make and enforce laws, while offering up his person and his freedom in protest until those laws which violated democratic principles were changed. His appeal was from manmade discriminatory laws to a higher natural law, to the moral laws.

This is precisely the approach that enabled the brilliantly led, well-organised Negro citizens of Montgomery to abolish segregation on the city buses. Under the leadership and inspiration of the Reverend Martin Luther King and his associates, they began their mass meetings with prayers "for those that oppose us," and they regularly pledged themselves to use "only the weapons of love and nonviolence." They said they were "walking with God." They named their movement the Montgomery Improvement Association.

Dr. King laid down their objectives in eloquent Gandhian terms. "The Negro," he said, "must come to the point that he can say to his white brothers: 'We will match your capacity to inflict suffering with our capacity to endure suffering. We will meet your physical force with soul force. We will not hate you, but we will not obey your evil laws. We will soon wear you down by our capacity to suffer. So, in winning the victory, we will not only win freedom for ourselves but we will so appeal to your heart and conscience that you

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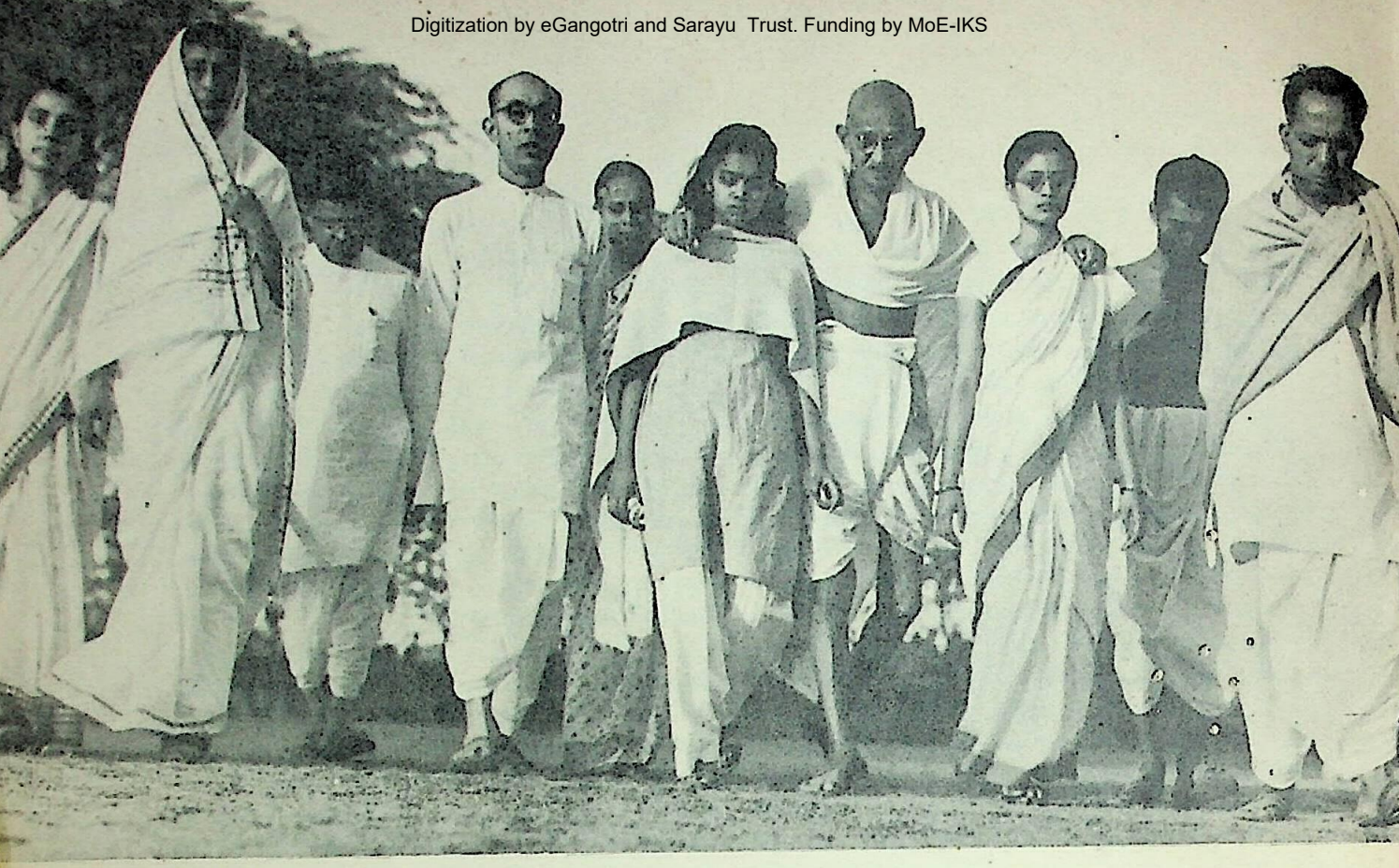

Gandhi's morning walk with close inmates of the ashram *and members of his family. It is hard to overemphasize the importance of the daily ritual. The walk takes place at 6 a. m. (gets earlier as the days get hotter.) Sometimes, when there are too many people lining the wall to watch, the Gandhi clan jumps into one of the Birla cars and whiz to some park or garden on the outskirts of Delhi (a different one each time) where they won't be followed. Gandhi used to walk for a full hour. Now he walks for only a half hour. They are afraid of his "overstraining" himself, with his day so full and the weather so hot. The importance of his walk is in its relation to his philosophy of physical fitness. He often has said that if he had to make a choice between missing a meal and missing a walk, he would choose the first.*

This picture is important because it is probably the most inclusive view that could be taken of Gandhi and his intimate household. Here, Gandhi is leaning on the shoulders of Abha, his daughter-in-law, and Sita, his granddaughter. Just behind Abha, you can catch a glimpse of Kanu Gandhi. On the other side of Sita is his devoted secretary and editor of Harijan, *Pyarelal. A bit behind Pyarelal and third from the left (with specs) is Manilal Gandhi. At extreme left of the picture is Sushila Pai, who was principal of a girls' school at Rajkot and is now helping Gandhi as an additional secretary. Second from the left as we look at the print is the main secretary, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, distinguished by scarf over head. A little behind Pyarelal and a bit behind Sita is Pyarelal's sister, who is Gandhi's M. D., his personal woman physician, and always at his* ashram *with him.*

— Margaret Bourke-White

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will be changed also. The victory will be a double victory; we will defeat the evil system and win the hearts and souls of the perpetrators of the evil system."

Like Gandhi, Dr. King also stressed that he and his associates were working for the advancement of the whites as well as for that of the colored people. "We are seeking to improve not the Negro of Montgomery," he said, "but the whole of Montgomery."

His appeal to his Negro listeners to put their own house in order is reminiscent of Gandhi's appeal sixty years ago to the Indians living in the slums of Pretoria. "Let us examine the reasons given by white men for segregation," Dr. King said. "Let us see which reflect conditions we can do something about, and take action ourselves. Some say we want our constitutional rights so we can marry their daughters. But that is nonsense, so we don't have to pay any attention to that.

"Some say that we smell. Well, the fact is that some of us do smell. We cannot afford a plane trip to Paris to buy the world's most expensive perfumes, but no Negro in Montgomery is so poor that he cannot afford a five-cent bar of soap."

And then King goes on frankly to list the illegitimacy rate among Negroes, their crime rate, their purchase of cars beyond their means, their lower health standards. And the Montgomery Improvement Association works day and night to remove these legacies of slavery, segregation and enforced second class citizenship.

Already Montgomery city and welfare records are beginning to reflect the change—a drop in Negro drinking, in juvenile delinquency, in divorce.

If this combination program of nonviolent opposition to segregation and community service spreads beyond Montgomery, the road is likely to be a rocky one. Gandhi himself demonstrated that there is no easy, effortless path to the attainment of our Christian objective of equal dignity for all men.

Nehru noted that by turning the other cheek the Indians at first only enraged the British. Never, he says, had he seen men with more hate in their eyes than the soldiers who beat him with their long, steel-tipped rods, while he stood quietly, not lifting a finger in his own defense. No civilized human being likes to have his conscience so severely tested.

What counted, however, was the end result. As the Indians proved their capacity for peaceful resistance, they eventually won the respect of the British. Equally important, they came to respect themselves. "We cast off our fear," said Nehru, "and walked like men."

The climax of the Montgomery struggle, observers say, came when a Negro preacher, at a church celebration, read from First Corinthians: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things."

It is difficult to judge prospects for this program on a nationwide scale. Gandhi was not only a spiritual leader of depth, dedication and courage but also a political genius. In America much will depend on the ability of Negro leaders to develop similar conviction and skill under pressure. Even more will depend on the number, raw courage and dedication of their followers.

The two conditions which Gandhian leaders laid down for the success of their nonviolent approach certainly exist here in America. Whether it be in Little Rock or in Levittown, racial discrimination sorely troubles our national conscience.

The great majority of moderate whites in Montgomery were profoundly shocked by the bombing of Negro churches, the homes of several Negro ministers and of the one white minister who supported the boycott.

The requirement of a free press is also met. The countrywide attention paid to the Montgomery bus boycott demonstrates that the means of communication are ready to carry the news. The Federal Bill of Rights insures against the kind of terror that liquidates and crushes completely.

Only one thing is certain: if we are to achieve racial harmony in America, a great moral force of some kind must be created that will awaken our national conscience.

The Supreme Court has made its decision. Most leaders in both political parties agree that the law as it has now been defined must somehow be obeyed.

But pleas for law observance, however eloquent and however firmly supported in areas of crisis

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by Federal troops, will never be sufficient in themselves. Laws which touch deep prejudices and emotions are not obeyed merely because they have been placed on the statute books and defined by the courts. They are obeyed only when a great majority of people come to believe they are right. Prohibition was clear evidence of this.

In a democratic community, Abraham Lincoln once said, "public sentiment is everything. With public sentiment, nothing can fail; without it nothing can succeed. Consequently, he who moulds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes and decisions possible or impossible to be executed."

If we are to ease the racial conflict which so dangerously divides America in a world that is two-thirds colored, we must come to see it as a moral issue and not simply as a legal one. It is an issue involving no more and no less than the dignity of man. It can successfully be met only as the millions of good Americans who through generations of custom and prejudice have come to believe in the dignity of some men only are persuaded of their error.

Nowhere else in America does religious conviction run so deep as in the South. It was a white Southern minister who said about the racial problem, "There is just one question to ask: what would Christ do?"

Sooner or later, the South, and also, the North, East and West, will respond with the only Christian answer possible, for Christ came to show the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man and He knows neither Gentile nor Jew, Greek nor barbarian, black nor white.

The Gandhian way of persuasion and change is designed to make a profound moral isssue of this kind clear, to stir the conscience of the great decent majority who believe in the laws of God, and to persuade that majority to bring its actions into line with its beliefs.

"It may be through the Negroes," Gandhi once said, "that the unadulterated message of nonviolence will be delivered to the world."

This, it may be said, will take no less than a miracle of greatness. That is true. But we Americans are living in an age of miracles and we are capable of greatness.

You know that when Gandhi was told that Halifax never took a decision without praying, he replied effectively, "I wonder why God so consistently gives him the wrong advice?"

— John Kenneth Galbraith, former U. S. Ambassador to India, in a letter to the editor of this volume, April, 1968.

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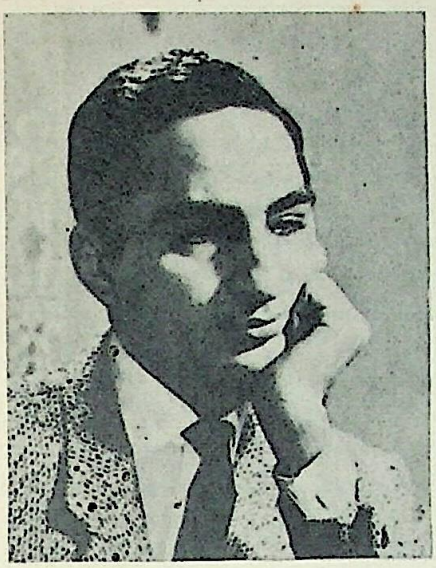

GANDHIISM IS NOT EASILY COPIED

VED MEHTA

At the age of 15, Ved Mehta left New Delhi to come to Little Rock, Arkansas, in the United States, where he "learned English and crammed into three years the missed schooling of many more." Mr. Mehta spent four years at Pomona College in California, graduating in 1956. He continued his education at Oxford, where he read modern history at Balliol College, and later at Harvard.

In 1957, Mr. Mehta, aged 20, set down most of his autobiography in his first book, Face to Face. *At the time, he never thought of taking up writing seriously. Certain influences exerted themselves, however, and in 1961, he joined* The New Yorker *as a staff writer. Mr. Mehta's other books are* Walking the Indian Streets; Fly and the Fly Bott Encounters with British Intellectuals; The New Theologian; *and* Delinquent Chacha, *a comic novel. He is now working on a portrait of modern India, which will cover all aspects of her modern face, from traditional music and modern jazz to industrialization and urbanization to spiritual* gurus.

In his engaging autobiography, *Stride Toward Freedom*, (Jawaharlal Nehru called this just *Toward Freedom*), Martin Luther King, Jr. recounts how, listening to a sermon by the president of Howard University, he stumbled upon "the little brown saint," Mohandas Gandhi, and his philosophy of nonviolence. At the time, King was barely out of his teens. Gandhi's dozen books, which King immediately purchased and eagerly read, started him on his pilgrimage to Montgomery, Ala., and the bus strike, a pilgrimage that was clear sailing, compared with the fires and terrors of past saints.

While the gestation period of Gandhi's political thought was at least twenty years (he went on with its exegesis for the rest of his life), Dr. King, according to his panegyrists, at 32 has assimilated the wisdom of Buddha, Christ, Ruskin, Thoreau, Tolstoy and Gandhi, successfully refuted the critics—like Nietzsche and Niebuhr—of passive resistance and proved its validity in Montgomery.

The world would be an altered place if the spirit of the Mahatma, whose influence on King is second only to that of Christ, simply dismantled the color bar across the continents.

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But can Gandhi be so easily adopted and imported?

Gandhi is hedged in by more paradoxes than most great thinkers and leaders of the past. He claimed that his great legacy to the world was not a philosophy (his was a movement) of nonviolence, but a few hundred million free people. Yet he knew as well as anyone that without Nehru or his handful of other disciples independent united India was unviable. As a Hindu, he spurned dogmas and doctrines, Gandhism and a Gandhian creed; and yet he could not take his life with him and avoid millions of cult-mongers. Never easily transplanted himself—he was as rooted to nonindustrial India as Buddha to the Ashoka period, Socrates to Athens, Christ to the Greco-Roman world, or Thoreau to Puritan New England—Gandhi held that his ideas were universally true.

Although he never sat down to write a systematic and analytical interpretation of human experience, the domain of philosophers, his constant references to the *Bhagavadgita* and to the Sermon on the Mount—not to mention his life, which was as full of portentous acts as a child's book of fables—could leave no one in doubt concerning what was right or wrong by Gandhi's yardstick. Thus, anyone who has read anything about Gandhi knows that to him means were superior to ends, right actions to consequences, ethics to politics, morality to well-being, the hereafter to the here.

A casual visitor to the *ashram* of Gandhi's thought also knows that he was a supreme political artist. His boycotts, whether of foreign fabrics, elections, taxes or of certain laws, were symbolic, dramatic gestures which were calculated to embarrass and defeat the enemy, his minimum demand being always a road to a major shake-up. Protests by fasting; *hartals* (or strikes); the passive suffering of beatings; a willingness to have millions martyred for the sake of a principle; his central doctrine of *satyagraha*, an uncompromising insistence on truth (sometimes also defined as "soul-force")—all suggested a theory of life and after life as sweeping as any religious system.

His food, dress and sexual abstinence marked Gandhi as a fanatic, yet he spent his life fighting all sorts of fanaticisms, including those he himself inspired. But the strangest contradiction was that many in Gandhi's legacy who participated in his movement did not always subscribe to the constellation of his ideas: indeed, some of his disciples worshipped his results more than his methods. But this vulgar affront—which would have turned the works of other men into ashes—Gandhi, the intolerant philosopher, tolerated with the indulgence of a man already canonized. All these instances of double thinking, some of which were the result of a "strange admixture of politics and religion," are not easy to copy anywhere.

The good consequences of his work are well-enough known; in every sense of the word, he was the architect of twentieth century India. But any transplanter would do well to keep in mind the objections, not as much to Gandhi as to Gandhism. According to Gandhi, a whole campaign of nonviolence was negated by one incident of violence, however small. Thus, in 1922, Gandhi called off a startlingly successful mass civil disobedience campaign because of one act of violence in the remote village of Chauri Chaura. To Nehru's questions, "Must we train the 300 and odd millions of India in the theory and practice of nonviolent action before we (can) go forward?" Gandhi's answer was unequivocal "Yes," because unlike Nehru he rejected the use of violence not on practical but on religious grounds; as far as he was concerned, to have a chink in the moral armor was not to have armor at all.

But the question is: Can good men, once trained in the higher ways of morality, the work of centuries if not of millenia, always count on exerting their superior influence? Gandhi had no doubt that they could. Hence he was prepared to sacrifice millions of Indians in order to resist a Japanese attack on India in 1942 by nonviolence.

On another occasion, in the same vein, he said, "Rivers of blood may have to flow before we gain our freedom, but it must be our blood." Since Dr. King quotes this statement approvingly, I suppose he would go on to defend Gandhi's yet more extreme position that the Jews in Hitler's time should have committed collective suicide, because, as Gandhi said after the war, if they were going to die in any case, they might as well have died significantly.

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But how do six million Jews forecast their imminent death and have the courage and conviction to choose collectively the time and place for self-annihilation? As shrewd a saint as Gandhi should have known the utter absurdity of his imperative, but he did not, for he firmly believed: "Do not return madness with madness, but return madness with sanity and the whole situation will be yours." While this concept may be true in contact among individuals—but that was never Gandhi's concern—it certainly makes no sense in relations between nations and peoples. As George Orwell suggested, in history any friendly indulgence by a nation has seldom paid off, let alone been a force against lunatics: what sacrifice of blood or unlimited love could have conquered Genghis Khan or Hitler? In any case, one whole culture could be insane by the standards of another.

That Gandhi's doctrine of love and nonviolence bore fruit in British India when it might have wilted in Leopold's Congo, Stalinist Russia or Hitler's Germany, was due to the absence of guillotines and gas chambers in the Raj and Gandhi's ability to carry on his actions in the public view. Also he was allowed organizations like the Society of *Satyagraha*, because he seemed useful to the shortsighted Britishers who misguidedly thought his methods an effective safeguard against more violent outbursts.

Had none of these conditions existed, he probably could not have completed his work (he would have met his death in a purge); certainly, he could not have won the majority of post-war Englishmen to his side, which was more than a factor in freeing India.

Even at the last minute, had Churchill instead of Attlee been at the helm, some of Gandhi's work might have been undone and India might not have won her independence without firing a shot. Even as it was, Gandhi's schooling of his people in nonviolence was sullied by mass murders over the partition of India, riots which would certainly have ended in the bloodiest moment in the history of any country had Gandhi been shot by a Moslem rather than a Hindu.

To say all this is not to deprive Gandhi of any of his kudos, halo or charisma. It is simply to note political and other circumstances which were responsible for his astounding, but fragile, success.

Even his otherworldliness might not have washed in an Anglo-Saxon country, lacking in penurious multitudes and the tradition of renunciation. In England, for example, he would have had to battle with the secular Socialists, who were more interested in the outward change of society than in the inward alteration of its citizens.

Further, Western humanism would have stood in Gandhi's way like an impenetrable barrier. As Orwell, for one, said, "Gandhi's teachings cannot be squared with the belief that man is the measure of all things and that our job is to make life worth living on this earth, which is the only earth we have.... The essense of being human is that one does not seek perfection, that one is sometimes willing to commit sins for the sake of loyalty (to individuals), that one does not push asceticism to the point where it makes friendly intercourse impossible, and that one is prepared in the end to be defeated and broken up by life, which is the inevitable price of fastening one's love upon other human individuals."

Gandhi mercifully was not always as uncompromising as his theories made him out to be, and he was prepared, now and again, to put aside otherworldly perfection for worldly successes. Had he been alive, he certainly would have rejoiced in the incidents of nonviolence (theory or no) which since the war have been continually rumbling in the stomach of the earth like so many symptoms of a moral and political earthquake.

The strikes in the Union of South Africa; the marches for disarmament in England; Philip Toynbee's suggestion at the time of the Suez invasion that repentant British and French citizens walk to Jerusalem and do penance; the civil disobedience in Budapest that touched off the Hungarian rebellion; the bus boycott in Montgomery—all would have thrilled the Mahatma. He would have regarded them, however, as only beginnings, first steps in the ascent to the Mount Everest of *satyagraha*, the training of two billion and more people of the world in both the theory and practice of nonviolent action.

For this "soul-force" ascent, America has a few more favorable political conditions than had British India. Its democratic society and

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unlimited possibility for organized action, not to mention the unparalleled opportunity for publicity through mass communication, make it extremely easy to mobilize a movement against prevailing opinion. All this is in favor of Dr. King's work. But, like Gandhi, he has both the advantages and disadvantages of a leader who uses religious gospel for social reform. He is constantly forced to appeal to a higher religious principle for effective political conduct, and while politics thus allied to religious way in some difficult situations be a powerful juggernaut, it does run the risk of crushing human life for the sake of an abstruse conviction or freak inspiration.

Dr. King, unlike Gandhi, is fighting for minority rights. The struggling people in British India constituted the entire labor force, and the realization of this fact placed a powerful economic lever in their hands. (In the Union of South Africa, where the Bantu make up the labor force, so far they have successfully been prevented from realizing their power by the whites' polity of ruthless oppression.) The Negroes, however, have enough importance in the South so that their minority need not necessarily be a handicap especially if the anti-segregationist in the other parts of the country can be used to prod the segregationist conscience. Dr. King successfully demonstrated this in the use of the bus strike.

As a practitioner of Gandhi's nonviolence, Dr. King, however, is placed in an awkward position in regard to the law. While Gandhi during his agitation was an out-and-out lawbreaker, Dr. King must uphold favorable legislation for Negroes and at the same time harness disobedience to unjust laws. The legal dilemma is worth mentioning because it is one of many instances which make Dr. King's struggle complicated in a different way from Gandhi's.

My own feeling is that Dr. King probably would be better served by Gandhi's practices than his theories, for, as I have instanced, the latter leaves a lot to be explained and vindicated. Contrary to what is sometimes thought, most of Gandhi's magic was in his actions. Hence his favorite book: the *Bhagavad Gita*, a reader on conduct. It is also questionable how much Gandhi was a victim of the logic of his pronouncements. The moral precepts that led him to advocate collective suicide for the Jews did not stop him from sanctioning the sending of troops in Kashmir.

Our handbook of Gandhi, therefore, must remain his dramatic and fantastic life, which electrified hundreds of millions and changed the course of at least one civilization. Often he did his great work by fastening on the smallest irritants, like the salt tax. He managed to make his big scores with little marbles.

His life was crowded with a succession of Boston Tea Parties. And, theory or no, Dr. King and his people have demonstrated how a strike here, a sit-in there, a ride here, can revolutionize race relations. Their demonstration, as was Gandhi's, is not like that of a mathematical theorem but an artistic performance. Thus, ultimately, the life-blood of the nonviolence movement may not be theology, politics, or even economics, but only art.

When the century closes, Gandhi and his followers—whether in Asia, Africa or America—may go down as the influential men of our time, not because they revived religion, not even because they scored political successes, but because they were imaginative artists who knew how to use world politics as their stage.

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"THE ODD THING ABOUT ASSASSINS, DR. KING, IS THAT THEY THINK THEY'VE KILLED YOU."

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PILGRIMAGE

When Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., was six years old, he first experienced the personal and cultural shock of being a Negro. After starting school, two white children who had been his playmates suddenly stopped coming to his home. When he went to theirs, he was told that they could no longer play together because he was black and they were white. This incident, which gave a turn to Dr. King's life that remained with him to the end, is reminiscent of the experience which launched Gandhi's career. Traveling by train through Pretoria, South Africa, as a young lawyer, Gandhi was suddenly and (to him inexplicably) forced out of his first class railroad car.

In 1948, the year Gandhi was assassinated, Dr. King was named assistant pastor of his father's Baptist church in Atlanta, Georgia. Twenty years later, Dr. King's funeral service was held in that same church after he, like Gandhi, had been struck down by an assassin's bullet. In those twenty years, Martin Luther King was to emerge as the chief exponent of passive resistance in the civil rights movement in the United States. He remained the one man who commanded the respect of both black and white communities. He founded the Southern Christian Leadership Conference which, in his spirit, continues to call national attention to the plight of the poor man—black and white—in the midst of affluence. In 1956, Dr. King led the 382-day-long citywide Negro boycott of buses in Montgomery, Alabama. "For a year," a friend of Dr. King's recalled, "the Negroes of Montgomery walked to their jobs or found other means to get themselves there. The United States Supreme Court finally declared 'Jim Crow' unconstitutional. And Martin did it all." It was Dr. King, too, who declared, during the luncheon counter sit-ins of the South, "What good does it do to be able to sit at a counter if you don't have enough money to buy a hamburger?" Arrested on more than fifteen occasions, often assaulted, continually threatened, stabbed, his home bombed, King symbolized the courage, suffering and sacrifice of the struggling Negro. In 1963, Dr. King and his nonviolent movement was the prime mover behind the March on Washington, D.C., the largest civil rights demonstration in the history of the United States. Standing before Washington's Lincoln Memorial, King gave the speech which is so widely recalled and quoted today, "I have a dream."

Fulfilling a lifelong hope to visit the country of Gandhi, who was his main inspiration, Dr. King made a month-long trip to India with his wife early in 1959. As Dr. King said, "To other countries I may go as a tourist. But to India I come as a pilgrim." His name was, in fact, already familiar to many Indians, who referred to him as the "black Gandhi," the "American Gandhi." Dr. King later wrote, "my privilege of traveling to India had a great impact on me personally, for it was invigorating to see first-hand the amazing results of a nonviolent struggle to achieve independence." As Dr. Homer Jack has observed about King during that period of his life, he "increasingly became liked to Gandhi in the world image, and he took an interest in all things Gandhian."

In 1964, Dr. King received the Nobel Prize for Peace, but as he said shortly before his death, "That's not important." What was important was that in an age obsessed with violence of the most unspeakable nature, which is more eager to hate than love, more prone to suspect than accept, more disposed to pulling a trigger than engaging in the process of orderly debate, Dr. Martin Luther King preached a message which ran counter to those basic self-destructive instincts. His death in Memphis, Tennessee, on April 4, 1968, left people throughout the world stunned and grief-stricken. The Indian Parliament, in a "rare act of tribute to a citizen of a foreign country," the New York Times *reported, "paid homage to Dr. King. After a speech of tribute by Prime Minister Indira Gandhi on Dr. King's services to humanity, the members stood for a minute of silence."*

In 1958, Dr. King published the autobiographical Stride Toward Freedom; *his other books are:* Strength to Love; Why We Can't Wait; *and* Where Do We Go from Here: Chaos or Community?

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TO NONVIOLENCE

MARTIN LUTHER KING, Jr.

One Sunday afternoon I traveled to Philadelphia to hear a sermon by Dr. Mordecai Johnson, president of Howard University. He was there to preach for the Fellowship House of Philadelphia. Dr. Johnson had just returned from a trip to India, and, to my great interest, he spoke of the life and teachings of Mahatma Gandhi. His message was so profound and electrifying that I left the meeting and bought a half-dozen books on Gandhi's life and works.

Like most people, I had heard of Gandhi, but I had never studied him seriously. As I read I became deeply fascinated by his campaigns of nonviolent resistance. I was particularly moved by the Salt March to the sea and his numerous fasts. The whole concept of *satyagraha* (*satya* is truth which equals love, and *agraha* is force; *satyagraha*, therefore, means truth-force or love-force) was profoundly significant to me. As I delved deeper into the philosophy of Gandhi my skepticism concerning the power of love gradually diminished, and I came to see for the first time its potency in the area of social reform. Prior to reading Gandhi, I had about concluded that the ethics of Jesus were only effective in individual relationship. The "turn the other cheek" philosophy and the "love your enemies" philosophy were only valid, I felt, when individuals were in conflict with other individuals; when racial groups and nations were in conflict a more realistic approach seemed necessary. But after reading Gandhi, I saw how utterly mistaken I was.

Gandhi was probably the first person in history to lift the love ethic of Jesus above mere interaction between individuals to a powerful and effective social force on a large scale. Love for Gandhi was a potent instrument for social and collective transformation. It was in this Gandhian emphasis on love and nonviolence that I discovered the method for social reform that I had been seeking for so many months. The intellectual and moral satisfaction that I failed to gain from the utilitarianism of Bentham and Mill, the revolutionary methods of Marx and Lenin, the social contracts theory of Hobbes, the "back to nature" optimism of Rousseau, and the superman philosophy of Nietzsche, I found in the nonviolent resistance philosophy of Gandhi. I came to feel that this was the only morally and practically sound method open to oppressed people in their struggle for freedom.

But my intellectual odyssey to nonviolence did not end here. During my last year in theological school, I began to read the works of Reinhold Niebuhr. The prophetic and realistic elements in Niebuhr's passionate style and profound thought were appealing to me, and I became so enamored of his social ethics that I almost fell into the trap of accepting uncritically everything he wrote.

About this time I read Niebuhr's critique of the pacifist position. Niebuhr had himself once been a member of the pacifist ranks. For several years, he had been national chairman of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. His break with pacifism came in the early Thirties, and the first full statement of his criticism of pacifism was in *Moral Man and Immoral Society*. Here he argued that there was no intrinsic moral difference between violent and nonviolent

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resistance. The social consequences of the two methods were different, he contended, but the differences were in degree rather than kind. Later Niebuhr began emphasizing the irresponsibility of relying on nonviolent resistance when there was no ground for believing that it would be successful in preventing the spread of totalitarian tyranny. It could only be successful, he argued, if the groups against whom the resistance was taking place had some degree of moral conscience, as was the case in Gandhi's struggle against the British. Niebuhr's ultimate rejection of pacifism was based primarily on the doctrine of man. He argued that pacifism failed to do justice to the reformation doctrine of justification by faith, substituting for it a sectarian perfectionism which believes "that divine grace actually lifts men out of the sinful contradictions of history and establishes him above the sins of the world."

At first, Niebuhr's critique of pacifism left me in a state of confusion. As I continued to read, however, I came to see more and more the shortcomings of his position. For instance, many of his statements revealed that he interpreted pacifism as a sort of passive nonresistance to evil expressing naive trust in the power of love. But this was a serious distortion. My study of Gandhi convinced me that true pacifism is not nonresistance to evil, but nonviolent resistance to evil. Between the two positions, there is a world of difference. Gandhi resisted evil with as much vigor and power as the violent resister, but he resisted with love instead of hate. True pacifism is not unrealistic submission to evil power, as Niebuhr contends. It is rather a courageous confrontation of evil by the power of love, in the faith that it is better to be the recipient of violence than the inflicter of it, since the latter only multiplies the existence of violence and bitterness in the universe, while the former may develop a sense of shame in the opponent, and thereby bring about a transformation and change of heart.

In spite of the fact that I found many things to be desired in Niebuhr's philosophy, there were several points at which he constructively influenced my thinking. Niebuhr's great contribution to contemporary theology is that he has refuted the false optimism characteristic of a great segment of Protestant liberalism, without falling into the anti-rationalism of the continental theologian Carl Barth, or the semi-fundamentalism of other dialectical theologians. Moreover, Niebuhr has extraordinary insight into human nature, especially the behavior of nations and social groups. He is keenly aware of the complexity of human motives and of the relation between morality and power. His theology is a persistent reminder of the reality of sin on every level of man's existence. These elements in Niebuhr's thinking helped me to recognize the illusions of a superficial optimism concerning human nature and the dangers of a false idealism. While I still believed in man's potential for good, Niebuhr made me realise his potential for evil as well. Moreover, Niebuhr helped me to recognise the complexity of man's social involvement and the glaring realities of collective evil.

Many pacifists, I felt, failed to see this. All too many had an unwarranted optimism concerning man and leaned unconsciously toward self-righteousness. It was my revolt against these attitudes under the influence of Niebuhr that accounts for the fact that in spite of my strong leaning toward pacifism, I never joined a pacifist organization. After reading Niebuhr, I tried to arrive at a realistic pacifism. In other words, I came to see the pacifist position not as sinless but as the lesser evil in the circumstances. I felt then, and I feel now, that the pacifist would have a greater appeal if he did not claim to be free from the moral dilemmas that Christian nonpacifist confronts.

The next stage of my intellectual pilgrimage to nonviolence came during my doctoral studies at Boston University. Here I had the opportunity to talk to many exponents of nonviolence, both students and visitors to the campus. Boston University School of Theology, under the influence of Dean Walter Muelder and Professor Allen Knight Chalmers, had a deep sympathy for pacifism. Both Dean Muelder and Dr. Chalmers had a passion for social justice that stemmed, not from a superficial optimism but from a deep faith in the possibilities of human beings when they allowed themselves to become coworkers with God. It was at Boston University that I came to see that Niebuhr had overemphasized the corruption of human nature. His pessimism concerning human nature was not balanced by an optimism concerning divine nature. He was so

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involved in diagnosing man's sickness of sin that he overlooked the cure of grace.

I studied philosophy and theology at Boston University under Edgar S. Brightman and L. Harold DeWolf. Both men greatly stimulated my thinking. It was mainly under these teachers that I studied personalistic philosophy—the theory that the clue to the meaning of ultimate reality is found in personality. This personal idealism remains today my basic philosophical position. Personalism's insistence that only personality—finite and infinite—is ultimately real strengthened me in two convictions: it gave me metaphysical and philosophical grounding for the idea of a personal God, and it gave me a metaphysical basis for the dignity and worth of all human personality.

Just before Dr. Brightman's death, I began studying the philosophy of Hegel with him. Although the course was mainly a study of Hegel's monumental work, *Phenomenology of Mind*, I spent my spare time reading his *Philosophy of History* and *Philosophy of Right*. There were points in Hegel's philosophy that I strongly disagreed with. For instance, his absolute idealism was rationally unsound to me because it tended to swallow up the many in the one. But there were other aspects of his thinking that I found stimulating. His contention that "truth is the whole" led me to a philosophical method of rational coherence. His analysis of the dialectical process, in spite of its shortcomings, helped me to see that growth comes through struggle.

In 1954, I ended my formal training with all of these relatively divergent intellectual forces converging into a positive social philosophy. One of the main tenets of this philosophy was the conviction that nonviolent resistance was one of the most potent weapons available to oppressed people in their quest for social justice. At this time, however, I had merely an intellectual understanding and appreciation of the position, with no firm determination to organize it in a socially effective situation.

When I went to Montgomery as a pastor, I had not the slightest idea that I would later become involved in a crisis in which nonviolent resistance would be applicable. I neither started the protest nor suggested it. I simply responded to the call of the people for a spokesman. When the protest began, my mind consciously or unconsciously, was driven back to the Sermon on the Mount, with its sublime teachings on love, and the Gandhian method of nonviolent resistance. As the days unfolded, I came to see the power of nonviolence more and more. Living through the actual experience of the protest, nonviolence became more than a method to which I have intellectual assent; it became a commitment to a way of life. Many of the things that I had not cleared up intellectually concerning nonviolence were now solved in the sphere of practical action.

Since the philosophy of nonviolence played such a positive role in the Montgomery Movement, it may be wise to turn to a brief discussion of some basic aspects of this philosophy.

First, it must be emphasized that nonviolent resistance is not a method for cowards; it does resist. If one uses this method because he is afraid or merely because he lacks the instruments of violence, he is not truly nonviolent. This is why Gandhi often said that if cowardice is the only alternative to violence, it is better to fight. He made this statement conscious of the fact that there is always another alternative: no individual or group need submit to any wrong, nor need they use violence to right the wrong; there is the way of nonviolent resistance. This is ultimately the way of the strong man. It is not a method of stagnant passivity. The phrase "passive resistance" often gives the false impression that this is a sort of "do-nothing method" in which the resister quietly and passively accepts evil. But nothing is further from the truth. For while the nonviolent resister is passive in the sense that he is not physically aggressive toward his opponent, his mind and emotions are always active, constantly seeking to persuade his opponent that he is wrong. The method is passive physically, but strongly active spiritually. It is not passive nonresistance to evil, it is active nonviolent resistance to evil.

A second basic fact that characterizes nonviolence is that it does not seek to defeat or humiliate the opponent, but to win his friendship and understanding. The nonviolent resister must often express his protest through noncooperation or boycotts, but he realizes that these are not ends themselves; they are merely means to awaken a sense of moral shame in the opponent. The end is redemption and reconcilia-

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tion. The aftermath of nonviolence is the creation of the beloved community, while the aftermath of violence is tragic bitterness.

A third characteristic of this method is that the attack is directed against forces of evil rather than against persons who happen to be doing the evil. It is evil that the nonviolent resister seeks to defeat, not the persons victimised by evil. If he is opposing racial injustice, the nonviolent resister has the vision to see that the basic tension is not between races. As I like to say to the people in Montgomery: "The tension in this city is not between white people and Negro people. The tension is, at bottom, between justice and injustice, beween the forces of light and the forces of darkness. And if there is a victory, it will be a victory not merely for fifty thousand Negroes, but a victory for justice and the forces of light. We are out to defeat injustice and not white persons who may be unjust."

A fourth point that characterizes nonviolent resistance is a willingness to accept without retaliation, to accept blows from the opponent without striking back. "Rivers of blood may have to flow before we gain our freedom, but it must be our blood," Gandhi said to his countrymen. The nonviolent resister is willing to accept violence if necessary, but never to inflict it. He does not seek to dodge jail. If going to jail is necessary, he enters it "as a bridegroom enters the bride's chamber."

One may well ask: "What is the nonviolent resister's justification for this ordeal to which he invites men, for this mass political application of the ancient doctrine of turning the other cheek?" The answer is found in the realization that unearned suffering is redemptive. Suffering, the nonviolent resister realizes, has tremendous educational and transforming possibilities. "Things of fundamental importance to people are not secured by reason alone, but have to be purchased with their suffering," said Gandhi. He continues: "Suffering is infinitely more powerful than the law of the jungle for converting the opponent and opening his ears which are otherwise shut to the voice of reason."

A fifth point concerning nonviolent resistance is that it avoids not only external physical violence but also internal violence of spirit. The nonviolent resister not only refuses to shoot his opponent but he also refuses to hate him. At the center of nonviolence stands the principle of love. The nonviolent resister would contend that in the struggle for human dignity, the oppressed people of the world must not succumb to the temptation of becoming bitter or indulging in hate campaigns. To retaliate in kind would do nothing but intensify the existence of hate in the universe. Along the way of life, someone must have sense enough and morality enough to cut off the chain of hate. This can only be done by projecting the ethic of love to the center of our lives.

In speaking of love at this point, we are not referring to some sentimental or affectionate emotion. It would be nonsense to urge men to love their oppressors in an affectionate sense. Love in this connection means understanding, redemptive goodwill. Here the Greek language comes to our aid. There are three words for love in the Greek *New Testament*. First, there is *eros*. In Platonic philosophy *eros* meant the yearning of the soul for the realm of the divine. It has come now to mean a sort of aesthetic or romantic love. Second, there is *philia*, which means intimate affection between personal friends. *Philia* denotes a sort of reciprocal love; the person loves because he is loved. When we speak of loving those who oppose us, we refer to neither *eros* nor *philia*; we speak of the love which is expressed in the Greek word *agape*. *Agape* means understanding, redeeming goodwill for all men. It is an overflowing love which is purely spontaneous, unmotivated, groundless, and creative. It is not set in motion by any quality or function of its object. It is the love of God operating in the human heart.

Agape is disinterested love. It is a love in which the individual seeks not his own good, but the good of his neighbor (I Cor. 10:24). *Agape* does not begin by discriminating between worthy and unworthy people or any qualities people possess. It begins by loving others *for their sake*. It is an entirely "neighbor-regarding concern for others," which discovers the neighbor in every man it meets. Therefore, *agape* makes no distinction between friend and enemy; it is directed toward both. If one loves an individual merely on account of his friendliness, he loves him for the sake of the benefits to be gained from the friendship, rather than for the friend's own sake. Consequently, the best

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Gandhi with Jawaharlal Nehru.

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way to assure oneself that love is disinterested is to have love for the enemy-neighbor from whom you can expect no good in return, but only hostility and persecution.

Another basic point about *agape* is that it springs from the *need* of the other person—his need for belonging to the best in the human family. The Samaritan who helped the Jew on the Jericho road was "good" because he responded to the human need that he was presented with. God's love is eternal and fails not because man needs his love. St. Paul assures us that the loving act of redemption was then "while we were yet sinners"—that is, at the point of our greatest need for love. Since the white man's personality is greatly distorted by segregation, and his soul is greatly scarred, he needs the love of the Negro. The Negro must love the white man, because the white man needs his love to remove his tensions, insecurities, and fears.

Agape is not a weak, passive love. It is love in action. *Agape* is love seeking to preserve and create community. It is insistence on community even when one seeks to break it. *Agape* is a willingness to sacrifice in the interest of mutuality. *Agape* is a willingness to go to any length to restore community. It doesn't stop at the first mile, but it goes the second mile to restore community. It is a willingness to forgive, not seven times, but seventy times seven to restore community. The cross is the eternal expression of the length to which God will go in order to restore broken community. The resurrection is a symbol of God's triumph over all the forces that seek to block community. The Holy Spirit is the continuing community creating reality that moves through history. He who works against community is working against the whole of creation. Therefore, if I respond to hate with a reciprocal hate I do nothing but intensify the cleavage in broken community. I can only close the gap in broken community by meeting hate with love. If I meet hate with hate, I become depersonalized, because creation is so designed that my personality can only be fulfilled in the context of community. Booker T. Washington was right: "Let no man pull you so low as to make you hate him." When he pulls you that low he brings you to the point of working against community; he drags to the point of defying creation; and thereby becoming depersonalized.

In the final analysis, *agape* means a recognition of the fact that all life is interrelated. All humanity is involved in a single process and all men are brothers. To the degree that I harm my brother, no matter what he is doing to me, to that extent I am harming myself. For example, white men often refuse federal aid to education in order to avoid giving the Negro his rights; but because all men are brothers, they cannot deny Negro children without harming their own. They end, all efforts to the contrary, by hurting themselves. Why is this? Because men are brothers. If you harm me, you harm yourself.

Love, *agape*, is the only cement that can hold this broken community together. When I am commanded to love, I am commanded to restore community, to resist injustice, and to meet the needs of my brothers.

A sixth basic fact about nonviolent resistance is that it is based on the conviction that the universe is on the side of justice. Consequently, the believer in nonviolence has deep faith in the future. This faith is another reason why the nonviolent resister can accept suffering without retaliation. For he knows that in his struggle for justice he has cosmic companionship. It is true that there are devout believers in nonviolence who find it difficult to believe in a personal God. But even these persons believe in the existence of some creative force that works for universal wholeness. Whether we call it an unconscious process, an impersonal Brahman, or a Personal Being of matchless power and infinite love, there is a creative force in this universe that works to bring the disconnected aspects of reality into a harmonious whole...

Oppressed people deal with their oppression in three characteristic ways. One way is acquiescence: the oppressed resign themselves to their doom. They tacitly adjust themselves to oppression, and thereby become conditioned to it. In every movement toward freedom some of the oppressed prefer to remain oppressed. Almost 2,800 years ago Moses set out to lead the children of Israel from the slavery of Egypt to the freedom of the promised land. He soon discovered that slaves do not always welcome their deliverers. They become accustomed to being slaves. They would rather bear those ills they

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have, as Shakespeare pointed out, than flee to others that they know not of. They prefer the "fleshpots of Egypt" to the ordeals of emancipation.

There is such a thing as the freedom of exhaustion. Some people are so worn down by the yoke of oppression that they give up. A few years ago in the slum areas of Atlanta, a Negro guitarist used to sing almost daily: "Ben down so long that down don't bother me." This is the type of negative freedom and resignation that often engulfs the life of the oppressed.

But this is not the way out. To accept passively an unjust system is to cooperate with that system; thereby the oppressed become as evil as the oppressor. Noncooperation with evil is as much a moral obligation as is cooperation with good. The oppressed must never allow the conscience of the oppressor to slumber. Religion reminds every man that he is his brother's keeper. To accept injustice or segregation passively is to say to the oppressor that his actions are morally right. It is a way of allowing his conscience to fall asleep. At this moment the oppressed fails to be his brother's keeper. So acquiescence—while often the easier way—is not the moral way. It is the way of the coward. The Negro cannot win the respect of his oppressor by acquiescing; he merely increases the oppressor's arrogance and contempt. Acquiescence is interpreted as proof of the Negro's inferiority. The Negro cannot win the respect of the white people of the South or the peoples of the world if he is willing to sell the future of his children for his personal and immediate comfort and safety.

A second way that oppressed people sometimes deal with oppression is to resort to physical violence and corroding hatred. Violence often brings about momentary results. Nations have frequently won their independence in battle. But in spite of temporary victories, violence never brings permanent peace. It solves no social problem; it merely creates new and more complicated ones.

Violence as a way of achieving racial justice is both impractical and immoral. It is impractical because it is a descending spiral ending in destruction for all. The old law of an eye for an eye leaves everybody blind. It is immoral because it seeks to humiliate the opponent rather than win his understanding; it seeks to annihilate rather to convert. Violence is immoral because it thrives on hatred rather than love. It destroys community and makes brotherhood impossible. It leaves society in a monologue rather than dialogue. Violence ends by defeating itself. It creates bitterness in the survivors and brutality in the destroyers. A voice echoes through time saying to every potential Peter, "Put up your sword." History is cluttered with the wreckage of nations that failed to follow this command.

If the American Negro and other victims of oppression succumbed to the temptation of using violence in the struggle for freedom, future generations will be the recipients of a desolate night of bitterness and our chief legacy to them will be an endless reign of meaningless chaos. Violence is not the way.

The third way open to oppressed people in their quest for freedom is the way of nonviolent resistance. Like the synthesis in Hegelian philosophy, the principle of nonviolent resistance seeks to reconcile the troops of two opposites—acquiescence and violence—while avoiding the extremes and immoralities of both. The nonviolent resister agrees with the person who acquiesces that one should not be physically aggressive toward his opponent; but he balances the equation by agreeing with the person of violence that evil must be resisted. He avoids the nonresistance of the former and the violent resistance of the latter. With nonviolent resistance, no individual or group need submit to any wrong, nor need anyone resort to violence in order to right a wrong.

It seems to me that this is the method that must guide the actions of the Negro in the present crisis in race relations. Through nonviolent resistance the Negro will be able to rise to the noble height of opposing the unjust system while loving the perpetrators of the system. The Negro must work passionately and unrelentingly for full stature as a citizen, but he must not use inferior methods to gain it. He must never come to terms with falsehood, malice, hate, or destruction.

Nonviolent resistance makes it possible for the Negro to remain in the South and struggle for his rights. The Negro's problem will not be solved by running away. He cannot listen to the glib suggestions of those who would urge him to migrate *en masse* to other sections of the country. By grasping his great opportunity in

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the South he can make a lasting contribution to the moral strength of the nation and set a sublime example of courage for generations yet unborn.

By nonviolent resistance, the Negro can also enlist all men of good will in his struggle for equality. The problem is not a purely racial one, with Negroes set against whites. In the end, it is not a struggle between people at all, but a tension between justice and injustice. Nonviolent resistance is not aimed against oppressors but against oppression. Under its banner consciences, not racial groups, are enlisted.

If the Negro is to achieve the goal of integration, he must organize himself into a militant and nonviolent mass movement. All three elements are indispensable. The movement for equality and justice can only be a success if it has both a mass and militant character; the barriers to be overcome require both. Nonviolence is an imperative in order to bring about ultimate community.

A mass movement of a militant quality that is not at the same time committed to nonviolence tends to generate conflict, which in turn breeds anarchy. The support of the participants and the sympathy of the uncommitted are both inhibited by the threat that bloodshed will engulf the community. This reaction in turn encourages the opposition to threaten and resort to force. When, however, the mass movement repudiates violence while moving resolutely toward its goal, its opponents are revealed as the instigators and practitioners of violence if it occurs. Then public support is magnetically attracted to the advocates of nonviolence, while those who employ violence are literally disarmed by overwhelming sentiment against their stand.

Only through a nonviolent approach can the fears of the white community be mitigated. A guiltridden white minority lives in fear that if the Negro should ever attain power, he would act without restraint or pity to revenge the injustice and brutality of the years. It is something like a parent who continually mistreats a son. One day that parent raises his hand to strike the son, only to discover that the son is now as tall as he is. The parent is suddenly afraid—fearful that the son will use his new physical power to repay his parent for all the blows of the past.

The Negro, once a helpless child, has now grown up politically, culturally, and economically. Many white men fear retaliation. The job of the Negro is to show them that they have nothing to fear, that the Negro understands and forgives and is ready to forget the past. He must convince the white men that all he seeks is justice, *for both himself and the white man.* A mass movement exercising nonviolence is an object lesson in power under discipline, a demonstration to the white community that if such a movement attained a degree of strength, it would use its power creatively and not vengefully.

Nonviolence can touch men where the law cannot reach them. When the law regulates behavior it plays an indirect part in molding public sentiment. The enforcement of the law is itself a form of peaceful persuasion. But the law needs help. The courts can order desegregation of the public schools. But what can be done to mitigate the fears, to disperse the hatred, violence, and irrationality gathered around school integration, to take the initiative out of the hands of racial demagogues, to release respect for the law? In the end, for laws to be obeyed, men must believe they are right.

Here nonviolence comes in as the ultimate form of persuasion. It is the method which seeks to implement the just law by appealing to the conscience of the great decent majority who through blindness, fear, pride, or irrationality have allowed their consciences to sleep.

The nonviolent resisters can summarize their message in the following simple terms: We will take direct action against injustice without waiting for other agencies to act. We will not obey unjust laws or submit to unjust practices. We will do this peacefully, openly, cheerfully because our aim is to persuade. We adopt the means of nonviolence because our end is a community at peace with itself. We will try to persuade with our words, but if our words fail, we will try to persuade with our acts. We will always be willing to talk and seek fair compromise, but we are ready to suffer when necessary and even risk our lives to become witnesses to the truth as we see it.

The way of nonviolence means a willingness to suffer and sacrifice. It may mean going to jail. If such is the case the resister must be willing to fill the jail houses of the South. It may even mean physical death. But if physical

Martin Luther King, Jr., addresses a rally.

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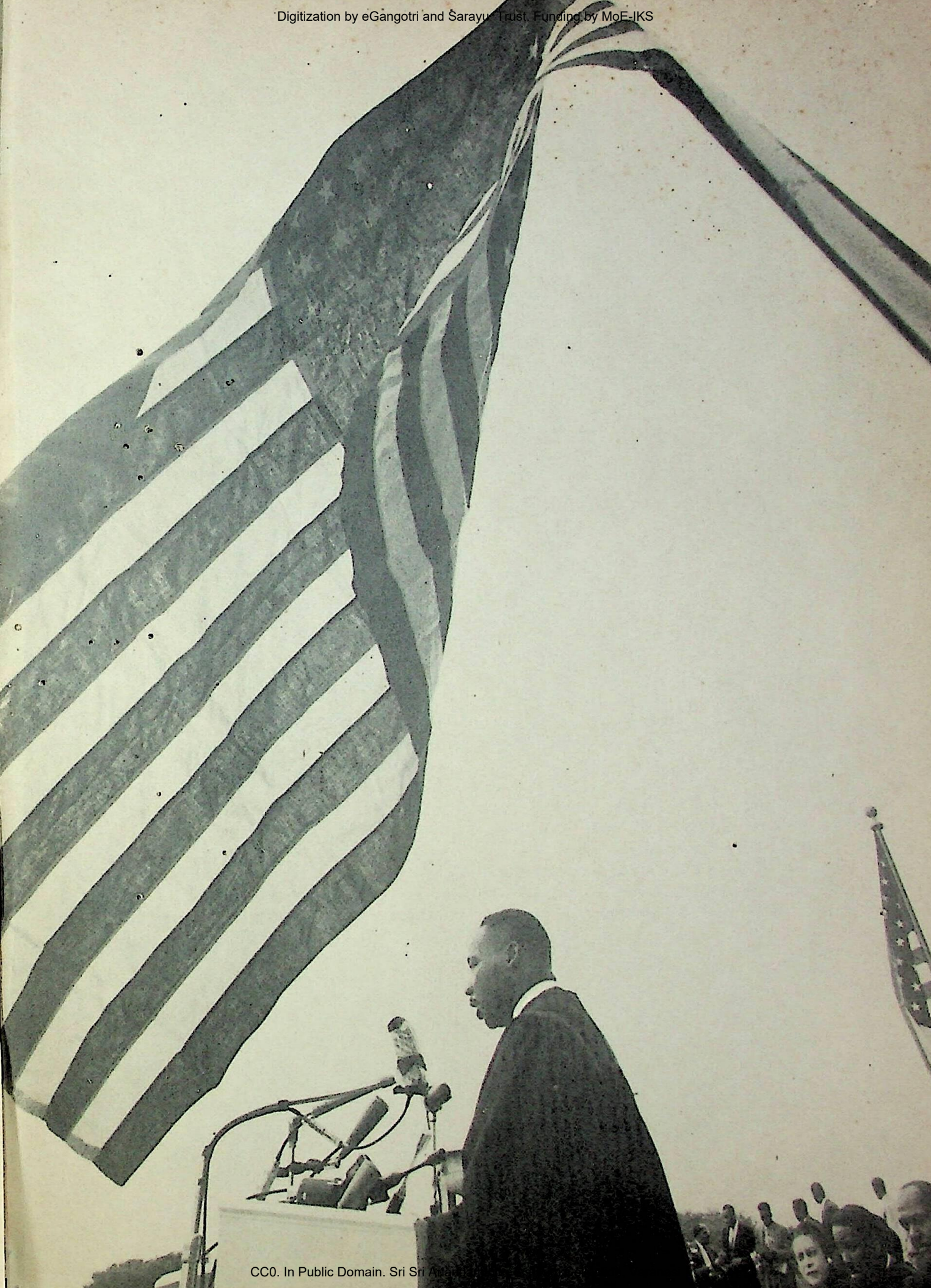

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death is the price that a man must pay to free his children and his white brethren from a permanent death of the spirit, then nothing could be more redemptive.

What is the Negro's best defense against acts of violence inflicted upon him? As Dr. Kenneth Clark has said so eloquently, "His only defense is to meet every act of barbarity, illegality, cruelty and injustice toward an individual Negro with the fact that 100 more Negroes will present themselves in his place as potential victims." Every time one Negro school teacher is fired for believing in integration, a thousand others should be ready to take the same stand. If the oppressors bomb the home of one Negro for his protest, they must be made to realize that to press back the rising tide of the Negro's courage they will have to bomb hundreds more, and even then they will fail.

Faced with this dynamic unity, this amazing self-respect, this willingness to suffer, and this refusal to hit back, the oppressor will find, as oppressors have always found, that he is glutted with his own barbarity. Forced to stand before the world and his God splattered with the blood of his brother, he will call an end to his self-defeating massacre.

American Negroes must come to the point where they can say to their white brothers, paraphrasing the words of Gandhi: "We will match your capacity to inflict suffering with our capacity to endure suffering. We will meet your physical force with soul force. We will not hate you, but we cannot in all good conscience obey your unjust laws. Do to us what you will and we will still love you. Bomb our homes and threaten our children; send your hooded perpetrators of violence into our communities and drag us out on some wayside road, beating us and leaving us half dead, and we will still love you. But we will soon wear you down by our capacity to suffer. And in winning our freedom we will so appeal to your heart and conscience that we will win you in the process."

Realism impels me to admit that many Negroes will find it difficult to follow the path of nonviolence. Some will consider it senseless; some will argue that they have neither the strength nor the courage to join in such a mass demonstration of nonviolent action. As E. Franklin Frazier points out in *Black Bourgeoisie*, many Negroes are occupied in a middle-class struggle for status and prestige. They are more concerned about "conspicuous consumption" than about the cause of justice, and are probably not prepared for the ordeals and sacrifices involved in nonviolent action. Fortunately, however, the success of this method is not dependent on its unanimous acceptance. A few Negroes in every community, unswervingly committed to the nonviolent way, can persuade hundreds of others to use nonviolence as a technique and serve as the moral force to awaken the slumbering national conscience. Thoreau was thinking of such a creative majority when he said: "I know this well that if one thousand, if one hundred, if ten men whom I could name—if ten honest men only—aye, if one honest man, in the state of Massachusetts, ceasing to hold slaves, were actually to withdraw from the copartnership, and be locked up in the country jail therefore, it would be the abolition of slavery in America. For it matters not how small the beginning may seem to be, what is once well done is done for ever."

Mahatma Gandhi never had more than one hundred persons absolutely committed to his philosophy. But with this small group of devoted followers, he galvanized the whole of India, and through a magnificent feat of nonviolence challenged the might of the British Empire and won freedom for his people.

This method of nonviolence will not work miracles overnight. Men are not easily moved from their mental ruts, their prejudiced and irrational feelings. When the underprivileged demand freedom, the privileged first react with bitterness and resistance. Even when the demands are couched in nonviolent terms, the initial response is the same. Nehru once remarked that the British were never so angry as when the Indians resisted them with nonviolence, that he never saw eyes so full of hate as those of the British troops to whom he turned the other cheek when they beat him with lathis. But nonviolent resistance at least changed the minds and hearts of the Indians, however impervious the British may have appeared. "We cast away our fear," says Nehru. And in the end the British not only granted freedom to India but came to have a new respect for the Indians. Today a mutual friendship based on equality exists between these two peoples within the Common wealth.

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Dr. and Mrs. King place flowers on Gandhi's samadhi *at Rajghat, February 1959.*

In the South too, the initial white reaction to Negro resistance has been bitter. I do not predict that a similar happy ending will come to Montgomery in a few months, because integration is more complicated than independence. But I know that the Negroes of Montgomery are already walking straighter because of the protest. And I expect that this generation of Negro children throughout the United States will grow up stronger and better because of the courage, the dignity and the suffering of the nine children of Little Rock, and their counterparts in Nashville, Clinton, and Sturges. And I believe that the white people of this country are being affected too, that beneath the surface this nation's conscience is being stirred.

The nonviolent approach does not immediately change the heart of the oppressor. It first does something to the hearts and souls of those committed to it. It gives them new self-respect; it calls up resources of strength and courage that they did not know they had. Finally it reaches the opponent and so stirs his conscience that reconciliation becomes a reality.

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GANDHI AND MARTIN LUTHER KING

HOMER A. JACK

The world can best observe the centenary of the birth of Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi by promoting those values for which he lived and died. The chief legacy of Gandhi is *satyagraha*, through which he led successful campaign for the political freedom of the Indian subcontinent. *Satyagraha* is a continuing legacy being used and developed around the world in the post-Gandhian era. One of the most spectacular embodiments of this lagacy has been in the person and work of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. The assassination of Dr. King, occurring on the eve of the centenary of Gandhi's birth, provides the stimulus for discussing the relation between these two world leaders.

There are obvious parallels in the lives of Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi and Martin Luther King,Jr. Both were colored men. Both came out of the middle class of their people. Both were well educated. Both married and had four children (all sons for Gandhi, two for King). Both led large political movements, using the method of *satyagraha*. Both held no public office, yet both exerted more power and gained more adulation than most elected statesmen of their time. Both were charismatic. Votaries of nonviolence, both ironically died by the bullet. Both were acknowledged in death, and even in life, as the greatest humanitarians of their time. The world truly grieved at the passing of both. Both died in the very midst of battle, both feeling a sense of disappointment and not of victory.

Yet the parallels in the lives of Gandhi and King are not complete. Gandhi was an Asian, although he spent several decades in Africa. He never visited America. King was an American, of African ancestry. He visited both Africa and India. Gandhi was forward-looking, but distinctly a nineteenth century man. King was twentieth century. Their lives overlapped by 20 years: 1929—when King was born—to 1948. They never met and they never corresponded. They had several mutual friends (Stuart Nelson and Amiya Chakravarty), although Gandhi could not have known, even at his death, that the 20-year-old King existed. Gandhi was a Hindu and King was a Christian. Gandhi was a lawyer and King was a clergyman. Gandhi lived 78 years; King was cut down at 39. Gandhi was the leader of the majority in his nation; King was the leader of a minority. Gandhi was revered the world over, yet only King received the Nobel Prize. While neither man could have a successor, Gandhi had groomed none. A decade later Vinoba Bhave emerged as a kind of successor to Gandhi. King had provided for succession in the office of president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and Dr. Ralph David

EDITOR'S NOTE: At the request of the Gandhi Centenary Committee of India, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan was asked to edit the *Gandhi Centenary Commemorative Volume*, another book of tributes to the Mahatma, but from multinational and not just American contributors. One of the pieces commissioned by Dr. Radhakrishnan for that volume was brought to our attention. In view of its relevance to this particular section of our book, we reprint it with his permission.

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Abernathy immediately assumed this presidency on King's death.

A number of American Negroes at various times visited Gandhi in India. In 1937, Dr. Channing Tobias, director of the Phelps-Stokes Fund, and Dr. Benjamin Mays, then president of Morehouse College (who was to give the funeral oration for King) visited Gandhi. Their long interview was printed verbatim in Gandhi's paper, *Harijan*. They asked Gandhi what word he could give them as to the future of the American Negro. Gandhi replied: "With right which is on their side and the choice of non-violence as their only weapon, if they will make it such, a bright future is assured."

A year earlier, Dr. and Mrs. Howard Thurman also visited Gandhi and their interview was also recorded. They asked Gandhi to visit America, "not for White America, but for the Negroes; we have many a problem that cries for solution, and we need you badly." Gandhi replied: "How I wish I could, but I would have nothing to give you unless I had given an ocular demonstration here of all that I have been saying. I must make good the message here before I bring it to you." Then Gandhi added: "You may be sure that the moment I feel the call within me I shall not hesitate." Dr. Thurman replied that his fellow Negroes were ready to receive Gandhi's message, since "much of the peculiar background of our life in America is our own interpretation of the Christian religion." Bidding the Thurmans goodbye, Gandhi concluded: "It may be through the Negroes that the unadulterated message of nonviolence will be delivered to the world."

That was in 1936. Martin Luther King, Jr., was seven years old. The Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), an organization intentionally using Gandhian techniques in American race relations, was not established for another six years. King did not use these techniques for almost another twenty years.

As CORE began to experiment with Gandhian techniques in American race relations in Chicago in the early 1940s, King as a freshman at Morehouse College in Atlanta read for the first time Henry David Thoreau's *Essay on Civil Disobedience*. King later wrote that he was "fascinated by the idea of refusing to cooperate with an evil system." He reread the essay several times since he was "so deeply moved." In 1948—the year of Gandhi's death—King entered Crozier Theological Seminary and there began "a serious intellectual quest for a method to eliminate evil."

Transferring to Boston University School of Theology, King continued his formal training, influenced by such teachers as Dean Walter Muelder and Professor L. Harold DeWolf (who also gave a tribute at his funeral). When King ended his formal university post-graduate training at Boston University, he felt that he possessed a positive social philosophy, one of the main tenets of which was "the conviction that nonviolent resistance was one of the most potent weapons available to oppressed people in their quest for social justice." Looking back, however, King realized that he had "merely an intellectual understanding and appreciation of this position, with no firm determination to organize it in a socially effective situation."

King was called to be minister of the Dexter Avenue Baptist Church, Montgomery, Alabama, in the spring of 1954. In December, 1955, he was named head of the Montgomery Improvement Association, which encompassed a group of Negroes and walked the streets in dignity rather than ride the segregated buses in humiliation. While the Montgomery Movement was later labelled as embodying passive resistance, noncooperation, and nonviolent action, King wrote that "in the first days of the protest none of these expressions was mentioned—the phrase most often heard was "Christian Love." It was, he said, "Jesus of Nazareth that stirred the Negroes to protest with the creative weapon of love." However, as the campaign unfolded, "the inspiration of Mahatma Gandhi began to exert its influence." King had come to "see early that the Christian doctrine of love operating through the Gandhian method of nonviolence was one of the most potent weapons available to the Negro in his struggle for freedom."

W.E.B. Du Bois, the American Negro leader who was a contemporary of Gandhi, wrote in *Gandhi Marg* how he first became conscious of the work of Gandhi—and King. He learned of Gandhi after World War I and through Lajpat, Sarojini Naidu, and John Haynes Holmes. Du

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Bois was the leader of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) and he wrote that "indeed, the 'colored people' referred to in our name was not originally confined to America." He added that "I remember the discussion we had on inviting Gandhi to visit America and how we were forced to conclude that this land was not civilized enough to receive a colored man as an honored guest." Later Du Bois asked Gandhi to write a message to the American Negroes for *Crisis* magazine which Du Bois was editing for NAACP. Gandhi in 1929 wrote: "Let not the 12 million Negroes be ashamed of the fact that they are the grandchildren of slaves. There is dishonor in being slaveowners. But let us not think of honor or dishonor in connection with the past. Let us realize that the future is with those who would be pure, truthful, and loving. For as the old wise men have said, 'truth ever is, untruth never was.' Love alone binds and truth and love accrue only to the truly humble."

After World War II, Du Bois began to realize how, out of war, a "new colored world" was arising free from the control of Europe and America. He began to "realize" the role of Gandhi and to evaluate his work as a guide for the Black people of the United States. Writing in *Gandhi Marg* early in 1957, Du Bois asserted: "Only in the last year have American Negroes begun to see the possibility of this (Gandhian) program being applied to the Negro problem in the United States." He described the Montgomery Movement. He called "extraordinary" the "unbending front of nonviolence to the murderous mob which hitherto has ruled the South." He added: "It was not based on any first-hand knowledge of Gandhi and his work. Their leaders like Martin Luther King knew of nonresistance in India; many of the educated teachers, business and professional men had heard of Gandhi. But the rise and spread of this movement was due to the truth of its underlying principles and not to direct teaching or propaganda. In this aspect it is a most interesting proof of the truth of the Gandhian philosophy." Du Bois predicted that "it may well be that... real human equality and brotherhood in the United States will come only under the leadership of another Gandhi."

Martin Luther King freely acknowledged all who helped his associates and himself to walk the Gandhian way. One of his chief aides was the pacifist organization, the Fellowship of Reconciliation (FOR) It worked closely with him. One of its secretaries, the Rev. Glenn Smiley, spent many weeks in Montgomery, often leading workshops on Gandhian nonviolence. The fellowship published a colored comic book for children on King. Its first panel showed King preaching from his pulpit: "Years before our walk to freedom, a country of 300,000,000 people won its independence by the same methods we used." Bayard Rustin, one of the founders of CORE and an early staff member of the fellowship, counseled closely with King also in this period....

In 1960 Southern Negro students began a movement to open lunch-counters for their use. The campaign began spontaneously in Greensboro, North Carolina. The student leader, Ezell Blair, Jr., said that the nonviolent method was agreed upon, since a year before he had seen a documentary film on television depicting Gandhi leaving jail and thus revealing the price the Indian leader was willing to pay for India's freedom. The students also remembered the successful Montgomery bus boycott led by King. Hundreds of students all over the American South went to jail in this campaign. One woman student wrote from prison: "We could be out on appeal, but we all strongly believe that Martin Luther King was right when he said, "We've got to fill the jails in order to win our own rights." One of the leaders of this student effort was the Rev. James M. Lawson, Jr., a young divinity student in Nashville. For three years he was a Methodist missionary in India and, during this experience, became a devotee to the Gandhian tradition. It was Lawson who, as a clergyman in Memphis, led the strike of the Negro garbage workers which King was helping when he was assassinated.

In 1961, in the midst of the world atomic crisis, *Gandhi Marg* asked several world leaders how Gandhian techniques could be applied to compel governments to commit themselves to disarmament without delay. King responded as follows: "The civilized world stands on the brink of nuclear annihiliation. No longer can any sensible person talk glibly about preparation for war. The present crisis calls for sober thinking, reasonable negotiation, and moral

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commitment. More than ever before the Gandhian method of nonviolent direct action must be applied in international affairs. This method must not be seen as merely a method to be used in conflicts within nations. It must be seen as a method which can be creatively used to resolve conflicts among the power blocs in the world today.... Through such nonviolent demonstrations as sit-ins, stand-ins, and picketing, the leaders of the Western powers and the Soviet Union must be reminded of the dark night of destruction which hovers over all of us...."

In 1964 King received the Nobel Peace Prize. In his acceptance address he discussed both nonviolent resistance and Gandhi: "The word that symbolized the spirit and the outward form of our encounter is nonviolence, and it is doubtless that factor which made it seem appropriate to award a peace prize to one identified with struggle." King then summarized the message of nonviolent resisters in simple terms: "We will take direct action against injustice despite the failure of governmental and other official agencies to act first. We will not obey unjust laws nor submit to unjust practices. We will do this peacefully, openly, cheerfully, because our aim is to persuade. We adopt the means of nonviolence because our end is a community at peace with itself. We will try to persuade with our words, but if our words fail, we will try to persuade with our acts. We will always be willing to talk and seek fair compromise, but we are ready to suffer when necessary and even risk our lives to become witnesses to the truth as we see it."

These were prophetic words from one who did give his life. Yet in giving these words to the Nobel Committee, King added that "this approach to the problem of racial justice is not at all without successful precedent. It was used in a magnificent way by Mohandas K. Gandhi to challenge the might of the British Empire and free his people from the political domination and economic exploitation inflicted upon them for centuries. He struggled only with the weapons of truth, soul-force, noninjury, and courage."

When Gandhi was assassinated, this work was—he thought—unfinished. In January, 1948, he was still trying to stem the communal rioting in the wake of partition and independence. In this effort he was more successful in his death —at least for a while—than during the last days of his life. Gandhi was also trying to turn the Indian National Congress from a traditional political party into a creative, social service movement. He also failed in this effort.

When King was assassinated, his work was—he knew—also unfinished. In 1967-68, he followed his earlier instincts and openly and actively participated in national and world efforts to end the war in Vietnam. After 1965, he shifted the civil rights focus of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference from the South to the Northern ghetto. This was unfamiliar territory and his method could not be transferred without some experimentation and adaptation. He did not succeed completely in Chicago, but he thought that he found one successful formula in the Poor People's Campaign converging on Washington, D.C., in the late spring of 1968. This campaign, even in its announcement, raised many questions, some of which King was attempting to answer when he met his death. King was also not immediately successful promulgating his method of nonviolence even in his death. There was rioting in almost 300 American cities beginning the night of his assassination. This resulted in 46 deaths (mostly Negroes), 5,117 fires 23,987 arrests, and $39 million in damage, with a mobilization of 74,000 Army and National Guard troops. The day after King's funeral, the U.S. House of Representatives passed and sent to President Johnson another civil rights bill, but King's death at most only hastened its passage.

King was at his death the most important civil rights leader in America. He was in the center of the spectrum of a dozen national Negro leaders; he was to the left, but toward the center. King was not deterred—to the end —from his belief in nonviolence, despite the growth of violence in the Black ghetto with the major rebellions in Walts, Newark, Detroit, and other cities. King was being pushed hard by those Blacks who sanctioned violence and advocated Black Power. King, in his last days, gave constant attention to these twin pressures of violence and Black Power. He may have been as yielding to the second as he was unyielding to the first. Black Power by 1967-68 had made King's hymn, "We shall overcome," all but

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obsolete, especially the refrain, "Black and white together," Yet King's assassination and funeral probably gave this song immortality, rescuing it from a particular period and giving it the universality being associated with a fallen leader.

The last hours of Gandhi—his assassination, the mourning, and the funeral—have been recorded well for history. The records of the last hours of King—his assassination, the mourning, and the funeral—are only now emerging.

Gandhi died—almost instantly—on Friday, January 30, 1948, at Birla House, New Delhi, shortly after 5-00 p.m., several miles from the sacred Jumna river. He was walking to his daily prayer meeting. King was shot on Thursday, April 4, 1968, at the Lorrains Motel, Memphis, shortly after 6-00 p.m. He was taken to the St. Joseph Hospital, where he died by 7-00 p.m., only a short distance from Mississippi river. Gandhi's body lay in Birla House about 18 hours and the funeral cortege, two miles long, made its way 5½ miles during more than four hours to Rajghat, where the body was cremated. The body of Gandhi, the pacifist, was carried ironically on a made-over weapon carrier and 200 men of the Indian army, navy and air force pulled it by ropes. It became a state funeral. King's body was transported by private plane less than 18 hours after his death to his native Atlanta. There the body lay for viewing for several days at Spellman College and then in his father's Ebenzer Baptist Church. On April 9, the funeral cortege, miles long, made its way four miles to the Morehouse College campus during more than three hours. The body of King, the pacifist, was carried on a sharecropper's wagon pulled by two mules. His associates would allow no military trappings. The final service was held at the Morehouse campus, followed by a private service at the South View Cemetery.

In New Delhi, a million and one-half persons marched as part of Gandhi's funeral procession and another million watched from the streets. In Atlanta, an estimated 300,000 persons marched. An estimated 120 million Americans saw the five hours of procession and funeral on television as life in the U.S. came to a standstill that day of mourning.

When Gandhi died, the Indian government received more than 3,000 messages from foreign countries alone, expressing condolences. They included tributes from King George VI, President Harry S. Truman, Prime Minister Clement Attlee, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and Albert Einstein. The Indian Ministry Information declared: "Perhaps no man in recorded history received such spontaneous tributes of universal praise, reverence and love as did Mahatma Gandhi at his death." This statement would have to be revised. When King died, tributes came from most world leaders, statesmen in the Communist, non-aligned and Western worlds, Secretary-General U Thant, and Pope Paul VI. These tributes were worded in a way reminiscent of those received on the death of Gandhi. The death of Martin Luther King in some ways eclipsed that of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. It is in death, if not in life, that Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi and Martin Luther King met.

Already Gandhi's place in history is sure. In all reverence, and with utter confidence, I would affirm that he belongs in the majestic hierarchy of Buddha, Lao-tzu, Isaiah, Socrates, Jesus and St. Francis. Our age is blessed by the presence of one more of the pure leaders of the spirit. Amid the fury of force and violence, bloodshed and slaughter, these save mankind from death, and patiently and ever steadfastly point the way to life.

—John Haynes Holmes

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presidential tributes

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Hoover and Gandhi in New Delhi, April 1946

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PRESIDENT HOOVER MEETS THE MAHATMA

Herbert Hoover was the 31st President of the United States (1929-1933). While he held the highest office in the land, he is probably most widely remembered for his quiet and efficient handling of the massive general relief activities in Europe and of the Food Administration program in the United States during World War I. As chairman of the Commission for Relief in Belgium from 1915-1919, Mr. Hoover fed 10 million people in Belgium and northern France which had been overrun by the German army. "This huge work," wrote the *Encylopaedia Britannica*, "was accompanied in the face of great and continuing diplomatic and practical difficulties and its success brought world fame to Hoover." At the Peace Conference in 1918, he was made administrator of the economic reconstruction of Europe.

In the fall of 1921, only a few months after he had become Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Hoover was called upon as a private citizen to direct relief operations during the great Russian famine of that year. As a Georgian farmer in the Soviet Union said to the editor of this volume in 1963, Herbert Hoover was "the man who came to us with food and saved our lives. We will never forget it.... He liked us and helped us as human beings even if he didn't like our government. A very great man." What was significant about Mr. Hoover was that he recognised that the United States should make food available, not because it was the strategic thing to do, but because it was the right thing to do.

After World War II, Mr. Hoover organized the relief of Poland, Finland and other European states. In 1946, President Harry S. Truman summoned him to aid in the organization of relief during the great famine of 1946. In order to coordinate this work, Mr. Hoover visited 38 countries with his staff. On April 24th, at the Viceroy's Palace in New Delhi, Mr. Hoover talked with Mahatma Gandhi in a meeting that, according to Margaret Bourke-White, "lasted under fifteen minutes." Mr. Hoover was accompanied on his mission by the late Hugh Gibson, career diplomat, disarmament negotiator and former U. S. Ambassador to Belgium and Brazil. "Gandhi was instrumental in obtaining the surplus grain of the Northwest Provinces," Mr. Hoover later commented. He also wrote that his meeting with Gandhi had "some interesting details. He was clad in his usual loin cloth and carried what was then known as a 'dollar' watch. I showed him the 'dollar' watch I carried and said they were a mark of our common humility."

After Mr. Hoover's meeting with Gandhi, Ambassador Gibson wrote the following:

Promptly at eight o'clock Mr. Gandhi arrived this morning accompanied by two highly dressed secretaries in dazzling white with bulging briefcases. The secretaries were parked in the anteroom where newspapermen and photographers had gathered.

Gandhi strode briskly into the room in his familiar meagre costume. There seemed to be no place for him to tuck in as much as a handkerchief but he had a Waterbury watch attached to the lower part of his garment with a piece of string. His dark skin glistened like satin. It seems he is massaged with oil several times a day and the state of his skin is his one vanity. His look is solemn and wise but now and then his face is transformed by a charming smile. He had little to say and did not utter a word of politics.... When he was leaving the Chief* suggested it would be very helpful if he would issue a statement to the American press, stressing the fact that whatever the differences might be in India, there was unity in combating the famine. Gandhi agreed to do this.... A group of photographers, including Margaret Bourke-White, was lying in wait and I think the Mahatma enjoyed posing for them.

*Ambassador Gibson's affectionate name for the former Chief Executive.

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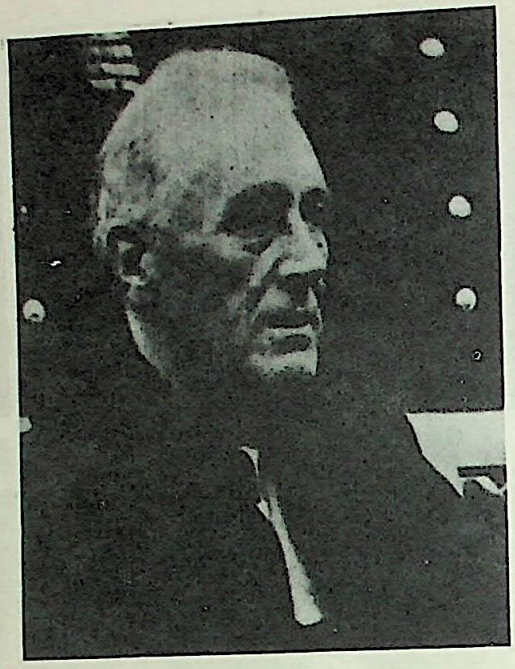

A LETTER TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

M. K. GANDHI

After the United States entered the war, the American government was concerned about the status of India. President Roosevelt tried tactfully, though with little success, to persuade Prime Minister Churchill to adopt a more liberal attitude toward the claims of Indian nationalists. In April 1942, when the Cripps mission was in India, Roosevelt urged Harry Hopkins, then with Churchill in England, to do everything possible to prevent a breakdown of the British-Indian negotiations. Roosevelt also sent Churchill the following cable: "I am unable regretfully to agree with the point of view you express in your message to me that the American public believes that negotiations have failed on general broad lines. The general impression here is quite the contrary. The almost universal feeling is that the deadlock has been due to the unwillingness of the British government to concede the right of self-government to the Indian people notwithstanding the Indians' willingness to entrust technical, military and naval defense control to the competent British authorities. American public opinion cannot understand why, if the British Government is willing to permit component parts of India to secede from the British Empire after the war, it is not willing to permit them during the war to enjoy what is tantamount to self-government."

In the spring of 1942, Louis Fischer, American journalist and later a biographer of Gandhi, visited Gandhi for a week at his *ashram* at Sevagram. After Fischer left Sevagram for New Delhi, he received a letter from Gandhi to transmit to President Roosevelt. Gandhi wrote Fischer, "if it does not commend itself to you, you may tear it to pieces."

Sevagram via Wardha (India)
July 1, 1942

Dear Friend,

I twice missed coming to your great country. I have the privilege of having numerous friends there both known and unknown to me. Many of my countrymen have received and are still receiving higher education in America. I know too that several have taken shelter there. I have profited greatly by the writings of Thoreau and Emerson. I say this to tell you how much I am connected with your country. Of Great Britain I need say nothing beyond mentioning that in spite of my intense dislike of British rule, I have numerous friends in England whom I love as dearly as my own people. I had my legal education there. I have therefore nothing but good wishes for your country and Great Britain. You will therefore accept my word that my present proposal, that the British should unreservedly

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The introduction to the text of Mahatma Gandhi's letter to President Roosevelt is reprinted here with the consent of Dr. Homer A. Jack, editor of *The Gandhi Reader*, in which it originally appeared.

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and without reference to the wishes of the people of India immediately withdraw their rule, is prompted by the friendliest intentions. I would like to turn into good will the ill will which, whatever may be said to the contrary, exists in India towards Great Britain and thus enable the millions of India to play their part in the present war.

My personal position is clear. I hate all war. If, therefore, I could persuade my countrymen, they would make a most effective and decisive contribution in favor of an honorable peace, but I know that all of us have not a living faith in nonviolence. Under foreign rule, however, we can make no effective contribution of any kind in this war, except as helots.

The policy of the Indian National Congress, largely guided by me, has been one of non-embarrassment to Britain, consistently with the honorable working of the Congress, admittedly the largest political organization of the largest standing in India. The British policy as exposed by the Cripps mission and rejected by almost all parties has opened our eyes and has driven me to the proposal I have made. I hold that the full acceptance of my proposal and that only can put the Allied cause on an unassailable basis. I venture to think that the Allied declaration that the Allies are fighting to make the world safe for the freedom of the individual and for democracy sounds hollow, so long as India and for that matter Africa are exploited by Great Britain, and America has the Negro problem in her own home. But in order to avoid all complications, in my proposal I have confined myself only to India. If India becomes free the rest must follow, if it does not happen simultaneously.

In order to make my proposal foolproof I have suggested that if the Allies think it necessary they may keep their troops, at their own expense, in India, not for keeping internal order but for preventing Japanese aggression and defending China. So far as India is concerned, she must become free even as America and Great Britain are. The Allied troops will remain in India during the war under treaty with the free India govt. that may be formed by the people of India without any outside interference, direct or indirect.

It is on behalf of this proposal that I write this to enlist your active sympathy.

I hope that it would commend itself to you.

Mr. Louis Fischer is carrying this letter to you.

If there is any obscurity in my letter, you will have but to send me word and I shall try to clear it.

I hope finally that you will not resent this letter as an intrusion but take it as an approach from a friend and well wisher of the Allies.

I remain,
Yours sincerely,
M. K. Gandhi

THE PRESIDENT REPLIES

Washington,
August 1, 1942

My dear Mr. Gandhi,

I have received your letter of July 1, 1942, which you have thoughtfully sent me in order that I may better understand your plans, which I well know may have far-reaching effect upon developments important to your country and to mine.

I am sure that you will agree that the United States has consistently striven for and supported policies of fair dealing, of fair play, and of all related principles looking towards the creation of harmonious relations between nations. Nevertheless, now that war has come as a result of Axis dreams of world conquest, we, together with many other nations, are making a supreme effort to defeat those who would deny forever all hope of freedom throughout the world. I am enclosing a copy of an address of July 23 by the Secretary of State, made with my complete approval, which illustrates the attitude of this Government.

I shall hope that our common interest in democracy and righteousness will enable your countrymen and mine to make common cause against a common enemy.

Very sincerely yours,
Franklin D. Roosevelt

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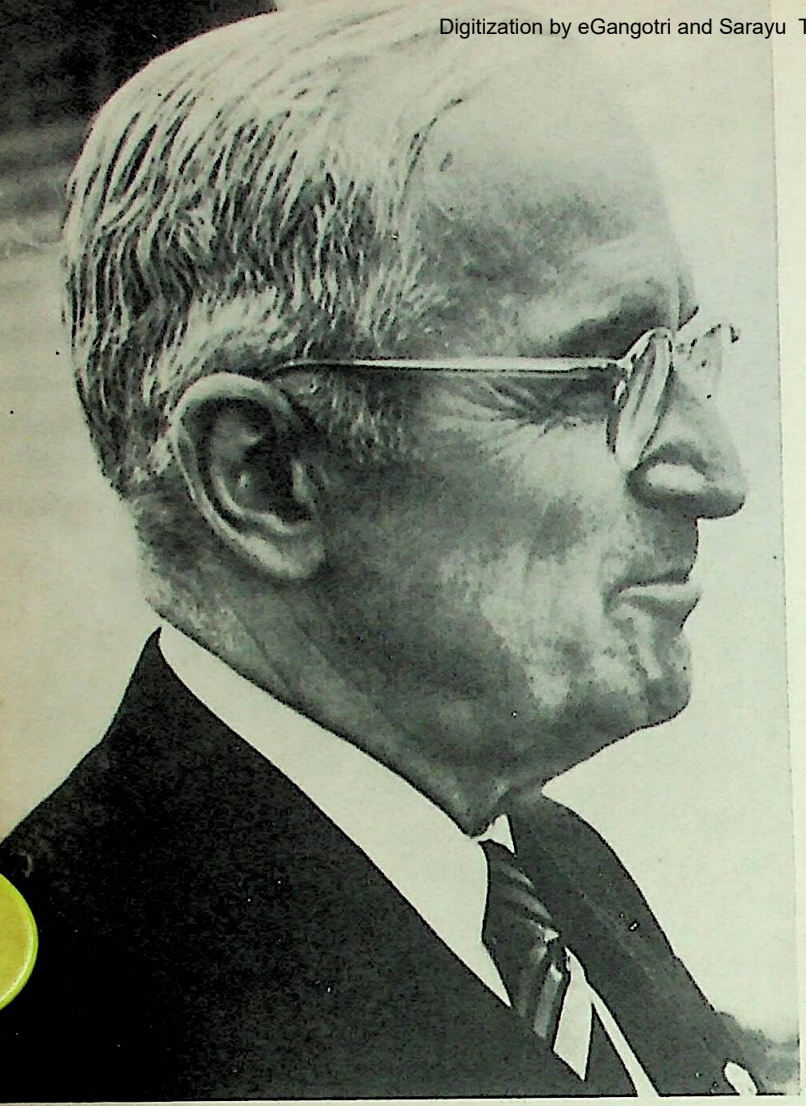

PRESIDENT HARRY S. TRUMAN

January 30, 1948.

Gandhi was a great Indian nationalist, but at the same time was a leader of international stature. His teachings and his actions have left a deep impression on millions of people.

He was and is revered by the people of India and his influence was felt not only in affairs of government but also in the realm of the spirit. Unhappily he did not live to witness the full realization of those ideals for which he struggled. But his life and his work will be, through the years to come, the greatest monument to him. His selfless struggle for the betterment of his people, will, I am sure, endure as an example to India's leaders, many of whom are his disciples.

I know not only the peoples of India, but all peoples will be inspired by his sacrifice to work with increased vigor toward the brotherhood and peace which the Mahatma symbolized.

As a teacher and leader, his influence made itself felt not only in India but everywhere in the world, and his death brings great sorrow to all peaceloving people. Another giant among men has fallen in the cause of brotherhood and peace. I know that the peoples of Asia will be inspired by his tragic death to strive with increased determination to achieve the goals of cooperation and mutual trust for which the Mahatma has now given his life.

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President Eisenhower walks past the wreath he laid at Rajghat on December 10, 1959, in the course of a goodwill tour of Europe, Asia and Africa.

PRESIDENT DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

Mr. Mayor, Mr. Prime Minister, Distinguished Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen:

My good friends, your President and Prime Minister told me several days ago that half a million of you would be gathered here today. I could hardly realize then how impressive and moving and inspiring the sight of you would actually be.

I thank you from my heart for the labor you have imposed on yourselves; the miles you have traveled; the hours you have waited in patience. I thank you for all the personal sacrifice and the civic effort that a reception like this requires.

I see in the magnificent spectacle before me a soul-stirring testimonial by half a million of India's people to America, a sister democracy—and to the cause for which both India and America stand;

That cause is: peace and friendship in freedom.

The critical word and the key idea of this cause is: freedom.

We of these two peaceful nations believe there are greater things in the world even than peace. They are the ideals, the hopes, and aspirations of humanity; our loyalty to conscience. They are the integrity of purpose; unswerving devotion to principle; love of truth and decency. People who believe and practice these things are certain to be friends.

Above all, we believe that only in freedom can men enjoy true and full peace; only in free-

Remarks at the Civic Reception, Ram Lila Grounds, New Delhi. December 13, 1959.

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dom can men be genuine and honest friends.

Freedom must come first, we of India and of America believe.

One of the clearest voices of all time, proclaiming the priority and supremacy of freedom, is your own sainted Mahatma Gandhi.

Speaking of freedom for nations, Mahatma Gandhi said: "Freedom is the gift of God—the right of every nation."

And to his words, America replies: so also we believe.

Speaking of freedom for individuals, he said: "Democracy is not a state in which people act like sheep. Under democracy individual liberty of opinion and action is jealously guarded."

And to his words, America answers: so also we hold.

And then speaking of the responsibility that political freedom demands of those who possess it, he said: "Self-government depends entirely upon our own internal strength, upon our ability to fight against the heaviest odds. Indeed, self-government which does not require continuous striving to attain it and to sustain it, is not worth the name."

And to his words, America can say: so also we teach.

In what I have quoted from Mahatma Gandhi, I know he spoke the convictions of the American people as clearly as he spoke for India.

We, like you, have won freedom and we strive to assure every individual American the fullness of responsible freedoms.

America's right to maintain a respectable establishment for defense—our duty to join in company with like-thinking peoples for mutual self-defense—would, I am sure, be recognized and upheld by the most saintly men.

Being strong and free, confident that we shall remain strong and free, we are prepared to devote ourselves as a nation—our whole energies and our talents—to the cause of peace and friendship.

We believe that freedom ultimately will be won everywhere. The human hunger for freedom is far too deep-seated in human nature to be put off by a contrived definition or a man-made philosophy.

Freedom, as Gandhi said, is the gift of God. And God's gift cannot forever be kept from his children.

But—immediately—we must search out with all free nations more effective and practical ways to strengthen the cause of peace and friendship in freedom; and, so doing, make our negotiations with other people more persuasive.

One reason I came to India is to tell you that America wants to join with all free men in advancing this cause.

Between the first largest democracy on earth, India, and the second largest, America, lie ten thousand miles of land and ocean. But in our fundamental ideas and convictions about democracy we are close neighbors. We ought to be closer.

We who are free—and we who prize our freedom above all other gifts of God and nature—must know each other better; we must trust each other more; we must support each other.

A free India and a free America could not exist if they were isolated from others in the world. A free society of nations can continue to exist only as it meets the rightful demands of people for security, progress, and increasing opportunity for the betterment of themselves and their children.

Such a society, if some of its nations prosper richly and others barely feed their people, cannot survive.

Now when I consider the potential contribution of India to the prosperity of its own people and of the entire world—say in the next 10 years—my imagination fails me.

Here will be almost a half billion free men and women well embarked on economic expansion. The productivity of your farmers will have increased enormously—I saw clear signs of that on Friday at the World Agriculture Fair. Their standards of living will rise. You will be turning out textiles and metals and manufactured goods to help meet the multiplied demands of a world ever-growing in its economic appetite. You will be building houses and schools and hospitals and places of worship, centers of recreation and culture, on a scale possibly never before dreamed of—even here. And you will be doing this without abandoning your freedom in favor of forced regimentation.

As you prosper, the whole free world will prosper. Americans, Asians, Africans, Europeans will buy goods from India that they must have to meet their own increasing requirements—that they of themselves cannot meet at all or so well. And you will be able to buy more from them.

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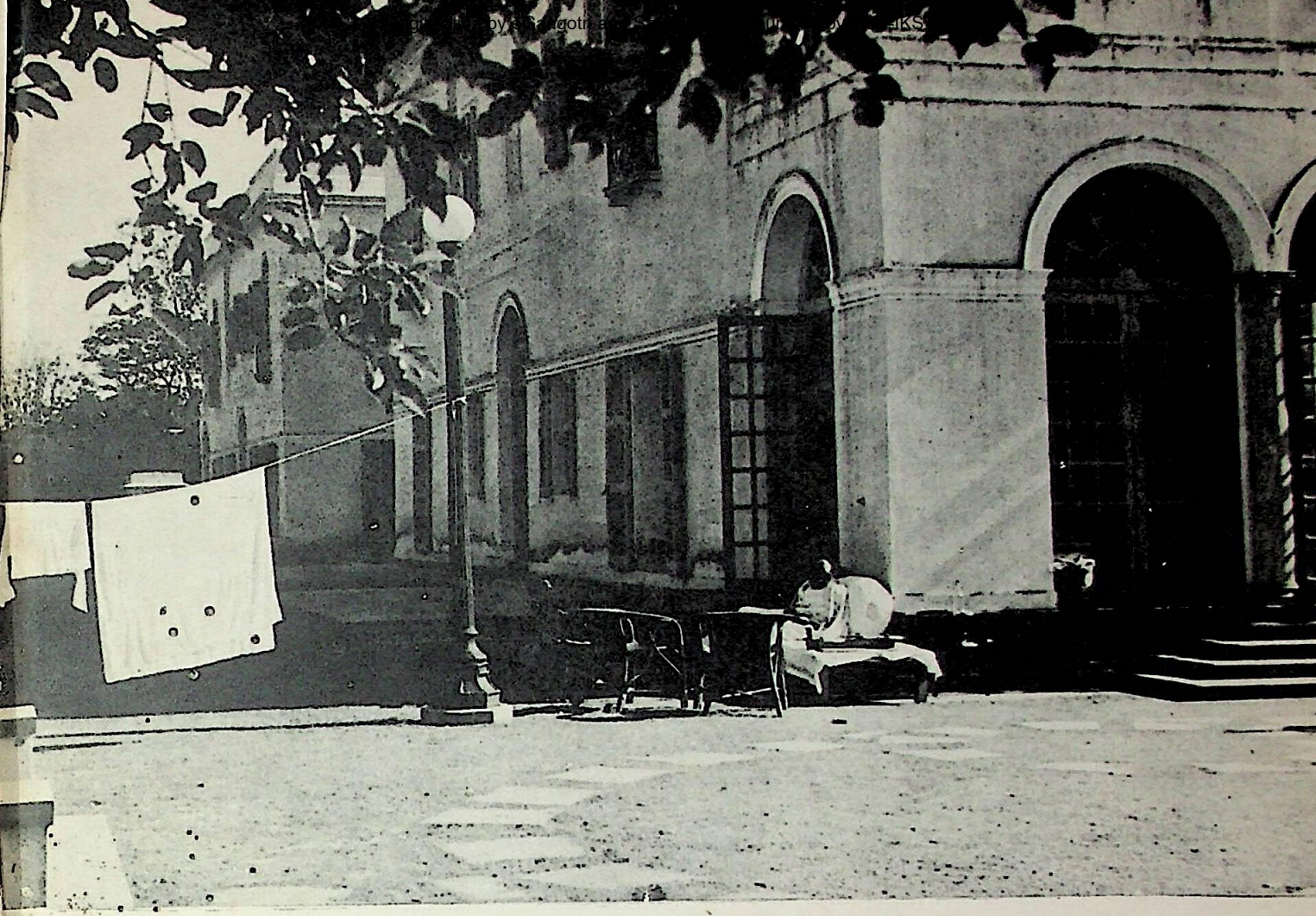

Gandhi seated outside Birla House with his spinning wheel by his side and his clothes drying on a line. He said later to Henri Cartier-Bresson, who took the photograph in concealment, "I thought something mischievous was going on in the bushes."

A spiral of prosperity throughout the free world will lift the living standards of all our peoples.

Of course I don't think that India can achieve its full potential without acquisition of more capital than you now possess. The best means for a nation, determined to maintain its independence, are private investment from outside, governmental loans from others, and where necessary, grants from other free and friendly nations.

One thing I assure you, from now on I shall be quick to assert on every possible occasion that India is becoming one of the great investment opportunities of our time—an investment in the strengthening of freedom and in the prosperity of the world.

India, mighty in the number of its people and in their will to build an ever greater Republic, marches—I am confident—to a great destiny.

Goodbye. God bless you.

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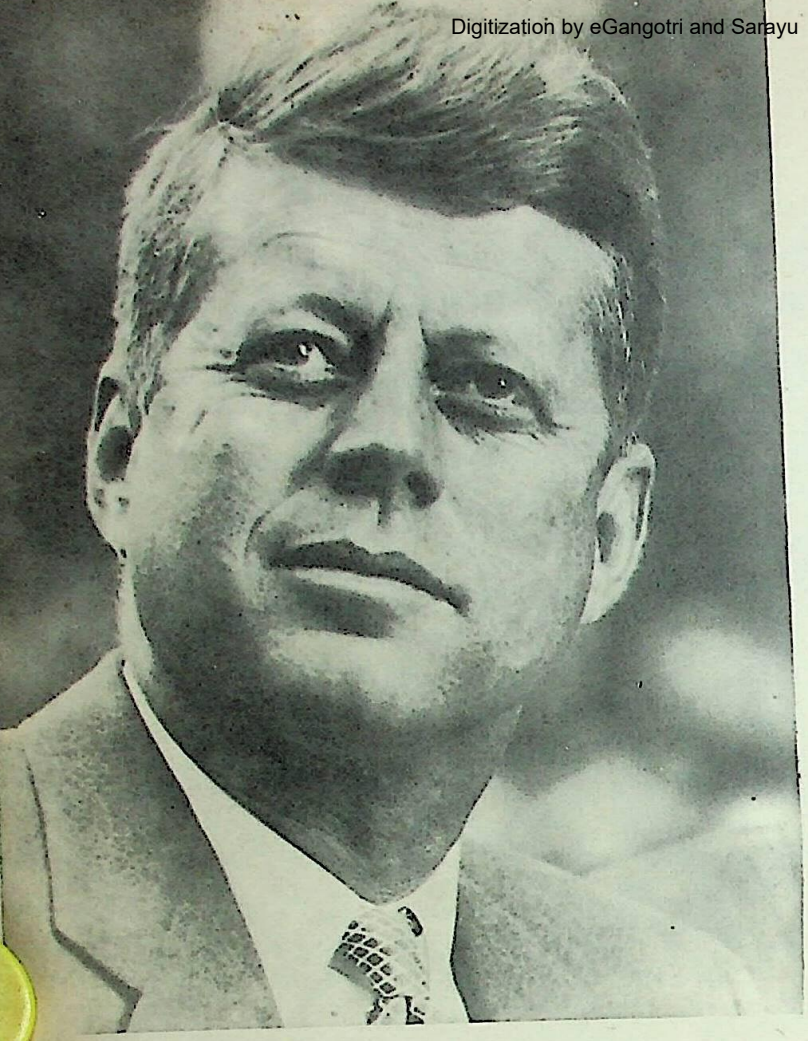

PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY

Remarks of welcome to Prime Minister Nehru at Andrews Air Force Base, Washington, D. C. November 6, 1961.

Prime Minister, Madame Gandhi, Foreign Minister, members of the Indian Cabinet:

I wish to express, Prime Minister, on behalf of the people of the United States, our great satisfaction in welcoming you once more to our country, which you have visited in earlier days.

Some national leaders, and it is a source of pride to us as Americans that some American leaders, have had their fame and reputation spread across their national frontiers and boundaries, and their reputation and the affection in which they are held have become world-wide—Lincoln, Roosevelt, our earlier leaders. And you, Prime Minister, and your illustrious leader in the fight for Indian independence, Mahatma Gandhi, your reputation, the things for which you have stood, things with which you've been identified in your long career—all these have spread your fame and your reputation beyond the borders of your own country and have been identified with the great aspirations of people all over the world.

India and America are separated by half the globe, but I think that you are aware, as you surely must have been aware, during the long days of your struggle for independence, of the great well of affection and regard for which your country and people are held in this country—a great affectionate regard which belongs to you particularly in these difficult days.

So Prime Minister, we welcome you here to the shore of this country as a friend, as a great world leader, as one who has in his own life and times stood for those basic aspirations which the United States stands for today.

Prime Minister, you are most welcome here to this country and we hope that when you leave you will find a renewed sense of vigor and purpose here in the United States.

Prime Minister, we are glad to see you again.

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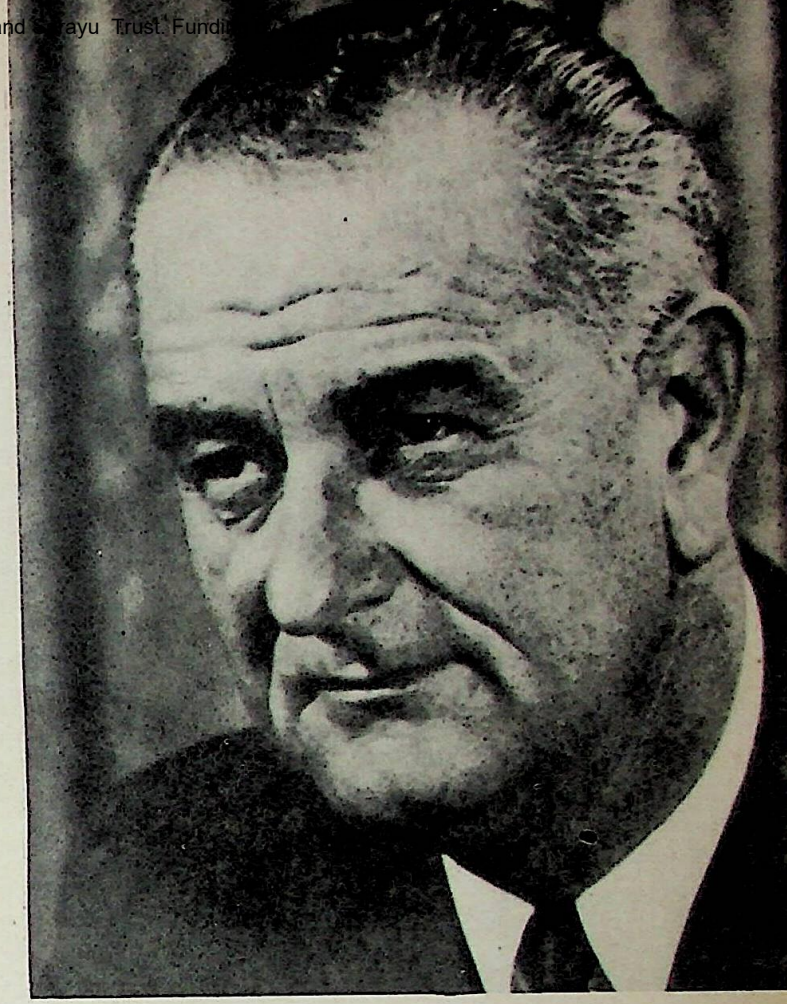

All mankind is richer for the life and legacy of Mohandas K. Gandhi. He was a great son of India who struggled for the freedom of his nation and for the spiritual and material well-being of his people. He was an apostle of non-violence who espoused the concept that goodness dwells in all men and who ennobled both his cause and country by his work.

But as with all great movers of history, his influence was not confined to India alone. His inspiring profile captivated the world. Here, in America, we observed the dramatic unfolding of the Mahatma's life with interest and hope. We saw in him the enrichment of individual personality and human dignity by thoughts and ideas generated afar. An American, Henry David Thoreau, provided some of the inspiration on which Gandhi drew. And in turn, this generation of Americans, earnestly seeking to further the civil rights movement, has adopted much of the philosophy and many of the techniques moulded and refined by the Indian leader.

Gandhi believed the world could reconcile its differences without resort to hate and violence. Men are brothers to each other, he thought. And our aim must be to help men act more like brothers: to prefer compassion over intolerance, to elevate generosity above greed, to cast out cruelty for justice. Twenty years after his death, with the world still beset by divisiveness and anger, the need for the Gandhian message is greater than ever. One of his favorite Christian hymns was "Lead, Kindly light, amid the encircling gloom." The light of Mohandas K. Gandhi burns brightly still as a beacon for Indians, for Americans, and for all the world.

PRESIDENT

LYNDON B. JOHNSON

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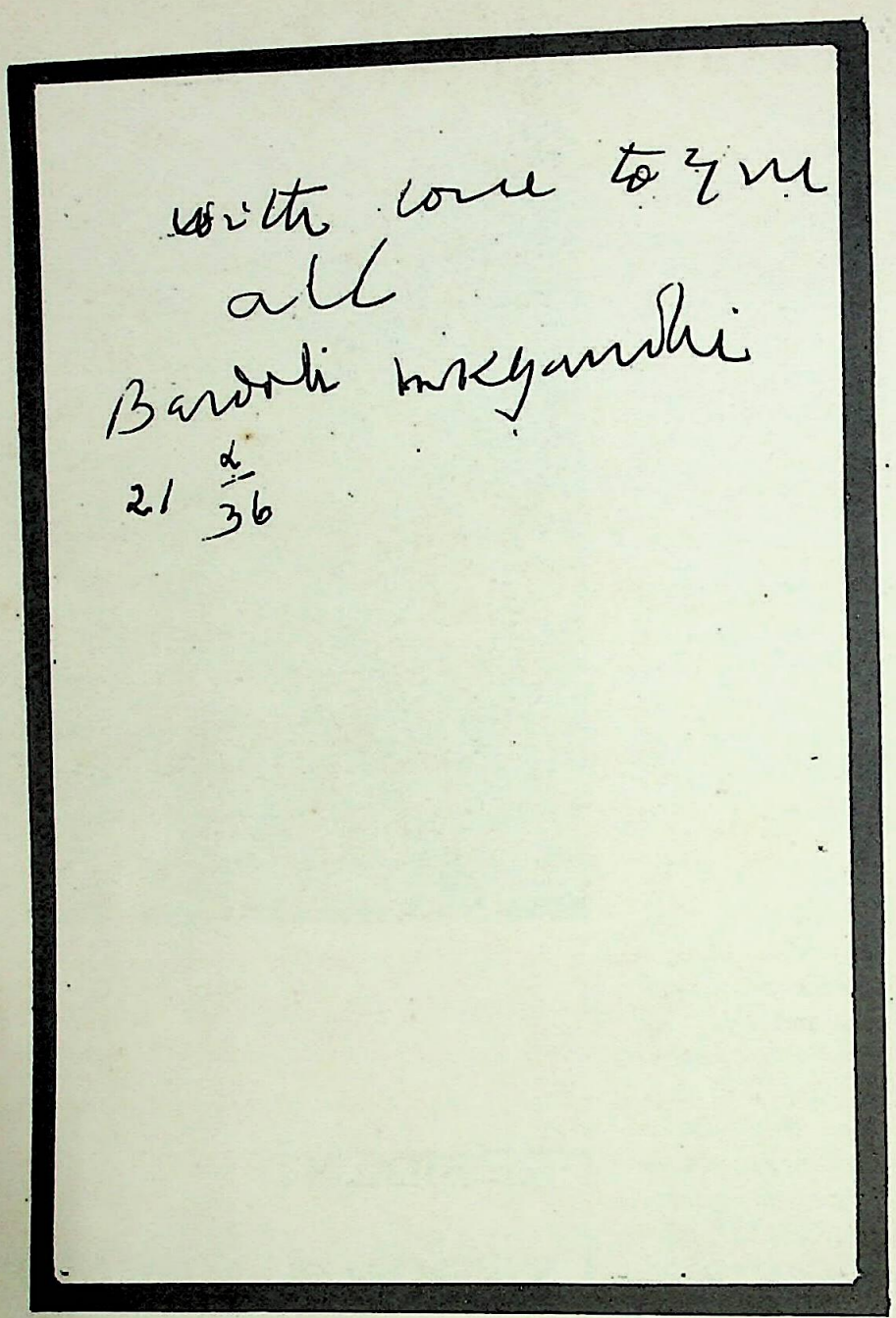

I have not seen the American people, but give them my love.

—Gandhi to E. Stanley Jones

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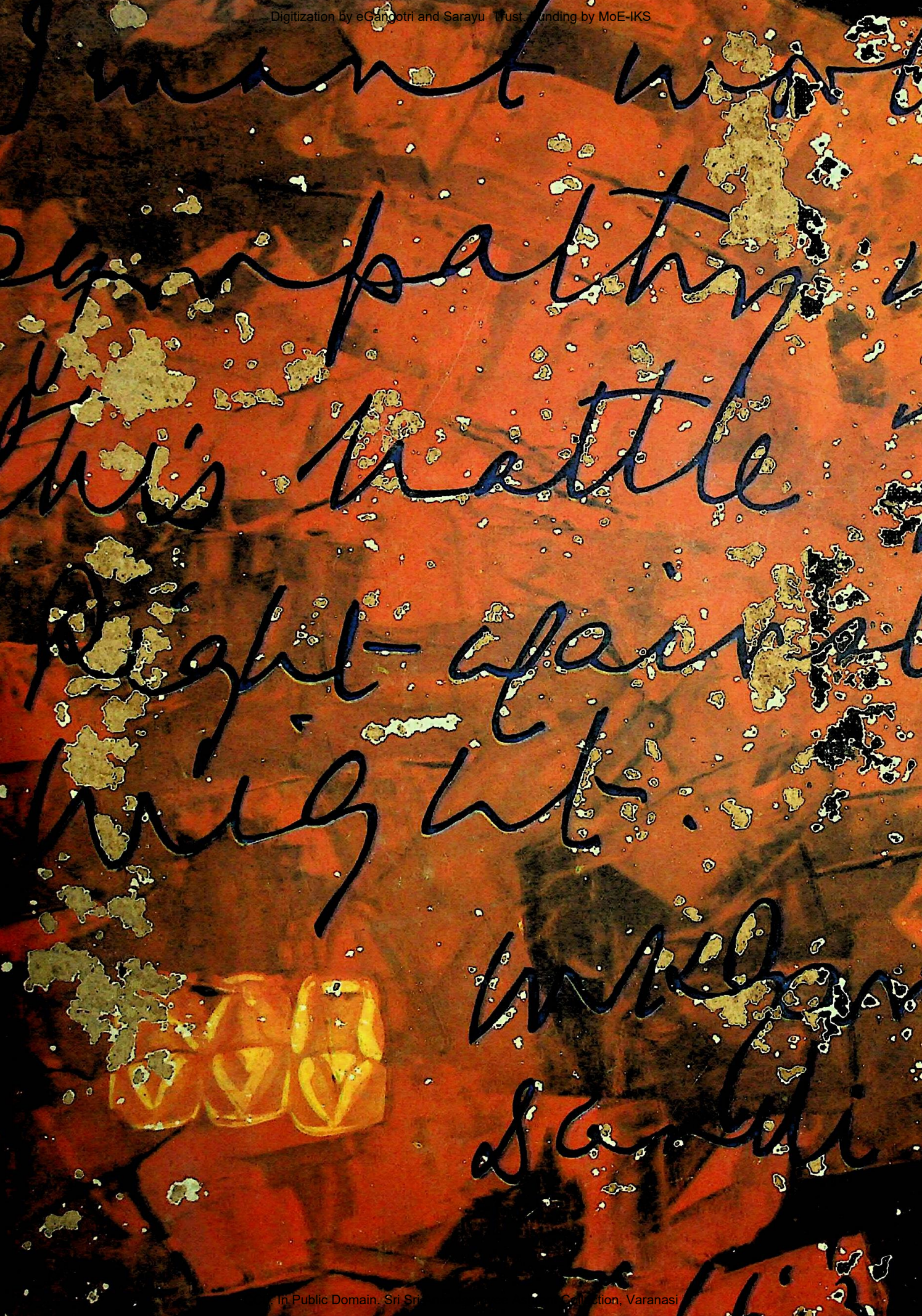

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